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SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

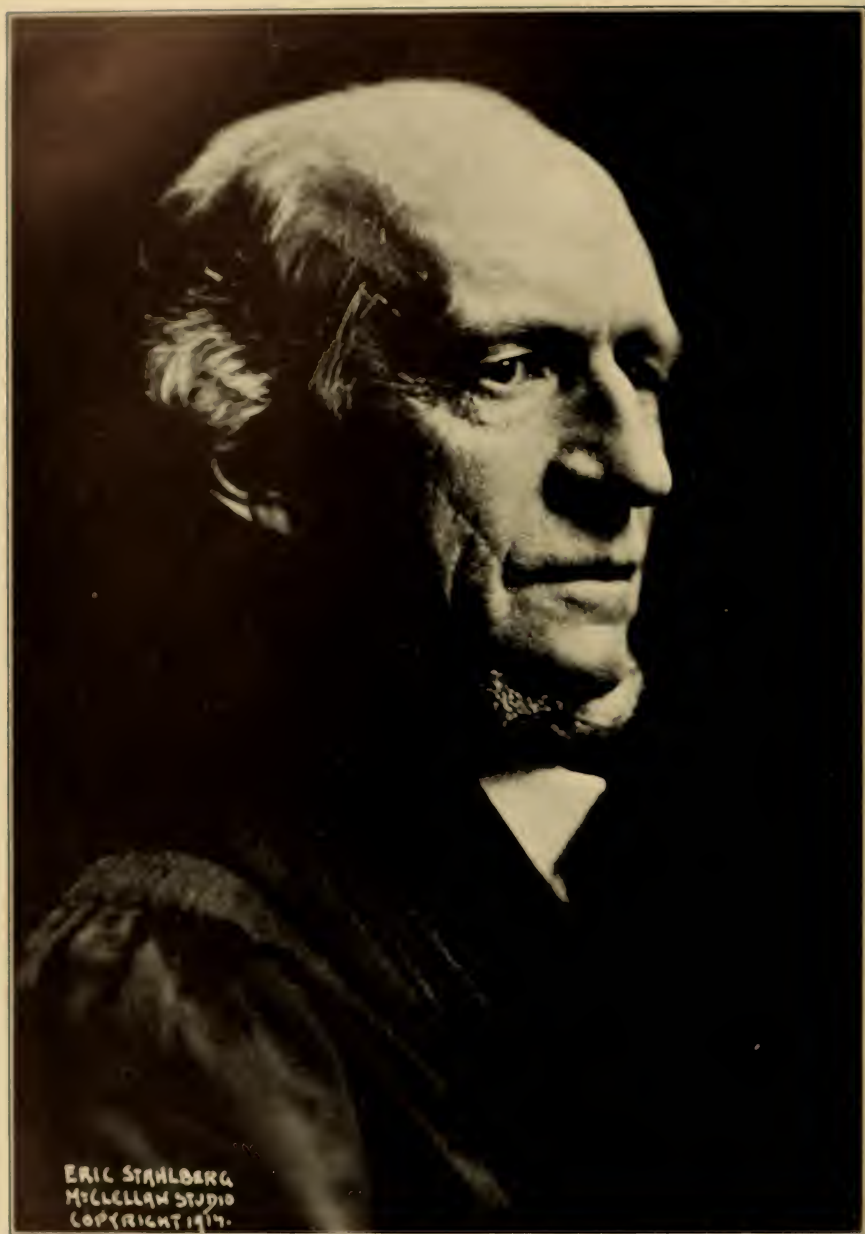


OCTOBER ISSUE ~ 1924

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-- THE -- SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXXIII

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 1

BOARD OF EDITORS

LUCY BARNARD, 1925

HILDA HULBERT, 1925

CLARA WILLIAMS, 1925

SALLY LINLEY, 1925

FRANCES DORRIS, 1925

ELEANOR GILCHRIST, 1925

ELEANOR HARD, 1926

KATHARINE LONDON, 1926

BUSINESS STAFF

MARGARET BARNES, 1925

CAROL BAKER, 1925

ADELE GOLDMARK, 1926

KATHARINE THAYER, 1926

JANET EATON, 1926

PRESIDENT SEELYE

Of all college traditions there is one kind which to us who share them is dearest. It claims those that our mothers and aunts who helped form them gave us before we came to Smith. We know at this time that these are the traditions which perhaps best embody the spirit of what we are struggling to create, however much external things have changed since our mothers were here. President Seelye to them has been President Seelye to us, no matter where other loyalties call us. Little as some of us knew him, perhaps our only word with him a "good morning" as we passed him on Elm Street, perhaps our only memory his prayer and mighty Amen on the Twenty-second of February, he has been so long the object of our voiceless reverence and love that his loss is personal to each one of us.

Those of us, too, who came to college without this inheritance found it waiting for them, and shared in it with the same devotion. Class loyalty, college loyalty, are mean expressions for that gratitude for opportunity which

in reality we prefer to leave unexpressed, lest it be limited by our inarticulateness. It is through his labor that we have this occasion for gratitude. His death takes from us whatever intimate expression of appreciation we may have desired to put into words, had we been able. So that now what we may say can no longer be addressed to the man, but must refer to his great and growing achievement.

For us who are here, however, our loss will be personified by the absence of the gentle, kindly figure whom we called, without qualifications, President Seelye.

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

It has been the custom for some years for the first Editorial of the new college year to consist of a survey of the aims and hopes of the editors, so far as future contributions go. The statement of policy is never radically different, doubtless due to the fact that succeeding Boards face problems which are essentially the same. This year we make but one modest statement, it will be worth your while to read us. Were this not so, the reason for our existence is gone, and we believe we still lead a reasonable existence. The spirit of necessary self-expression which prompted the first publication of the Monthly in 1893 is not one that is crushed under the increasing size of college. Rather it becomes still more necessary, though more diffuse.

For this reason there is one fact we would impress above all others, the Monthly is for Smith College. It is especially for the active members of Smith College, the undergraduates. To you reader, as an individual, the editors look for articles, stories, plays, poetry, or discussions of any movement, any force that interests you. To you they look for the financial support of subscriptions, and the patronage of their advertisers. Your financial and intellectual contributions will give you a magazine that records the significant literary thought of the seven college generations you will know during your college life.

We ask you to notice that as a change from preceding policy we are now *The Smith College Monthly*. The editors trust to prove this symbolic.

MR. BISCUIT

Genevieve McEldowney

Fate in the form of a Railroad Company gave our street a certain claim to respectability. A stroke of good fortune turned its tracks away from our doorsteps, so that we found ourselves a good hundred yards on the fashionable side of town. We might be a thorn in the side of the East End, but we were secure, and in turn could curl our lips disdainfully at those people who lived "over west," beyond the pale of the car tracks. The tracks were a symbol of our social distinction. We boasted a paved street too, a doubtful improvement since we children scrawled it over with hop Scotch squares or chalked up our names on it for the mature satisfaction of seeing them written up oig. Otherwise our block was all of a piece with the disreputable west side neighborhood—the same lean houses with high steps and peaked roofs, that like all indigent things seemed fearful of comfort and edged nervously up to the sidewalk. The same even to the tiny grass plots that rotted under the train smoke and soot that fell like a pestilential mist.

Just across from us stood three houses all on the same plan. They had been hastily run up by a contractor with an eye for business rather than beauty. One of them bulged out with a sleeping porch like the deck of a houseboat; some prosperous tenant had given the second a coat of paint; but nothing distinguished the third except a rose bush that fanned out over a green trellis, and on the door a great shining copper plate with the name "Biscuit" bitten into it. On our way to school we used to spell it out laboriously, then giggle together. Biscuit was such an absurd name.

The people in that house kept to themselves, the small, shrivelled man and the bulky woman who, before she gave up to invalidism walked with a heavy limp, throwing one foot out loosely in a way we children tried to imitate. Father explained that Mr. Biscuit spent the days in a city bank where, perched on a high stool he copied numbers into ledgers. But on pleasant Saturday afternoons or even of a Sunday morning we could hear a hollow tapping like that of a woodpecker and know that Mr. Biscuit was at his rosebush. As he knelt in the grass with his fingers fussing at the lattice he looked like a seamstress busy with a fitting; only his mouth was always full of tacks instead of pins. The wind ruffled his grey hair into a paroquette-tuft. His movements were sudden and birdlike though so deft that he never wounded the smooth wands of the rose bush.

Mr. Biscuit was very deaf Mother said, so I invented a game of stealing up behind him as he worked. I would raise my voice from a whisper to as loud a pitch as I could without attracting his attention. The exciting moment was when he overheard me. He would turn sharply and peer at me in a terrifying manner, his eyes big and hard behind thick glasses. I would twist my pinafore into knots. He would duck his head, "What was that, what was that?" I felt

proud at standing my ground and asking a grown up question, "Good growing weather"—the postman had said that.

"Mumm—just so," and he resumed his work.

Oftener Mrs. Biscuit broke up my game by rapping on the window pane until Mr. Biscuit looked up. Then she would grimace and signal him to send me scampering home. Mrs. Biscuit seldom missed a day at the front window. She always appeared at her post dressed in a flowered sacque, her hair braided into a loop like a handle. On warm days we could hear the monotonous mew of her patent rocker. The neighbors shook their heads pityingly, "She's always at him, you know, nagging and picking at him. If it isn't a shawl she wants she complains about the salt in the food—he does the cooking."

Certainly their indignation seemed justified, for you could hear Mrs. Biscuit's voice at almost any time, raised in a querulous "Alfred" and his squeaky response, "Coming, Fannie,—coming." If he started off on a rainy day, forgetful of his overshoes, her voice quavered after him as he trotted down the street, "Rubbers—rubbers." Even Mr. Biscuit saw that we made a great joke of her insistence, but he returned submissively to slip them on. After he was gone Fannie rocked back and forth in her chair, and whispered little secrets to her cat Selina as to a familiar. Mrs. Biscuit seldom exchanged confidences with her neighbors.

Little boys never annoyed Mr. Biscuit, whether through respect for his sufferings or because there was no sport in it, I do not know. No invisible guest rang his doorbell on Hallowe'en, nor did we find fun in pelting him with December snowballs, when instead of menacing us with a clinched fist or allowing us the exquisite joy of being sworn at with a tremendous oath, he merely tightened the muffler about his throat and scurried on.

One winter was particularly cold with early storms and snow so thick that trudging to school was as hard as walking through sand. Our hands were always chapped and purple, and tears cut down our cheeks for the bitterness of the wind. The schoolroom smelled of drying woollens. Father was the first to come down with influenza, but we three children followed in quick succession. It was hard enough for Mother when Father was her only patient,—men being what they are when they are sick. He wanted all her attention, plagued her about the doctor's orders. But with the three of us runny-nosed urchins under foot she was almost desperate. We were too busy fighting and playing to mind other peoples' affairs. I remember one night, though, Mrs. Sloan stopped in to chat with Mother. I was too engrossed in an arithmetic paper, folding it just so, and making my rows of figures very neat so that teacher might give me a gold star, to overhear more than snatches of the conversation.

Mrs. Sloan's voice whined, "He's bought her a sort of pink silk kimona because she wanted to spruce up for the doctor. Vain thing! It's all he can do to afford her medicines much less throw away his money on such trifles—pink *with* swan's dawn. And is she grateful?" the voice rose to a rasp of sarcasm, "I should think not. Says she's neglected because Alfred's away all day. As if he didn't work to the bone to support her then nurse her all night until he's

white as a sheet and so nervous he'd jump if you let a pin fall."

"Is she very sick?"

"My personal opinion is she can't last long," the voice assumed a sepulchral tone, "she's soft and unhealthy—And there's an odor—like cancer."

"I'd like to help," Mother's voice sounded very tired, "but I have my hands full with the children."

"There's no need for that, the rest of us are taking turns sitting up nights with Fannie."

Almost a week later Mother came into our room late at night, and shook my shoulder, "Wake up, Elsie." Instead of burrowing in the covers as I usually did to snatch another hour's sleep, I sat up very straight, for Mother's face in the moonlight frightened me. It was strained and white with her hair hanging about it in pale witch-wisps. Her nightgown showed beneath the coat she was wearing, and a child's sweater was thrown over her head. "Mind the children, Elsie, we've been called to the Biscuits—Fannie's very bad. Questions came to my lips, but a tight lump held them back. All I could do was nod my head up and down stupidly. I stared into the darkness as if I really expected to see a ghost walk, a curling, seared quiver at the pit of my stomach. I wedged my hand into Myra's closed, moist fist, flung my arm about her as we lay in bed. The contact with her warm, sleeping body reassured me. Since I was in charge of the children I must on no account go to sleep, must not sleep—the very words lulled me into a sound slumber. I did not wake until the next morning. Mrs. Biscuit had died in the night.

The next few days were memorable to us. Tied to the handle of Mr. Biscuit's front door was a great wreath with leaves as stiff and waxy as trimmings on a hat. It had a long bow with dark streamers. There was the bitter, dry smell of black about everything, even about the relatives from down Maine—a sister startlingly like Mrs. Biscuit and three cousins. Everyone whispered and bustled about importantly or enjoyed a long cry together. They "did" for Mr. Biscuit who wandered about helplessly.

But after the funeral things seemed to be going normally. Indeed, we were more astonished at the very absence of change than we would have been if Mr. Biscuit had brought home a second wife. We still heard his shrill, "Coming Fannie," and saw him wave to the window when he returned from work. Just as if Fannie had never left. I made a special point of watching Mr. Biscuit on rainy mornings. Boldly at first he would walk along, then halt at the street corner, cock his head in a listening attitude, then trot home for his overshoes—obedient to Fannie's memory. The neighbors grumbled that Mr. Biscuit had not given a stitch of Fannie's clothing to friend or relative—not even the pink kimono to the sister from Maine. Certainly she deserved some compensation for the trip.

There was just one difference in the household. The cat Selina had become sleeker, staggered under her increasing weight, and, surfeited with milk did not trouble to wipe the milk from her whiskers. For Selina profited by the generous supply of groceries that Mr. Biscuit continued to order. What he

could want with the quantity of delicacies his wife had demanded was more than we could see, especially as "all he needed was a package of birdseed"—Mrs. Sloan had said that. "Balmy," commented the grocer boy, "off his trolley"—such a clever chap as he was. We strutted after him admiringly, tapping our foreheads knowingly.

Great fun this was—having a grown up play at pretend. At night with many spueals of excitement we crept up ti Mr. Biscuit's window, cupped our hands over our eyes, and flattened our noses against the glass. Such things as we saw made us hold our sides with laughter. Mr. Biscuit would be reading the paper to his wife—just as solemnly as you please, even answer her inaudible questions with a "Now, you'll be better tomorrow," or some such habitual consolation. Or he would solicitously inquire whether she felt a draft, then dart upstairs for her paisley shawl.

On the first pleasant day in spring we three children ran out to play. We skipped for joy at the small, furry buds on the trees, at the patches of green warming through the snow. And the same day, being a bank holiday, Mr. Biscuit hurried to his rosebush. All winter it had been bundled into a straw shroud, as carefully packed as a bottle of rare wine. This would be fine time for my game, I thought, he seemed so intent on his work that even my natural voice might not attract his attention. I stole up on tiptoe, mouse quite. As if Fannie had rapped imperatively on the window pane, he glanced up, then twitched his head over his shoulder, and puckered together his brows. "Shuuu—go home," he made little gestures as if he were frightening off a cat, "she doesn't like it."

A malignant demon of childhood prompted me, "But why should I go away. I'm not touching anything?"

He jerked his thumb towards the window, "She doesn't like it—annoys her." He was impatient with my obstinacy.

"But who is she?" I persisted. This was the great moment; I awaited breathlessly the reply.

"Why Fannie, of course, my wife Fannie Biscuit."

I jumped up and down on one foot, "But there isn't anyone at all—there's no one at the window to frighten little girls. You just talk to yourself and pretend. For Fannie's gone to heaven. She's an angel with a white robe 'cause Mother told me so!" My, how the neighbors' children would admire my daring.

Mr. Biscuit flung up an arm to avoid a blow. Then it fell to his side and showed his face old and drawn. His glasses slid off his nose, but instead of picking them up he stalked to the house, his vague eyes straining to see something at a great distance. He climbed the steps wearily, not like a man but like a child, putting both feet on each step. After he had closed the door, I heard a call, "Fannie—Fannie," then the house was silent. I was frightened and ran home crying, though when Mother asked what the matter was I lied and said a naughty boy had slapped me.

For some reason I did not boast to the other children of my courage.

Stealthily I watched Mr. Biscuit's house—no, he never again called Fannie by name. As for the cat, did she have the offended look of an outraged Epicure? It seemed as if Mr. Biscuit was shrinking visibly into a pale stick of a man. With particular anxiety I watched him on a day when torrents of water were drowning the street. Rain dripped down his face, stormed at his great coat. My heart gave a terrified leap—there were no rubbers on his feet. Up to the corner he marched, then hesitated. Surely he would turn back. I held my thumbs and repeated a nursery formula to get a wish. But Mr. Biscuit stalked on.

Several nights later Mother and I were sitting in the living room, Mother close up to the lamp so that she could darn stockings, while I read aloud from a schoolbook in a voice of painful high-pitched precision. Father slammed the door, "Well, I just heard about Mr. Biscuit. Seems he keeled right over at his desk this morning."

"Oh——," Mother gave a pitying gasp.

"They took him to a hospital and found he had pneumonia—had had it for several days in fact. They say he hasn't a chance.—All in." Father sat down and rustled the evening papers importantly. "Poor devil, to pop off like that when he's running in luck—wonder why,—force of habit I guess was too strong for him."

Mother brought her sewing up to her face in a near sighted way and took quick stitches. She looked up, "It might be, mightn't it that Mr. Biscuit was very much in love?" Father snorted his disgust. And I in my wisdom and guilt, ran up stairs, to cry.

ONLY THE BRAVE

Eleanor Hard

A dark tracery of leafless trees was silhouetted on an old gold sky as I walked up the Avenue. Globular street lamps of frosted glass hung like strange luminous fruit above my head, drawing my shadow closer and closer behind me as I walked up to one and then throwing it playfully far ahead on the wet pavement. Plump motor cars slid along the macadam with a monotonous squishing from their tires and cultivated melodious honkings from their horns. In the endless rows of sleek houses, white capped maids were lighting fires and drawing lace curtains on the wet city twilight.

I turned into a house that jutted like a miniature Gibraltar into the crossing of two tides of traffic, and pressed a button beside an iron-and-glass door. Discreet footfalls approached from within. The door opened. Martin peered out with the perfect footman mixture of courtesy and watchfulness.

"Miss Deland is receiving?"

Watchfulness gave way to courtesy as he recognized me.

"Miss Deland wished you to come up, sir."

With the slightly undressed feeling I always have after I have been divested of my overcoat and gloves I followed Martin to the elevator.

The lower part of the house had the repulsively sanitary appearance of most modern houses; all artistically bare stone with mathematically infrequent rugs and a winding stone staircase. You might as well live in office buildings and be done with it. Where, I wondered with middle-aged wistfulness, were the rambling, delightful dirty houses of my youth? The General Grant houses of endless corners and warm over-furnished halls and living rooms in which people lived. Martin stood aside to let me pass into the elevator.

We rose with a discreet humming to the second floor. The clash of the gate opening on the upstairs hall and Martin was leading me to the door of the library.

"Mr. Morison, madam." Martin never withdrew; he disappeared.

The room within expressed personality; the personality of someone too subtle to inflict theirs upon you. It did not thrust itself upon the visitor it waited. But it waited conscious of its charm—of its sensuously padded chairs; its shaded lights; its heavy silver tea service; its trays of expensive cigarettes.

I found Sidney in a low chair by the tea table. She gave me one of her warm masculine handshakes and I sank gratefully into a chair by the fire. Tea; my favorite Benson and Hedges; a comfortable chair; and a pretty woman by me who could talk equally charmingly of Sherwood Anderson, Lazlo's portraits, the Dawes Plan and who was getting divorced in the *Clubman* this week—rather a perfect ending to one's day. Tea time is the bachelor's zero hour.

"Have you seen the new senators?" I began tactfully.

"Both the one who started his career as a farm hand and won't let the photographers forget it, and the one who is trying to disguise the fact that his father has the poor taste to be a millionaire."

"Rather a futile attempt when his wife's clothes are so obviously Vionnet and his menus read like the tombstones in the graveyard of prohibition." Sidney pushed me an ash tray.

"We can't conscientiously blame him," she said. "Neither of us, I fancy are models for either Thoreau or Saint Francis."

"We like the civilized life, Sidney," I replied, leaning forward. "No bread and water for us. Anchovies and liqueurs are less fattening and infinitely more amusing. It should be a bond between us. Why won't you let it be?"

"Are you trying to strike a serious note, Miller, in our nice parlor game?" Sidney lit her abominable Milo Violet. "You will lose your amateur standing if you aren't careful."

I made a gesture of annoyance. "Now you are talking like a this-season debutanté, Sidney," I said. "Why is it that as soon as even sensible women scent romance in the air they become mentally eighteen?" Sidney scorned an answer. I continued, "We share a dislike for suburbs and calisthenics and a taste for modern music and late hours. Marriages have been built on much less substantial things."

"It is a shame we cannot live epigrams," said Sidney slowly. "Seriously, I never have been able to turn these conversations in the approved Meredithian way, so I shall be just mid-Victorian, and tell you not to pain yourself needlessly."

I became serious in my turn. "I hope you don't mean that," I said, after a pause; "But if you do, of course it's up to you. If you ever change your mind—"

"Better not say that, Miller. I might change it when it was too late and annoy your wife terribly."

"I am afraid to hope for so much."

"If I were really eighteen," Sidney answered, "I would say that you are so cynical. I might even add that I just *loved* cynical men." Her blue eyes smiled into mine, and my own fell.

"I very seldom am serious in this inconsequential town, Sidney," I said, looking into the fire, "but sometimes, I imagine, even a confirmed Hedonist has his sentimental moments. You are quite sure you meant what you just said, my dear? It means—well, quite a lot, to me."

Sidney too was looking into the fire. There was a little silence.

"I'm afraid I do, Miller," she said.

The fire broke and a log fell in a shower of sparks. Such symbolism was not to be disregarded. I rose and stood for a second longer looking at Sidney in all her smooth perfection. Sidney rose too.

"You can find your way?"

"Yes, Sidney. Don't ring. You'll forgive what I said? I may still call with the At Home day mob?"

"I hope you will have the good judgment to pick a quieter afternoon, Miller. Sometime when just Bob—when just I am alone, you will find tea waiting for you. Or must I lure you with the latest personage?"

"Thank you," said I from the doorway, "but I prefer a person to a personage any day. You will let me come, then?"

"I will be waiting, Miller." There was just a touch of something—wistfulness—perhaps, in her voice. I left her silhouetted against the fire.

Martin, evolving like ectoplasm from nowhere, as usual, wafted me to the front door. Some day I shall put my umbrella through Martin to convince myself that he is really, as I suspect, an attitude of mind and not flesh and blood.

The Avenue was darker outside. A little chill was in the air, and I walked briskly the few blocks to my apartment through faint odors of supper from the neighboring houses.

I found Joyce Harmon, the British attaché with whom I share my apartment dressing frantically for dinner.

"Damnably cave-dweller dinner to-night," he called out. "She wants you to fill in. Nice young States Department man, she called you. Sorry for you. Funeral baked meats at her house. Have our cocktails at the Gillmores' on the way." There was a pause while he rummaged briskly in my only stiff shirts. "Seen your friend Sidney Deland lately?"

"Had tea there this afternoon."

"Heard the latest? Confidential—don't breathe a word, will you—I had it from Ted Deland himself: Sid's engaged to Robert Hulwood, your new chief at the Department. Surprised, what? Everyone is."

I pulled out a pair of black socks. "So Don Gould told me at lunch today," said I. "You're a bit behind. I was very much interested."

"It's your cue to stand in with Hulwood," Joyce rambled, frowning at himself in the glass. "I hear he's a tartar. I say, you'd better cultivate Sid a bit, what? She might have you round to meet him."

"Isn't that rather unscrupulous of you, Joyce?" said I as we found our hats. "Sid's a charming girl." Joyce seemed taken aback.

Our taxi dodged agilely through the traffic down Connecticut Avenue. They were unrolling a red carpet outside the embassy and an orchestra was carrying its medical looking black cases into the back, overhead clusters of stars hung like a celestial garden fete over the lighted buildings. A street car clanged behind us.

"Joyce," said I, "the one precept I have evolved from a short but agile life is the following: A woman will always remember with indulgence and perhaps affection the man who has made love to her, even when she most firmly turns him down."

"You don't say," said Joyce vaguely fingering his tie. "Can't say that

I know much about it. But you ought to. How's that little girl you're engaged to out in Chicago?"

"Oh, she's fine," said I, smiling softly. "I think we may be able to be married sooner than we expected."

"What what?" said Joyce enthusiastically, "expecting to rise, are you?" The taxi tossed us playfully to the roof and caught us neatly again.

"I might," I said cryptically.

About us the traffic surged and eddied. The avenue was a mist of lights. With a protesting shriek from the brakes we drew up at the Gillmores'. The night was upon us.

RE-BIRTH

Cheryl Crawford

Oh Pine, what rain-black night it was
Some venturous wind, swashbuckling through the hills,
Surprised you—proud and virginal upon your barren cliff
And straightway to the center of your being tore,
And left you stooping there,
Passion-wracked and quivering.

No more shall flowing sap flaunt eager life.
One overpowering elemental thrill—and then no more.
But still—you fling bare branches unashamed against the sky
And glorify from that torn heart
A lovelier heaven their leaves once shielding shade,
Hid from your sight.

DEERFIELD RIVER

Hilda Hulbert

We chose the river road. The view of the valley from the summit of the hill would have been obliterated by the mist. We preferred to wander between the fields toward the river which flowed somewhere below us in the fog.

The road we travelled was rimmed with wheel-tracks leading up probably from cornfields. A puddle here and there had to be circumnavigated. Now and then bushes edged the road, but for the most part we looked across stubbled fields as far as the mist allowed. Sometimes we saw only to the middle of the field where a clump of the dull red sumac furnished the backdrop against the gray curtain. Again we could see further, back to the foot of a small hill, or even up a knoll or two. The landscape took on strange outlines, through this trick of the mist of shutting down just behind a row of trees or a clump of bushes. Contours and tree lines that must in clear weather have sunk into the background, stood out with a significance of their own. Since the distances were lost, we were to appreciate the half-distances.

A keen consciousness of things directly about us crept upon us. Empty seed-tops of grasses, softened with their burden of mist drops, resembled fuzzy stiff-bristled caterpillars which had climbed laboriously to the top of the stem and clung there, an army of caterpillars mounted on vertical steeds. We came to a creek upon whose stagnant surface floated bits of dried leaves. Under the overhanging root of a tree whose tops were lost in the mist, a fluttering bit of brown swung violently back and forth, perhaps a leaf caught in a spider's web, agitated by some secret and invisible force.

Life and motion was, in fact, everywhere about us. Birds fluttered among the limp corn-stalks. A cat-bird with his throaty imitation of a song-sparrow whisked from bush to bush in a copse of nondescript underbrush.

Suddenly we came upon the river, curving silently among the trees with mist-hung banks. Across from us stood a row of willows, with straight trunks and drooping branches. In the midst of autumn coloring their green startled us. The feathery branches softer than ever in the mist, seemed to rebuke the harshness of the crimson ivy which clung to the trunks hanging out its sharp leaves. The spirit of the trees filled the place. They stood like a Grecian chorus graceful and beautiful along the river.

We found it hard to leave them and follow the road as it turned its direction parallel to the stream, following it along, although separated from it by bushes and trees, through which were only occasional glimpses of water and foggy peninsulas. A tobacco barn loomed up suddenly on the other side of the road. Through its open side-slats, rows of hanging tobacco leaves were dimly visible. We found the front of the barn half-open; three youths,

farmer's boys perhaps, sat against the side under a rack as yet unfilled, smoking pipes and reading comic sections of a newspaper (it was Sunday morning). We stopped to pull down bits of the greenish leaves from the dangling supply, chewed it a bit as we walked on, and spat it out presently disgusted at its bitterness.

Thus were our thoughts turned back to man; and presently our steps also, for soon after, the road passed an old grave-yard and turned abruptly into town.

DISHES

Cecile Phillips

She washes them swiftly in a soap bubble spatter
Daintily the teacups, swimmingly the platter
Numerically, glasses and the ordinary plates
In sixes and eights, sixes and eights;
A bit of wine flavor in a silver spoon,
Some froth on the cake cutter curved like the moon;
And latterly the scorch on the agate pan
With the peak of a witch and the stoop of a man.
She twists it with a flourish, the tow-headed mop,
And compresses her lips as she scoops up the slop.

NEWMAN AT OXFORD

Frances Dorris

On December 14, 1816, a post-chaise stopped at the door of a house in London, a youth of sixteen entered the chaise and was driven off. It was no doubt, a murky winter day, very much like all winter days in London; the chaise was an ordinary chaise; the young man to all appearances very much like any other well bred English youth. It is in such ordinary guise that great events are wont to garb themselves. Yet in those few minutes the fate of the whole Oxford Movement had hung in the balance, while the Newman family debated over the relative merits of Cambridge and Oxford, and the word of a chance visitor tipped the scales in favor of the latter. Newman was going up to Oxford.

It is no wonder that the imaginative child, who had "wished the Arabian Tales were true," and believed literally that disguised angels walked the earth, should invest the University with all the glamour which she ever holds for that strange race of artist-scholars she has nourished. He tells of arriving at the University feeling an "awe and transport as though he approached some sacred shrine;" and even the dinner eaten for the first time in Hall comes in for a share of idealization. "At dinner I was much entertained by the novelty of the thing," he writes his father, "fish, flesh and fowl, beautiful salmon, haunches of mutton, lamb, etc. fine strong beer, served up on old pewter plates and misshaped earthenware jugs. Tell Mama there were gooseberry, raspberry and apricot pies. There was such a profusion that scarcely two ate of the same. Neither do they sit according to rank, but as they happen to come in."

Two years after his entrance as a Commoner at Trinity College, he was made a Scholar. His account of the event affords a touching glimpse of the shy, sensitive boy, thinking in his moment of triumph of the feelings of his defeated fellows. "They made me do some verses; then some Latin translations; then Latin theme; then some Plato; then some Zenophon; then some Livy. Just as I was going out, before I had changed my gown, one of the candidates met me and wanted to know if it was decided. What was I to say? "It was." "And who has got it?" "Oh, an in-college man," I said, and hurried away as fast as I could. On returning with my newly earned gown, I met the whole set going to their respective homes. I did not know what to do. I held my eyes down."

Newman seems to have thrown himself into his work with abandon. He says that Locke was the first philosopher he read, and that at the same time he began reading Gibbon, whose style impressed him so much that he started an analysis of Thucydides in the same style. But the young scholar was more ardent than wise, and in 1820 he failed in the schools from exhaustion caused by overwork. This failure produced a lasting disappointment which not even the triumph of his appointment to a Fellowship at Oriel College, which came

two years later, could entirely efface. This fact may have augmented his natural reserve, accounting for his extreme shyness with his newly made academic equals. Of the latter occasion he writes, "When Keble advanced to take my hand—I could nearly have shrunk through the floor ashamed at so great an honor."

In 1826 Newman was made Public Tutor at Oriel. The following extract may show his attitude toward the undergraduates among whom he worked. "With us undergraduates Newman, of course, did not enter on such important questions, although they were in the air. When we met him he spoke to us about subjects of the day, of literature, of public persons and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than anyone else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative, but what he said carried conviction with it. When we were wrong, he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared perhaps at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils for an idolized master."

Perhaps the most significant fact in the life of Newman was his influence on other people, and this was due partly no doubt to his singularly winning and attractive personality. The following description of Newman is taken from Aubrey de Vere's *Reminiscences*, and applies especially to his earlier life at Oxford. "Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged either to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages or to a graceful high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace, but when not walking intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects which interested him much he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement."

Newman felt that the forces of Liberalism, especially as they made for latitude in religious thought, were a disruptive influence. In 1828 Liberalism was gaining ground at Oxford. "The intellectual aristocracy of the day, it was true, found itself on the side of liberalism. The Noetic school of Oxford and the best talent of Cambridge were both liberal and intellectualistic in their tendency. But Newman saw in this fact a great danger to be counteracted. A party must be formed to defend the Church—the guardian of those truths which are above reason—against the assaults of brilliant intellectuality. His appeal was an appeal to the wisdom of the ages against the intellectualism of the hour."

No one could be less the propagandist and aggressor than this retiring scholar. He says of himself, "I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move a party, and whatever influence I have had, has been found, not sought after." Yet in spite of this, "followers literally crowded to his standard.

and one who desired only to work for a cause found himself against his own will the leader of a great movement."

There will be no effort here to trace the development of Newman's religious philosophy. It should be stated, however, that the step he took finally was a deliberate one, and only arrived at after long and mature thought. As early as 1832 he writes from Rome, where he was stopping during a trip in the Mediterranean with Hurrell Froude, "And now what can I say of Rome, but that it is the first of cities and that all I ever saw are but as dust (were dear Oxford inclusive) compared with its majesty and glory." It was the beauty of the Eternal City that moved him first, that touched his imagination and stirred his emotions, the appeal of her older traditions, the grandeur of her ancient might and glory. Not until eight years later did he begin to yield logically to the arguments which he could not resist finding against the *Via Media*—the half way house of Anglicanism—and to contemplate as a possibility a refuge in the Church of Rome. "I begin to have serious apprehensions lest any religious body is strong enough to withstand the league of evil but the Roman Church. At the end of the first millenary it withstood the fury of Satan, and now the end of the second is drawing on."

Although Newman himself did not make a sudden move of his separation from the Anglican Church, and although five years elapsed between the publication of Tract No. 90, as it is called, and his reception into the Roman Catholic Church, this tract, which was his first public act of dissension raised a storm at Oxford. "On the morning of the 27th of February (1841) Ward burst excitedly into Tait's rooms. "Here," he cried, "is something worth reading," and threw No. 90 on the table. When Ward returned that night to Balliol, he found the Protest of the Four Tutors already prepared. It appeared the next day; by the end of the week, came down, like a clap of thunder, the Protest of the Heads, and instantly the silence was broken by its being reverberated through every paper in the country." In the *Apologia*, Newman says of this event, "I saw clearly that my place in the Movement was lost; public confidence was at an end: my occupation was gone. It was simply an impossibility that I could say anything henceforward to good effect, when I had been posted up by the marshal on the buttery-hatch of every College of my University, after the manner of discomfited pastry-cooks, and when in every part of the country and every class of society, through every organ and opportunity of opinion, in newspapers, in periodicals, at meetings, in pulpits, at dinner-tables, in coffee-rooms, in railway carriages, I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train and was detached in the very act of firing it against the time-honored Establishment."

After the publication of the Tract, Newman's position at Oxford grew more and more difficult, and on April 19, 1842, he retired to Littlemore, where he had a parish, taking his books and possessions with him. Although Littlemore is only about three miles from Oxford, the separation was more final than this fact implies. Newman realized that he was in a manner saying farewell to the University he had loved and served. In a letter to Mrs. Mozely he says, "I am

going up to Littlemore and my books are all in motion—part gone, the rest in a day or two. It makes me very downcast. It is such a nuisance taking steps. But for years three lines of Horace have been in my ears:

Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti
 Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
 Rideat et pulset lasceiva decentius aetas."

His visits to Oxford grew fewer and fewer, and on September 25, 1843 he preached at Littlemore his sermon on the Parting of Friends. "It was the last public scene of the silent tragedy that was being enacted. He told in that sermon, clearly for those who understood, how he himself had found the church of his birth and of his early affections wanting; how he was torn asunder between the claims of those he must leave behind him and those who would follow him; that he could speak to his friends no more from that pulpit, but could only commit them to God and bid them strive to do His will." After this, he lived in monastic seclusion at Littlemore, seeing only his most intimate friends and electing a most rigid and frugal manner of living. "The change of Communion was now really only a matter of time. And the terrible secret was whispered through Oxford. Gradually it dawned on those who had been longing to hear the loved voice again, who had been chafing at his silence without realising what it portended, that for Oxford he had ceased forever to speak."

On leaving Littlemore to begin his duties in the Church, he went to take a final leave of his old friends at Oxford. Of his private Tutor, Dr. Ogle, he says, "I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private Tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University.

On the morning of the 23rd I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway." What that parting cost him, it is not for others to judge. He followed the truth as he found it, even though it led him into hard ways. In a letter to the Bishop of Oxford in which he resigned his place in the Movement, he said, "I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized."

It is pleasant to think that the parting was not forever, and to know that when he was an old man he came again to the place where he had spent his youth, and walked in the garden of Trinity and dined in Hall and visited his old nooks; to know that his old College made him an Honorary Fellow, and that he in turn asked permission to dedicate one of his books to President Wayte, of Trinity, in this charming note. "Not from any special interest which I anticipated you will take in this volume, or any sympathy you will feel in its argument, or intrinsic fitness of any kind in associating you and your fellows with it,—But because I have nothing besides it to offer you, in token

of my sense of the gracious compliment which you and they have paid me in making me once more a member of a College dear to me from undergraduate memories;—Also because of the happy coincidence that whereas its first publication was contemporaneous with my leaving Oxford, its second becomes, by virtue of your act, contemporaneous with a recovery of my position there;—Therefore it is that, without your leave or your responsibility I take the bold step of placing your name in the first pages of what, at my age, I must consider the last print or reprint on which I shall ever be engaged.” It is pleasant, too, to know that this man, who always dreaded violence and controversy, and was himself the gentlest of persons, is remembered more and more as an artist, a scholar and a gentleman. His bust stands in the garden of his old College, and there is still “much snap-dragon growing on the walls” of Trinity.

CHANT

Katharine Landon

Weeping with laughter
Sits a blind god.
A blind god pawing fatly
In the mold of ancient toys,

*And because he is a god
He's forgotten his weeping
And because he is a god
He's forgotten his laughing
And because he is a god
He's forgotten why
He must sit pawing, fatly.*

But we who are mortal
We remember.
“You are Humor,” we remind him,
Weeping with laughter.

A TRUE STORY

Clara Williams

It was a raw fall night. The rain beat upon the window with a steady, monotonous rhythm. I tried to penetrate the water drenched glass to get a glimpse of the melancholy platform at X—, but I could discern nothing save the intermittent flickering of the one oil lamp. I settled back into my listless scrutiny of the empty, flat-smelling car.

Presently I was aware of another passenger. He stood in the doorway, hesitating and blinking as though he had been a long time in the dark. His coat collar was turned up and dribbling streams of water fell from the brim of his hat. In his hand he carried the unmistakable flat, brown bag of the commercial traveller and I regarded his approach without particular interest. He settled himself in the seat across the aisle and fixed me with a questioning and eager stare. My interest quickened. There was something in his eyes, —a strange look of pain or fear which attracted me in spite of myself.

"A miserable night, isn't it?", I found myself commenting.

He seemed to snatch at my words.

"Wretched!—I'm soaked through." And then with apparent determination, "Do you mind if I talk to you?—I-I've been alone for days. That is—", (He indicated his bag), "I don't count those."

I didn't know how to reply but he took no heed of my silence.

"I can't keep it to myself any longer.—I've got to tell somebody."

He was almost pleading with himself and I noticed that he kept rubbing the back of his hand across his eyes as if to dispel some disturbing image.—And then recollecting himself he turned again to me.

"It's all the fault of this God-forsaken place. I ought never to have come here—at this time of the year. Twenty years ago to-night I was a student at L - - ." (He mentioned a little southern college.)

"There is a story connected with it. May I tell you?"

His voice had a tense eagerness and something in his manner excited me. I assented with alacrity.

"I was a Junior and it was hazing time. 'Whipping the Freshmen into shape,' we called it. We were kind of rough until they paid us due respect."

His face relaxed for an instant as though he were recalling some incident, then tightened into its former expression of uneasiness.

"There was one chap—'Leonard was his name'—whom no amount of ragging would suppress. Defiant spirit he had, and a good fellow too. But we decided to teach him a lesson. There were twenty-one of us; twenty Juniors and a Sophomore."

The conductor came down and collected our tickets. He eyed my com-

panion uneasily as though he too were affected by his strange uneasy eyes. My companion took no notice.

"As I was saying, we decided to teach him a lesson. To give him a good scare, you know."

His voice had a nervous sharpness about it.

"We took him three miles out of town to, what we called the haunted house."

He hesitated as though groping for words.

"Really haunted?," I broke in, appalled at the simpleness of my question. He seemed to welcome my interruption.

"That's what people said.—Perhaps I'd better explain first.—You see it had been a fine old house before the Civil war. It had belonged to a southern gentleman, a bachelor named Mitchell, with no relations except some cousins in the north. Well the war came and the region around was in constant danger of attack. Most of the big families went farther south, but Mitchell stayed on with an old nigger called Mose. (I'm cutting down details but I don't want to bore you)."

He was almost childish in his eagerness.

"As I said, Mitchell stayed on until one morning Mose came running into the sheriff's office with a story of how the night before an escaped Union prisoner had broken in, fought with his master and killed him. Ordinarily, of course, it would have caused a good deal of excitement, but that same day the union soldiers captured the town and people were too upset to think of anything except their own salvation. The story was never investigated. Even the old nigger disappeared and the house just rotted away until in our time the idea had grown up that Mitchell's unburied body haunted the place."

On the pretext of fixing the smoking lamp, the conductor had come up and was listening too. My companion seemed somewhat aware of our close attention.

"You don't mind my talking? I guess I didn't tell you my name? Lawrence Stoddard."

And then losing himself again.

"Yes, we took Leonard out and shoved him in a second story window. Told him he had to stay an hour and the rest of us circled the house and waited.

"It was a cold night like this. And while we stood around it began to rain. I remember that the wind blew through the old trees with a melancholy whistle and we talked a good deal just for company. It was a long hour, and somehow before it was over the humor of the thing had begun to fade. There was foreboding in the very look of the place. And at the end Leonard didn't come out——."

The car was damp and cold but Stoddard's face was covered with perspiration and from time to time, as he talked, he swathed it with his handkerchief.

"No, Leonard didn't come back. Not after we had called for half an

hour. So we drew lots to see who'd go in and look for him and it fell to Ted Lauring, the Sophomore. (You see we thought perhaps Leonard might be staying in the house just to kid us.)

"I remember helping to boost Lauring over the window sill. He turned and whispered, half jokingly, 'Pray for me'. And then he disappeared. We could hear his voice, calling. It grew fainter and fainter, and then suddenly it stopped."

My companions face had gone perfectly white and his voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

"Well we were pretty scared by then, and we all decided to go in together. The twenty of us with our hands clasped and the two on the ends lighting matches. There wasn't anything to see, just a big room filled with decaying furniture. But from somewhere way above we could hear a dull thumping sound—a regular monotonous beating. Almost like the beating of my heart in my ears, only much slower."

"At first we just stood, paralyzed-like; afraid to go back and afraid to go on. Then, (I forget who it was suggested it), we decided to investigate from the bottom. We began with the first floor and worked up, room by room, and it was a big house too. There was a smell of mould about the place which seemed to get inside you, to flatten on your chest as though someone were stifling you. But we kept on and as we went up the sound continued, all the time growing louder and louder, but just as deliberate and regular. At last we located it in a little room in the third story."

"There was only a little window in the place, high up, and as I said it was raining and there wasn't much light. We could just make out a figure, swaying, with a club in its hand, pounding at something on the floor. We circled around and caught it. Then somebody lighted a match.—It was—"

His voice grew suddenly louder and it had a wild discordant note.

"It was, it was Leonard and in his hand was the thigh bone of a man. On the floor was a skeleton and Ted Lauring with his head beaten into a pulp."

Stoddard's voice grew very low again.

"Leonard was raving mad, you see."

The conductor was no longer pretending. He had dropped on the arm of my seat and his hands were tightly gripping the dirty plush in front of him. Neither of us spoke but Stoddard made a tremendous effort. His voice was still strained but it had a more normal pitch.

"There wasn't anything we could do so we went to the President, bringing Leonard with us. He didn't resist but he laughed and laughed. (I've heard that laugh since—in my dreams.) So we got back all right, and we made a clean breast of it.

"They put Leonard in an asylum and expelled the twenty of us."

He paused again and then continued resolutely.

"There was something about the thing,—the tragedy I guess, that held us together, and we've written and kept in touch during all these years."

He stopped once more and when he went on, his voice had a flat, unnatural sound.

“On every anniversary of that night one of us has gone insane. And now, to-night, it’s my turn!”

His calm was broken and he sobbed like a child. There was something in that wild crying which broke down all reserve and we both leaned over him, shaking him by the shoulders.

Suddenly all sound ceased, and very very slowly he raised his head. His eyes were quite mad.

COQUETTE

Margaret Brinton

Had you a satin cloak, all stiff
With gold embroidery, and clasped
Tight with a golden link, you’d ery
For royal ermine.

—Had you pearls,
Diamonds would be the only way
To win your quick capriciousness.
Oh, if you held the sun itself
Its heat would tire you, and you’d ask
A cooler, safer toy,—the moon.

I doubt if you could ever know
Quite why, when you demand my love,
I offer only poetry.

BLUE FACES AND YELLOW

Katharine Landon.

Color is the thing that most people think they see and never do. Color is not obvious. Early in life it becomes a symbol and dies on the spot. Green is no longer green but grass; and, unfortunately, grass is no longer grass but green. In winter a face is pink and white, and in summer it is permissibly tan; but to the average unobserver, violet, green or blue is not a face but an insult. Violet, we agree, is not a face. Colors are not things, but things are colors. Colors, always in the plural, always subject to the widest variation under different conditions.

Everyone knows that blue and yellow make green; it remained for the Impressionists to discover that blue and yellow did not make green. They make it only under set conditions. Was it not Signae who first saw that a tree composed of quite symbolically greenish green, when exposed to a sky overcharged with that blue upon which European skies appear to have so exclusive a monopoly, was no longer green but blue?

"But blue" you insist, "is not a tree."

"But a tree" we are stubborn "may be blue."

O, don't take our word for it. Color might as well be black and white unless you see it for yourself, and that's where the fun comes in: ignoring what a thing is supposed to be, and discovering for yourself what it is. The next time you go motoring on a Monday don't grumble about the conspicuousness of people's laundry, but astonish your companion with some such remark as this, "The sunlight is making that brilliant white dance with every color in the rainbow." And if that does not bring the desired result, you might add, rapturously, "Isn't laundry perfectly beautiful?"

But do not play the hypocrite. If your natural aversion to laundry is insurmountable, there are the most astonishing changes in a white house in the course of a day. Across the way from us now is a roof uncertainly pink, which this morning was angelically blue. We are sure that this evening it will glow with orange just before it settles down for the night into purple or olive green. And yet some will say that it is made of gray slate. Tut, tut! they are relapsing into symbols, and we are talking in terms of realities. After all, a symbol is only a symbol. Most people never suspect it. Unless they do, they will never see the beauty of that white clapboard where the shadow of the trees turns it violet blue; nor hear the song of the sunlight where the trees are not.

It is in the song of the sunlight that the riddle lies deepest. What is its color? One never knows. And what is the face that one should define it, when every light, from one's clothing to the blotter on one's desk proves that a face is all color, every color, and no two parts are the same? Yet it is absurd of us to tell this to you, you who used to hold a dandelion up to the chin of your chum, and be sure she was fond of butter because her chin glowed yellow.

Many there are who play this game of color, and some few who played it for a while so intensely, so excitingly that everything, even drawing, finish and pretty design, was cast to the winds. It was in Provincetown they played it, with a seriousness incomprehensible to the uninitiate. Artists who work painstakingly in a studio light all winter putting every atom of technique, theoretical knowledge and painstaking care into their little brushes reveled in the chance to throw all this aside for the summer, and paint in the brilliance of beaches and wharves flooded with sun. Here was color they could get in no other way, and they were determined not to miss it. And unless you obey that impulse and go to Provincetown yourself, you will never have a better chance to see how amazingly successful such an attempt can be; an attempt to see color itself, more closely, more truly to turn dead symbols into living, breathing things. Under the instruction of Mr. C. W. Hawthorne they learned that truth of vision is more important than literary imagination—that is, every picture must tell a great deal more than a story, and will probably be a better picture if it does not tell a story, in the popular sense, at all; learned to paint everything but prettiness, for beauty is greater; and learned how to overlook, for a time, and for a definite object, confusion and detail. They painted, literally, “acres of canvas,” anywhere from two to six a day; generally with a putty knife to avoid fussiness, and to make for bigness, freedom and vitality;. A number of these sketches, these five-finger exercises, and one or two more finished indoor studies, all vibrant with sunlight freshly seen, are at the Hillyer Art Gallery now, where, for a short time, you may see how others see—in color.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET

Eleanor Golden

After reading many detective stories I am convinced that it must be quite simple to write one, at least. Knowing perfectly well how to do it, I am in the position of the maiden aunt who can tell anyone how to raise children.

The first thing is to select a title, something startling and exotic. Lots of the good ones of course have been taken. Something like "The Green Emerald" is good, or "The Curse of the Montgomery Heir," or just "Blood." Some authors even write the story first and name it afterwards.

Then there must be a synopsis. A really good detective story is always preceded by a synopsis. It should be brief, concise, and contain all important details.

Let us begin our story.

Synopsis—

Mr. Peter Dreppish, wealthy clubman, and guardian of beautiful Miss Ruby Partiele who has auburn hair and lives in the east wing of the country house, is found by a servant, murdered in his hermetically sealed study, five hours after he was seen talking to a short, dark man with a patch over his eye, at the cross-roads, near his country house which he leased from old John Potter, a reputed miser, a couple of years ago, who in the meantime has disappeared and some said he left his fortune concealed in the house, meaning to return for it after his mysterious business in which he was engaged before his disappearance and which the police have since discovered to have been commerce with a notorious group of jewel thieves who terrorized the neighborhood, and who are thought to have sent a letter which Peter Dreppish received the morning of the murder before he went in to town leaving his ward Ruby Partiele, with a warning not to go in the west wing where in the hall stood an old green idol from India which had mysteriously tumbled from its place the night before. (We draw a deep penful of ink and proceed.) Ruby loves young Dick Back, college athlete and something of an amateur detective himself, whom she was unable to locate in town by the telephone after the murder. The police were sent for and Detective Boone said that he was sure he passed young Back speeding in his car, from the house, to the city. The story is told by Clara, the maid.

Chapter XXVIII

When I told Miss Ruby the detectives had come, she seemed agitated and thrust something into her bosom but turned to meet them composedly.

Detective Boone was a thick set man with a protruding manner, (always introduce a little humor like this to lighten the story) and black eyes very close together and shift. I thought I would not trust him around the corner.

The police had been unable to locate any signs of violence on the body but

Detective Boone, with that perspicacity which had established his reputation (Clara has to talk like this sometimes.) located a pearl-handled pen-knife such as a woman might carry in her handbag, thrust in Mr. Dreppish's heart. The detective looked up "Cherchez la femme," he said, with a twinkle in his eye and so relieved the tension of a difficult situation.

Then he stood awhile, as if in thought, watching Miss Ruby from the corner of his eye. He turned to her; "Mr. Dreppish left you everything in his will?" She nodded assent. "Didn't he threaten to leave his fortune to charity if you married Dick Back?" again she nodded dumbly, with tearful eyes. "I found this on the window sill," he snapped, and drew from his pocket a long, auburn hair. Ruby shrieked and fainted. A cynical smile played about his face.

He touched a bell and in a few moments Williams, the suave English butler entered. Detective Boone sent him for a restorative. I saw Williams stop outside the half opened door and peer through the key-hole before he walked away on his soft feet like a cat's.

The great detective stood in thought. "The hair on the window-sill," he murmured, "But the footprint below was size eleven, and,"—he turned to me, "And, my good girl, the window was locked!" "Inside or out," I breathed breathlessly. He looked at me intently. "Both," he said.

When Williams returned and bent over Miss Ruby, I saw Detective Boone quickly obtain his thumb-print from the tray which he had set down.

Just then we heard a low humming as of a powerful motor car in the distance. I said, "I think that is Mr. Dick coming." Miss Ruby heard me and started toward the door as if to warn him away. At that very moment the door slammed closed though there wasn't a breath of wind, and the old, green idol in the hall crashed down with a deafening noise.

We stood stockstill, terrified but Detective Boone took hold of the situation. His voice rang out, "Not a soul shall leave this room without being searched!"

To be continued next month.

You see, it is quite easy. No one ever reads the next installment anyhow. Who? Oh, I really don't know, but I have my suspicions of Clara.



Covers the world
with smiles smiles
smiles smiles
smiles smiles
smiles
It all
news stands today

To which we add:
THERE ARE 300,000
OTHER "REGULAR"
PEOPLE WHO READ
EACH ISSUE OF

College Humor



PEKISKO, ALTA

I am desired by the Prince of
Wales to acknowledge your letter of
Sept. 25th and to thank you sincerely
for sending him the current issue
of "College Humor", which he much
appreciates.

Yours faithfully,

M. Mascher

Private Secretary

[This letter, signature and crest are
copied from the original dated
September 30th, 1924]



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NOBISCUM AD PARNASSUM



The American Campus—"A monthly review of college life and comment." This is the notice the Monthly received of a publication which is to appear for the first time in December. One wonders at the temerity of the pioneer spirits who have dared undertake a wholesale criticism of undergraduate thought, as expressed in its publications. At the same time one is bound to admire the attempt, and to look forward to its results.

It must be at least a most interesting experiment, and one is tempted to consider just what such a publication would comprise. And whether its content would represent the true thought and opinion of College students. If one turns with proper amount of introspection to examine our own publication, for example, does one see the consensus of opinion or even a representative type of writing? Does the line of faintly amusing sketches and essays, heavier essays, and scattered verse, which appear in our columns, represent the average output of our youthful authors, or do the germs of some great masterpieces lie hidden among us?—only waiting for some worthy incentive to be put into print?

Some one has suggested that there is appallingly little humor displayed in the pages of the Monthly. Does this necessarily imply that the average undergraduate is devoid of wit, or does it simply indicate that our young humorists are not sufficiently urged to put their jests into writing?

In looking over the pages of our sister and brother publications, we are forced to confess that their magazines are not so very different from ours. Yet we are still tempted to believe that a general inertia may have something to do with the case. At any rate we hope that *The American Campus* may prove suggestive and that if we harbor any potential genius, it may be moved to express itself on our pages!

"Blind Raftery"

By Donn Byrne

The Century Company

A book like most matters in life, important or unimportant, has several different sides from which one can approach it. So with "Blind Raftery" if you think of it from the point of view of narrative you reach one conclusion

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whereas if you consider it as a prose idyll you reach quite a different conclusion.

As a story "Blind Raftery" should command little respect. The characters are all puppets who produce rather artistic effects by speaking in picturesque terms of golden hills and honey scented wine. In my opinion there is no one in the tale who could pass as a real person; and few actions that would seem natural. For instance Blind Raftery's marriage is ridiculous. He had heard the lovely lady's voice twice and then he proceeded to marry her without more ado when she was offered to him by his worst enemy. Again Raftery always did the popular thing (which to my cynical mind seems hardly true to life) he spoke kindly to peddlers and grave diggers and harshly to rich usurers. In addition, the songs of his which were quoted which were supposed to have given him a place in every Irish heart and a bed and entertainment in every home, were certainly not possessed of much merit. They were simply doggerel. I was not in the least convinced that blind Raftery was "Ireland's Darling" as the piper said. But in spite of these discrepancies and the fact that no one in the book seems real there are certain things which are commendable.

For if one takes the book simply as an idyllic story, it has considerable poetic charm. For instance Madame Raftery says, "O Raftery, there is a white cloud in the sky, and now it is over the sun, and there is a purple cloak on the golden mountain side," an effusion which is undoubtedly overburdened with adjectives but rather pleasing to a person who has been reading novels which were realistic to the point of sordidness.

Consequently if you want a good story of plausible characters, don't read "Blind Raftery;" but if you want a rather poetic grown fairy tale by all means purchase it. You will not be disappointed.

J. L. '26

The Little French Girl

By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

Houghton Mifflin Co.

To the average reader there are three kinds of books; highbrow books, 'good' books and just plain trash. *The Little French Girl* is emphatically a good book. It is neither Katharine Mansfield nor yet is it Ethel M. Dell.

There ought to be a new school to be called 'romantic realism' to include books that stop short somewhere between the Middle Western kitchen and the Paris studio, preserving the mental attitude of the first in the physical atmosphere of the second. *The Little French Girl* does this. It manages to be full of the most extensive morality while writing about comparatively sophisticated people. Its characters are carefully realistic without being depressing to the sensitive reader. It puts a happy ending on a Robert Keable plot. It gives one the satisfying feeling that one has faced life squarely and hit it a right upper-cut to the jaw. It is a very popular book.

It is partly popular because of its hero. He is a nice incredibly stupid square-jawed clean-cut English hero who passes through the typical realizing-

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that-the-heroine-is-really-grown-up experience of fiction bachelors. It has also an innocent conscientious seventeen year old heroine. She is one of these fiction youngsters that carry off the hero in a way to make a spinster of nineteen feel her years. The hero has two sisters; girls that in college would be a bit scornfully termed collegiate. They bound through the book with incredible vitality.

Two of the characters are obviously the author's favorites. Both of them are fairly repulsive. One is a girl much in the type of Adrienne Toner by whom everyone is apparently much attracted though she has neither beauty, charm nor amiability. The other is the French mother of the heroine whose rather unconventional life so prejudices the girl's chances for happiness. She is a very skillful restrained bit of character drawing, and more than anyone in the book gives the impression of having been taken from life. Again however we have to take the author's estimate of her charm.

Two rather Dickensian characters of actresses complete the cast of this romantic play.

Altogether a nice book, suitable for the whole family, and not as enervating to the mind as the average work of fiction. No advertisement of it is needed, as it has apparently already endeared itself to the romance-craving college student.

E. H. '26

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NOVEMBER, 1924

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EDITORIAL

Once, in some obscure and unknown country, a wise man took a ruler in his hand and went around measuring Ideas. At the end of a year he announced to his edified neighbors that Discrimination was exactly seven inches long; that Perception was eight and one-half by five and three-quarters inches in area, and that Intuition was twice as thick as Judgment.

We, perhaps, would look upon this gentleman as of an exaggerated, if not distorted, type of mind. And yet we follow in his footsteps; slowly every day, and with haste and anguish of mind twice a year. We allow our minds to be troubled by the exact measurement that some arbitrary soul has given to our ideas with his ruler; and we allow ourselves to become exaggeratedly happy over a Bible paper that is B inches long, or rather depressed over an English theme that a cruel carpenter has scored as being only D inches thick.

It is all very well to measure mathematics in terms of marks. Mathematics and sciences are exact and definite things *per se*. You know that X equals Y or you do not know that X equals Y. You may have exactly sixty-seven one-hundredths of a paper right, and have no more and no less of that paper right. But it is a physical impossibility to have sixty-seven one-hun-

"Autibelle'll be having the appendicitis next,—she's never had it yet," thought Addie. And this seemed clearly logical, since in this mill town appendicitis seemed as inevitable as death itself, and sometimes they came hand in hand.

"Addie!" Mayrose's voice at the door was saying, "have you given the baby something to eat?"

Addie answered mechanically, "Yes,—he's done et." She picked up the child and went into the house.

The baby's mother was sitting in the kitchen stringing beans, and her other small son was playing on the floor beside her. She was young, slight, pale, about the age of Autibelle. After her husband died, six months or more ago, she had brought her children back to her old home to live with Addie and her parents in their little mill cottage. She looked up as Addie came in but did not stop her work.

"Are you all wo'out, Addie?" she asked, as Addie put the heavy baby down, and sat down herself, as though the exertion had been an effort. "You'll be well sure 'nough, before long now. All you need now is a lot of good, hard work to make you tough. The cotton's ripe, and the mills'll be opening up again next week. Reckon you'll be fitten to go to get some work? You can spool cotton—easy. And now you're old enough to leave school."

Addie sat very still for a minute or two. She felt very tired, and carrying that heavy baby always made her side feel badly, just a little.

"Didn't you want to keep right on going to school Mayrose?" she asked.

For just a minute Mayrose looked reminiscent. "I never did want to quit," she began. But just at this moment the baby on the floor made a false move, in his experimenting in the ways of "crawling", and putting too much reliance upon the pan of beans, upset them, and they rolled to the far corners of the tiny kitchen. With a gesture of exasperation she roughly set the child on the floor in a safer location, and said, with bitterness, "But you get over that silly notion. There's too many chil'ren to be fed and its hard enough now to keep your own brothers and sisters took care of, to think of wastin' any more time on your school books. There's work has got to be done, and befo' very long you'll be wantin' a little home of your own and all your time wasted in school'll be no good to you then. Might as well begin soon's you can to earn your board and make some money for your old days, Addie Hunsucker."

Addie said nothing. She was picking up the beans the baby spilled.

"We'll be he'ping Ruby to get married next," Mayrose continued. "Charles has been out to church every meeting ever since the revival meetings commenced the first of last month, and I notice Ruby hasn't missed *many* meetings," she said significantly. "But then, Ruby's mighty near old enough, and she's so foolish about not wanting to go to work, and all, I reckon her pa will be glad to see her married, even if she eain't do better than Charles. Ruby's sixteen, already, and its time she had her old man." Her fingers flew faster than ever.

She smiled a tiny bit, perhaps thinking of her own courting days. "They've walked home from meetin' together every single night, and they say that Charles was askin' about the Stewart's old house,—what they had."

Addie said quickly, "Who'd you say was going to take the Stewart's old house?"

Mayrose, her tone of voice giving just the merest suggestion that she was a trifle piqued to think that Addie hadn't heard all she said, replied a little archly. "I didn't say they was *going* to take it. I said someone had spoke of their *thinkin'* of it,—*maybe*," conditioning it still further, that she might not be guilty of stating mere rumor as a definite fact. "The clothes must be dry; better bring them in, Addie."

That night, after their early supper of cold beans, cooked with pork and corn, and squash left from dinner, Addie connected the electric iron. They always had to do their ironing at night, because the mills didn't turn on the electricity for the mill houses until after mill hours, and to-night it was a race to see how much she could get done before time of meeting. It had been a very hot day, and on that flat stretch or red sandy plain, the sun had beaten down on the little village of mill houses without a single tree of any size to shield them from the burning glare. The house seemed very tiny for so many people, Addie thought, and it was hot as an oven. It made her feel a little faint. If she were her mother, she would move away, and live somewhere else, where there weren't so many people, and where it was cool. She thought of the hospital where she had the operation. It was a hot day then, but everyone looked cool and they were so quiet, and there were no babies on the floor to be put out of the way, or taken care of.

Old Mrs. Hunsucker, very large, and feeling very hot, brought in a last hamper of clothes which she put in the corner to be ironed. Her daughter, Mayrose, was bathing the baby. She had felt the heat too, to-day.

"Reckon we'll have a storm, ma?" she asked, "Do you see a cloud coming up?"

"No rain in sight now, but this cain't keep up very long." She picked up a Sunday-school paper and fanned herself vigorously, which made her hotter.

"Addie thinks she don't want to quit school, ma," Mayrose went on, "She's been sick so long she'll be gettin' lazy."

"Hey?" Old Mrs. Hunsucker sat down heavily, and with the skill that comes of long experience, adjusted a wad of tobacco just within her lower lip. She looked narrowly at Addie.

"Don't you go gettin' none of them *worldly* ideas, Addie," she said. "Your ma nor your pa was too good for the mill, and I reckon you can work in the mill too, for a little bit. You'll be gettin' married soon," she added.

"I'll not be gettin' married," Addie murmured, as she ironed, not taking her eyes off her work.

"Then it won't be because you didn't have your chance.—Jim has been

hangin' 'roun' courtin' you long enough." And then, she added, a little anxiously, "Addie, ain't you got no *hankerin'* for a man?"

Addie said nothing at all.

She disconnected the iron, and dressed the children in the little black clothes which they wore in memory of their father. She carried a pile of freshly ironed things into the bedroom, and quickly combed her hair neatly back from her face. She had thought she wouldn't go to meeting, but it couldn't be any hotter there than here at home, so she went with the others down the road to the forlorn, unpainted meeting-house.

The air was still; the tiny room was filled; the men were sitting in the windows. Everyone smiled to have Addie back again at preaching. They wanted her to play the little wheezy organ for the singing. It made her feel rested to be at church again, and playing the organ. While the minister talked and the fans were fluttering, Addie looked around at the people who were there. She had been ill and a convalescent for so long,—this was the first time she had been back in the little church, and she wanted to look and look.

At last the meeting was over. Everyone had sung themselves hoarse, and now they were lingering to speak to the minister and to each other. Suddenly it seemed hot and close to Addie, in there with all those people; probably it was just the appendicitis that made her tired. She went to the door. She heard a familiar voice at her elbow, and Jim stepped out of the shadow. After an exchange of greetings he said, awkwardly, "Mighty nice to hear you play again."

Addie smiled. She looked back at the people talking busily to each other. Then she and Jim walked home, alone.

LISTENING

Jane V. Wakeman

Deep chords of silence throng the night;
And a star pallor dims the face cheek of sky,
Where, lost in the magnificence of star-pronged space,
She rides in sleep:
This child-earth, cradled by a fearful sun,
Swung in a firmament of killing light
Unterrified. How calm the night-air lies
On the warm lips of softly-breathing earth;
Never in all eternity of time shall her swift-circling flight
Pierce this same cavern in the sea of space again;
Yet trees are mute,
And robins, song-wearied,
Drowse among leaves and dew:
The tremor of the dew-cold grass
Is quiet as the silent search
Of moonbeams in a pool.
And as a torrent, near its brink,
Pauses enormously:
So miracles of thrilling life sleep now
In their frail shells of brick or stone.

In this fierce fire-drawn passage
Of an earth down livid sky,
Let me not cry to-night how I have sinned;
But rock with the strange pain
Of beauty without form or voice;
Let me wait, silent, in the dim chamber of a universe,
With not a single thought—
But only stars:
And ears grown musical with listening beyond sound . . .

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

Frances Dorris

The group about the table turned toward the speaker. "My most interesting case? Ah, there you have me at a disadvantage, gentlemen. My most interesting case was a failure!" He laughed, glancing quickly across at a dark, impassive man, who sat slightly apart from the others. "And here's Kirk, with all the psychiatry he's been boning in Vienna. There'll be nothing left of my story when he finishes—or my reputation either!

"Really though, it isn't much of a story. Nothing happened—at least nothing in the way of battle, murder, or sudden death, which is what happenings usually mean in the vernacular."

"That ought to be exciting," said the young man at the foot of the table. "A case that was a failure, and a story where nothing happened!"

"It almost didn't happen—the story itself, I mean. Queer what little things will make you change your mind. If Judson hadn't run in on me a few days after I got the letter from the Princess Apponyi, it might be lying still, unanswered, at the bottom of my desk. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm no raconteur! It was at the end of a long busy season that the letter from the Princess came—crested stationery and all that—asking if it would be possible for me to make a trip down to her place in North Carolina to see her husband. She didn't seem to know what was wrong, gave no details. She ended by saying that money was no obstacle. I put the letter aside, and thought nothing more about it.

"Several days later, Sam Judson stopped to see me. He'd been doing the country—you know the sort of thing Judson does—and his latest hobby was the Carolinas. Well, he grew positively lyrical—old Southern mansions, the air of a bygone civilization, winters like northern springs, and so on. After he'd gone, it struck me that a vacation in the Carolinas might not be a bad thing. Sam had said the shooting was good, and the season was on then. I could run down and look over this Prince Apponyi—probably nothing much the matter, too much money and leisure—spend a pleasant fortnight shooting, and back in New York in time to testify in the Charles case. I did need a vacation!

"In spite of that bit of rationalization, I felt a little sheepish as I boarded the midnight limited that was to land me in Elliston, North Carolina, the next afternoon. I'd looked up the Princess in the meantime. Her father had been an Irish miner. Industry and good luck had lifted him out of the pick-and-shovel class, and in time, he had been able to provide his daughter with almost anything she wanted—even a genuine, although somewhat impoverished, Hungarian prince for a husband. I found account of the wedding in old newspaper files, with the usual headlines: American Beauty Captures Title—An-

other Foreign Alliance—etc. You know the kind. By the time I had finished, I felt as if I were about to step into a comic opera.

“The Princess met me at the station, in a long low car which she drove herself. The sight rather gave me a start. For some vague reason, I had expected a victoria, and at least a footman. It was a god-forsaken little hole, not another person in sight, except a few loungers sitting about the station. She alighted from the car and came to meet me, and as she held out her hand, I decided I had been wrong. At least, if it was into a comic opera that I was stepping, one of the characters was distinctly miscast. The Princess was lovely. How a single generation’s remove from the soil could have done it, I don’t know; she must have been a mutation. She was beautiful, beautiful in a big and splendid way; such women, long-limbed and glorious, are fit to be mothers of the gods. Ireland had furnished the sheen of her dark hair, the color that glowed beneath her smooth skin. Her mouth was too large for perfection, but generous and firm. In the turn of her jaw I fancied I could see a heritage from Patrick, who had driven first himself, and later mules, and then men, until through long years of driving he had obtained his uttermost wish. She looked straight at me, a glance without flattery or finesse. I was relieved. She was going to play neither the fine lady nor the coquette.

“‘You are Doctor Hammond? You were good to come. Is this your baggage? Ah, you brought your gun—that is good! Guido never shoots with me.’

“As the long gray roadster shot out of the village, past a few gaunt frame houses standing lonely in the pale light of the autumn afternoon, she turned to me.

“‘Perhaps you think it strange that I met you here. There was no other way. Guido must not know I sent for you. While you are here, you are my cousin, Michael Hearn. It will be easy. We have no visitors. Promise! He must not know!’

“In her eyes were mingled impetuousness and something that might have been fear. I reassured her.

“‘I hardly know myself why I sent for you. Guido is not ill. It is only that I do not understand. The priest tells me to pray—and be patient. It is easy to pray, but not easy to be patient. I must do more!’

“‘What is it that you do not understand?’ I asked gently. The effect was unexpected. No answer. I turned to see swift color flooding her face. Our speed increased. We were going fifty, and the roads not good. Suddenly she slowed up, jammed on the brakes violently, and leapt over the side into the woods. She disappeared into the flaming foliage, the sound of her running feet growing fainter and fainter. At last all was silence. I sat in some astonishment. This was really more than I’d bargained for.

“In a few minutes the Princess reappeared, walking with apparent unconcern. Her arms were full of scarlet maple leaves. She held out the leaves,

smiled, got into the car, and drove on without a word. The rest of the drive I spent in recovering my composure. We talked commonplaces, and the Princess seemed as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

"Soon we were sweeping up an avenue of swamp maples that led to the house. We drew up under the side portico of an imposing old mansion which wore the same air of solidity and prosperity it must have had in the days of Appomatox and Antietam. My companion drew a silver whistle from the pocket of her coat, and blew a shrill blast. In a few minutes the double doors opened and ejected an apprehensive and gesticulating figure.

"'Law, Missy!' he said.

"'Never mind, George,' replied his mistress. 'You will take my cousin's bags up to his room, and tell Judy to give us tea.'

"'We now entered a spacious hall. I noticed the grace of the broad stairway; it was a fine old house. I began to wish my brother could have seen it.'

The group about the table stirred. The grave, dark man flicked a bit of ash from his sleeve, and seemed to mediate upon it for a moment. The young man at the foot broke in,

"'I say, for a story that gets nowhere, yours is getting to some length, at least!'

"'Well, I'll try to hurry things along a bit. No doubt you are anxious to meet the patient as I began to be. My impatience was allayed that night at dinner, but in no startling way. The Prince was a small, quiet man, almost insignificant, who greeted me with punctilious courtesy. We dined by candlelight in a dark panelled room, into whose walls were set sombre portraits in oil of men wearing the costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. My hostess wore black. She was not the creature of the afternoon who had run madly away into the woods and come back with her arms full of crimson leaves. The leaves were there, crammed into a great Chinese jug in the corner of the room, and flaunting their color between the candles on the table, furnishing whatever life and vividness the room afforded, for she seemed suddenly quenched. The Prince maintained a calm, low, cultivated flow of conversation. His erudition seemed endless. He spoke of the marriage customs among the inhabitants of Gothland; and of the reasons, psychological and physiological, for the practice of cannibalism among the Eskimos; he described minutely the festival of the eel-grass twisting, which takes place in Nyasaland, in the spring, and he told of the significant rites practiced by the Dongolawi, who deform themselves in strange ways. Passing on to the handicrafts and the arts, he grew discursive on the subject of old pewter, some specimens of which he said might be found in the neighborhood; and he told of a secret way of staining glass which had long been known in his family, handed down through an old Florentine glass blower; he went into the intricacies of the art of etching, and spoke learnedly of drypoints, and copper plate, and acids. He seemed to talk neither for the

purpose of informing, nor in order to display his knowledge. It was as if some hidden reservoir had been tapped; the forthcoming flow was as much to be expected as water from a fountain.

"Only once during the meal did the still figure across from me show life. We had been speaking of biological inheritance, and I mentioned casually some research I had done, tracing families through several generations. The Princess leaned forward impetuously, her bare arm upon the polished wood, and I wondered at her cleverness to remember, even in her excitement, that she was playing a part.

"'You never told me of that!' she exclaimed. 'Is it really true that you can trace families—very far back—even to the beginning?'

"I explained as best I could the difference between genealogical and biological research, and as I spoke, the light and color faded from her face. She seemed to grow self-conscious, and the look she gave her husband was the look in the eyes of a sullen child who expects a scolding. He went on talking imperturbably, and I was uncertain whether his demeanor was the result of too perfect poise or of an entire absence of perception.

"Presently the Princess rose and left us alone. As she passed out of the room, my eyes followed her, and rested casually on the portrait which hung near the door, where they stopped. It was that of a boy of four or five, dressed in the costume of a bygone day. He sat in a great carved chair, leaning back slightly, and looking out across the room at something very far away. In his hand he held a gaily-colored ball, but this poor device of the portrait painter seemed more than ever futile in the light of those great grave eyes. It was a haunting face, the face of one who has seen life, and seen it too early.

"The Prince made a little bow, almost apologetic. 'My younger brother, sir. My wife will have it here.'

"'A beautiful little face, but grave—too grave!'

"'Ah yes; he died at five. We are an old family, but I am the last, the very last.' Then, almost hastily, 'But you must let me show you some etchings I picked up abroad last year. You will find them admirable!'

"As we passed into the small study where the Prince kept these and other *objets d'art*, the Prince said, in a low tone.

"'Pardon, no doubt you will understand. It is the wish of my wife that the household assemble each night for prayers. To you and me, of course . . .' an expressive gesture, 'but the women! And then, they are very beautiful when they pray!'

"This ceremony came at nine, in the large main hall. At the time I noticed casually a fact which then had little significance, although I noted and remembered it with the meticulous attention to detail sometimes present in a mind slightly tired. Except for the Princess and myself, not a single person present was taller than five feet three inches!

"The household went to bed early. I was thoroughly tired after a sleepless night on the train, and stretched between cool smooth linen, with the sweet autumn air pouring over me, I soon slept soundly. I was recalled from this heavy sleep, it seemed hours afterward, by a sound that was vaguely familiar and yet unmeaning. I fell asleep again, and dreamed that someone in the next room was walking about with an enormous ball and chain attached to his leg. There would be a step, then the thump and dragging of the ball and chain, then another step, and the thump again. Gradually perception focussed on reality. I realized that the sounds I heard were not those of a ball and chain, but someone sobbing heavily—a man. Such abandoned hopelessness, such utter, primitive grief I have never heard. It seemed to come from the depths below consciousness, from the chaotic fastnesses of very being. It suddenly came to me that I had heard human beings make such sounds before, patients coming out of ether! The man was dreaming! The sounds soon broke off abruptly, and by morning the whole affair seemed as vague as the dream that had accompanied it—if not actually a part of that dream.

"The morning sun waked me, streaming across my face. It was a perfect autumn day. I had breakfast alone, served by the loquacious George, the colored boy who had met us at the door when I arrived. His mistress was out riding, but he would be glad to show me about the grounds. I was glad to get outdoors. The grounds were not extensive. We made our circuit in less than an hour, returning to the house through a little formal garden that was completely surrounded by shrubbery, so that it might easily be overlooked. It appeared neglected. The round pool in the center was choked with leaves, and the wind was blowing a host of them about the enclosure. Late asters grew in profusion around the borders, and some had even encroached beyond, and sprung up between the crevices of the flagged walk. There was a wild beauty about the place. At one end of the rectangle, almost hidden behind a clump of bushes, I caught a glimpse of white. I approached, expecting to find a dancing nymph or satyr, or some other fanciful bit of statuary. I stopped short in astonishment at what I found. I had not thought anything so good existed outside a museum, on this side, at least. It was a Greek statue, of the late archaic period I should have guessed roughly; a woman, Aphrodite, one might have thought from the gracious benignity of the face, but this was not the voluptuous goddess of love, all roundness and femininity. The figure had barely lost the archaic hardness of modelling; there was a slight suggestion of folds in the drapery, but no attempt at portraying motion. The young goddess stood quiet, her head turned to one side and lifted slightly. The archaic smile had disappeared, the expression of the face was one of noble contemplation. One forearm and hand had been broken off, but the statue was otherwise perfect.

"It seemed inconsistent with the Prince's character as a connoisseur to keep

so beautiful a thing in this solitary and neglected corner. When I questioned George about it, he seemed troubled.

“ ‘No suh, Mas’r don’t seem to set no store by that statuary no more. He done keep it in the house at fust, but then he move it out here. Tell you what’, he grew confidential, ‘There’s somethin’ cu’ious ’bout that statuary, somethin’ mighty cu’ious.’

“ ‘Why, what’s wrong with it?’

“ ‘George drew a little closer.

“ ‘Say, does you all believe in haunts?’

“ ‘I replied that I was a decided skeptic on such matters.

“ ‘Well’, he said, ‘Mas’r, he do. He think this here statuary got some kind of hant in it. Nights it come down fum here and go walkin’ round. He’s right afeared of this statuary, Mas’r is.’

“ ‘Why George, what makes you believe such an absurd story?’ I asked.

“ ‘He done tole me, one night. He begged and prayed me, “George, you sleep outside my room. You stay here, so nothin’ come in!”

“ ‘But weren’t you afraid too?’

“ ‘Who, me? Oh no, boss. Mas’r, he say that statuary won’t hurt nobody but him. ‘Sides, I got this charm my mammy fotch me.’ He pulled out a dirty little bag from his neck. ‘No hant will touch that.’

“ ‘Does you mistress know about this?’

“ ‘Who, Missy? No, she don’t know nothin’ ’bout it. No use scarin’ the women folks.’

“ ‘A loud barking arose on the lawn outside the hedge, followed by sounds of scrambling and cracking of branches. My hostess burst through the hedge, followed by a large airedale, on leash. At sight of me, she burst into a laugh. Panting and tumbled, she resembled a child rather than the imposing lary with whom I had dined the night before.

“ ‘This is the way I punish Tonino,’ she said. ‘We were slipping up on you beautifully, and then the wretched beast had to bark! See, Tonino’, she said turning to the dog, ‘dogs that bark have to go through hedges and get scratched!’ The dog lifted liquid brown eyes, whined, and slipped a slender muzzle into her hand. I looked at her with some interest. I have never seen a pretty woman forego the chance to pet her dog when she had a suitable audience. With a casual pat, she leaned over and slipped the leash. ‘Begone!’ she said. The dog leapt away into the shrubbery. The colored boy had disappeared. She turned to me.

“ ‘You were looking at Guido’s statue. It is very beautiful, is it not? Men have come from many places to see it. They say it is perfect. I do not know about these things, but I too think she is beautiful.’

“ ‘She had grown pensive. She turned her head and looked out across the treetops. She was standing just below the pedestal on which the statue was set. The dappled sunlight fell all about her. I looked at her in amazement.

Women of stone, woman of flesh and blood, they were alike, line for line, feature for feature. Grown conscious of my gaze, she stirred, and in the sudden movement, the chance resemblance was lost. She looked embarrassed and ill at ease, and I felt rather like a ead, to be caught staring at her as if she were an exhibit. But her moods seemed endless. She put this slight discomfort from her with a visible effort, and turned to me with a new and lovely dignity.

"'Sit down,' she said, pointing to a stone bench. 'There is something I wish to ask you.'

"I obeyed, not knowing what to expect.

"'You are a doctor,' she said, 'a man of science, and besides, a man of the world. You must know. Tell me,' she hesitated, 'is it possible to be well born, to have good blood, even though one comes from very humble parents. . . from peasants. . . and laborers?' Her face was flaming.

"It was a large subject to tackle, but I did what I could. As I talked, the tension of her manner relaxed.

"'For myself,' she said, 'I do not care. It is for Guido, that he need not be ashamed. I am not a great lady. There is much I do not understand. Guido's sister comes sometimes—she is a great lady. She talks with him of books and pictures. She wears long black dresses; she buys them in Paris. She is very ugly, but I like her.'

"She mused a moment. Then suddenly, 'If what you say is true—if what you say is true . . .' her face suffused. 'I shall pray the Virgin to send me a little son!' She dashed into the shrubbery and was gone.

"By the end of the week, I began to grow restless. It was obvious that I had been summoned on a fool's errand. My charming, but childish hostess had apparently taken this rather erratic method of obtaining advice. Her husband did not seem to need medical care, and if he needed advice of any kind, he was certainly not the sort to request it. In two more days I was aboard a north-bound train, slipping quickly through the brilliant autumn woods. My hostess had bidden me a warm farewell, and even the mask-like face of the Prince had relaxed to an unwonted degree as he begged me to return in the spring to examine some curios he was expecting from Egypt. As for George, the halo of his ivory smile, augmented by a generous tip, had followed me for miles. 'Well,' I thought to myself as the train got under way, 'you are an ass. But that is where following impulses always leads you!'

There was silence for a moment. Visibly, bit by bit, the spell which had held the listeners was broken. Finally, the dark grave man spoke.

"Hm, very interesting!" he said.

"Interesting!" broke in the young man at the foot of the table. "Interesting enough, but what does it all mean? I don't see that you've gotten anywhere!"

"Wait!" said the speaker. "There was a sequel." He fumbled in the papers in his cardcase, and pulled forth a small newspaper clipping.

"This is something I ran across by chance a little while afterward. Probably touched up a bit as to details, but true enough in the main." He read. "Elliston, North Carolina. Prince Apponyi, member of an old Hungarian family, met his death here yesterday in a mysterious manner. He was found pinned beneath a statue in the garden of his estate, and had been dead several hours when the body was discovered. An axe was found nearby. It is supposed that the deceased had been working about the pedestal when the statue became over-balanced and fell upon him. The statue, which is said by experts to be a genuine Greek work of great antiquity, was rather badly damaged by the fall."

The dark man slowly nodded. His eyes were those of a surgeon who looks at a dangerous wound. "Yes . . ." he said, "Yes . . ."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man. "It has the inevitable quality of Greek tragedy! The statue—his wife—hiding doubts about her birth—the man himself—why, the statue *was* his wife! Those two natures, working on each other—why it's like an arch—pressure from both sides—but the weaker side gave way!"

"Yes . . ." said the dark man slowly, "Yes . . ."

A FOOTNOTE TO PHILOLOGY

By Richard Ashley Rice

I used to think all the learned theories about the origin and growth of language equally plausible. I could make no choice of the *bow-wow* theory, the *ding-dong* theory, the *ah-ha!* theory, and I was quite as willing to subscribe to the purely practical account of the matter in the second chapter of Genesis where Adam is said to produce extempore a name for everything in nature. But of late I have reasons for a prejudice, for a theory of my own. We believe what we see, and I see daily what now appears to me the only definite and reliable theory formulating itself, as it were, under my very roof. In modesty I still call it a theory, and in respect for the time-honored nomenclature it takes on itself a hyphenated name, the *kitty-hot* theory. But observe that the title does not obviously explain itself as in the case of the others. This is, indeed, something deeper.

At the age of a year and a half, a small boy of my acquaintance got hold of two words. They happened to be 'kitty' and 'hot.' Kitty he had from a picture in his indestructible picture-book, and hot, spoken in a hoarse whisper, he mastered from warnings against the shining tea pot. Within a week after he first spoke these two words, the first he used with any real intelligence, he also conceived the notion of using them to test out the nature of the universe. With them alone he proceeded to label everything in sight. Kitty, or kittee, as he usually called it, was not only the cat, or the picture of the cat, or the picture-book, or any book or any picture; it served for anything of like nature, anything that was like paper or that had a design or a bit of printing attached to it. It could refer to a rug or a street sign or the wall-paper, to the window-curtains or the panelled door or the cushions and table-covers. Hot was not primarily hot at all. It meant shiny or smooth, anything of metal or glass, anything polished.

Now it so happens that the vast majority of things in this world will come under one of these labels or the other. They are either kitty or hot—unless, indeed, they are both. In actual experience I never saw the object that the small boy could not label. The rug was 'kittee,' the floor 'hot,' the mahogany of the chair hot, the upholstering kittee, the brass-headed tacks hot, hot, hot, the coat upon the chair and its buttons also kittee, and hot, hot, hot. The Franklin stove as a whole, was hot, in a rather awed tone, but a close inspection would discover the American Eagle and the stars and some lettering, all of which were obviously kittee, and ground for a more matter-of-fact report on the subject. He did not learn to point at things till his vocabulary became far less synthetic, and it was often difficult to decide what he might be referring to. For example, in passing a certain house, he had several times been reduced to a hopeless agony because we could not tell what he meant by the double label, kittee-hot! kittee-hot! In the end we made out that it referred

to the only thing in sight which it could refer to, a large brass plate with lettering. Your spectacles, as an object, were of course hot. But the reflection of things therein, like a little picture, was kittee. The smooth cardboard side of the blotter was hot; the other side, if blotted with characters, was kittee; then, if he noticed a calendar or picture on the smooth side he might make that kittee too—yes, kittee, not hot, with violent decisive head-shakings as the decision was reached. It was weeks before he had done with this analysis, and meanwhile not another term would he adopt. I urged that it was all a sign he was taking after me, for I am capable of wearing two neck-ties alternately throughout a year and I have usually got along best at golf when using but two clubs. The boy's mother, however, felt the general significance to be a more imaginative and abstract economy and, on that score, to imply that he was taking after her. This point is still in dispute.

At length, apparently, the analysis was completed. The visible universe of things had flowed through his mind in a double stream and he needed rest. For a week or two we thought him ill. He dropped his interest in hair-splitting distinctions and philosophical pigeon-holings and took to nothing in their place. If bored to death by too much insistence he would still make a lackadaisical decision or so. Yes, the dog was kittee, as anybody should know. But this phase of the thing was evidently done for. We discovered that he had taken to listening. Then quite suddenly, as was inevitable, a third word appeared and the synthetic school was practically deserted. In its stead came a vocabulary.

The light this throws on the early development of language is so obvious that I feel hardly called on to draw attention to its nature. But, for controversial purposes, it might be stated as follows. Whatever sounds any collection of primitive people first gave utterance to and developed into words by the *dīng-dong*, *bow-wow*, or *ah-ha!* method, such words would have forever remained the paltry set of grunts and cries they presumably were, if sooner or later a child of synthetic fancy had not arrived on the scene—a literary man. Such a child would take any two of these sounds and begin his game of analysis, while the admiring and puzzled elders, high priests and medicine-men, competed with each other to determine what he was naming and why. This was, of course, their schooling even more than his, and they, unable to distinguish the finer shades and meanings of the synthetic fancy, would fall to making, after Adam's cruder fashion, specific and arbitrary distinctions. While he philosophized and theorized, while he classified and ordered his world for future artistic treatment, they prepared the machinery for him, the mechanically elaborated vocabulary. A little later you would therefore behold him, reaping the fruit of their labors—the poet or novelist, at once miraculously familiar with their machinery and running it as if he had made it himself.

People have told me that the modern small boy in question was very slow in learning to talk. I have looked it up in the books and find there may be

something in their contentions, for, at the age of a year and eleven months he had emerged from his weeks of silent listening with but a dozen words. Yet a month later, and this is the whole point, he had a complete vocabulary. It was a very usual vocabulary but also a masterpiece for his purposes. On his second birthday I wrote it down and will copy it precisely as it stands in my notebook: Rock, stone, door, flower-bed, water, pond, cracker-milk, apple-sauce, spoon, drink, bed, cover, kitty, doggy, bow-wow, puppy, horse, cart, bicycle, ear, cow, fly, bird, chair, basket, pin, window, butter, crust, race-horse, buggy, pipe, poison-ivy, smoke (cloud), book, big, hot, poor, nice, no, where, go, climb up, come out, away, walk, boy, boat, rain, thunder, sun, wet, wind, tree, pine-tree, oak-tree, ride, train, shoe, stocking, foot, brush, diaper, sugar, again, fast asleep, all, broke, watch out, see, match, bath-tub, water-fall, clock, sit, whip, ball, sweater, box, room, down, face, hear, hat, step down, teddy, baby, wagon, mirror.

This list I ascertained in the next few days by careful observation and by conferences with his other friends,—especially his nurse, aged fifteen, who will some day be a philologist, I fear,—to be practically complete. There were in addition some two hundred words that he understood but had never used otherwise than in immediate imitation. A month later his vocabulary had grown very little, partly because he reverted somewhat to synthetic habits, economy of effort, and was making certain terms do for a dozen distantly related objects, but more, I think, because he had again taken to listening. Or, as it would be in the primitive tribe, he was waiting for the words to be made and come his way. At the beginning of the next month I attempted to make a third list and found it beyond me. It was well into the three-hundreds, and his latent vocabulary was apparently of indefinite extent.

Now the books of the learned assert, and I have verified their accuracy by experiment on several groups of practical people, that the average vocabulary of the semi-educated person, age twenty to thirty, is 8000 to 12,000 words. A literary man of fifty will have command of, will use in talk and in writing, about 15,000 words. Toward some such awful promiscuity of tongue is the child of two then growing. But the process of thus enlarging a vocabulary of two words must be enormously simplified if the child has, to begin with, pretty well determined the categories of all objects by a simple synthetic analysis. And without such a basic method could anyone possibly attain the 15,000-mark? Could any of the modern word-users, like Miss Amy Lowell or Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, (and I often wonder if they were once children lisping), ever have achieved their super-ladyish and super-mannish eminences in this respect without the inheritance of a kitty-hot method? Even after a child has 300 words he has to increase fifty-fold to 15,000. So, only such an initial process as has here been described will really account for the miraculous speed of a child's accumulation, with no strain on the memory, new words in a normal child being always as much a discovery as a mimetic or a mnemonic

act—and I now maintain that these two words which I have never used before, but which I did not have to consult the dictionary for, prove my point.

The *kitty-hot* theory should be, when properly worked out by the psychologists, of the greatest possible use to parents. Fore-warned is fore-armed. At the first sign of the synthetic fancy, the artistic temperament—which is, by the way, natural to nine children in ten—parents can make for the nearest pond and there drown years of future poverty, either by jumping in themselves or by chucking in the infant. And to obviate an undue waste of life, a little machine, a sort of word pedometer to be worn like a locket over the vocal cords of the suckling, will be invented to indicate infallibly the number of new word-roots on which the growing literary man does daily feed. When this *logometer* points toward the 8000-maximum the suckling shall be reared in safety; but if the fatal index rises frequently to the 15,000 rate, or to the 20,000 of Shakespeare, which means one new word every day for more than fifty years, let justice be done. (Of course, babies like Miss Amy Lowell or Mr. H. G. Wells would undoubtedly climb out of the pond and be cared for till grown in the hut of some nearby philologist. But such exceptions would only prove the rule a good one.)

CONVENTION

Margaret A. Buell

Perfect behavior is the ambition of the sub-deb, the prize fighter, the undertaker, and the struggling authors of potential parodies, and Perfect Behavior is the etiquette of conventions.

It is convention that makes a success of repressed desires; it is convention that is responsible for plumes on the presentees at St. James, it is convention that has changed the pastoral out of love to a cross-country handicap with position, wealth, and sophistication as chief obstacles—but it is Convention that we have carried on our shoulders to the vacated throne of our too-blindfolded Justice, and it is proof of our infatuation that we do not mind when Convention loads the scales.

It is, however, quite useless to slander convention. A white-gloved community would rise as a single traffic cop, with "stop" written on its large white hand, and a Patrick Henry defense of this greatest safeguard of society upon its tongue. We may not bear false witness against a lady of high repute, but we have discovered from reading the papers (a proper convention) that it is permissible to make fun of any lady and the higher her repute, the better. We may take her red-handed in her self-indulgences, at her fretful, petty tyrannies, in her curl-paper ante-breakfast humors when she is not preserving the virtue or promoting the greed of her subjects. Then it is that she creates the matter of social procedure, the prejudice against sateen skirts, and the custom of starched dog collars for the clergy.

Then it is she devises slippery iron stirrups for what might otherwise have turned into a horseman; then she decrees the onions in potato salad, that have altered destinies; she smiles upon a take-out in no-trump and its often caustic results. She insists upon the matter of finger-bowls on a dining car, and ordains that all traveling salesmen be branded with gold toothpicks forever. Not satisfied with these inhibitions she has marred the primitive beauty of the great institution of marriage by making it conventional that wedding presents be arranged as nearly as possible after the manner of a thriving pawnshop, with a self-service atmosphere of continual procession before their glories; by inspiring favored servants, poor relations, and grandmothers of "anecdotal" age to escort the bride-elect through several stages of inquisition into her feelings, disparagement of the groom's family and marital experience of unhappy nature; she has deemed it etiquette that the bridesmaids be forced into Dolly Varden creations with crooks, when each one knows privately that given enough sequins and a safety pin, she could put Gloria Swanson out of commission forever; and last offence, she has contrived with devilish ingenuity, that the groom should be of unpleasant color and temper during the ceremony, as a result of his bachelor dinner, which he enjoyed either too much or too

little, and which in either case, was not a fit prelude to matrimony. She has invented hair pins, dinner calls, piano lessons, oysters and the custom of chaperonage further to quell whatever Jean Jacques Rousseau tendencies we had preserved from before the French Revolution—but all these outrages against our souls, our palates and our pastimes we have borne from our youth up and it is reasonable to think, we shall continue to bear them up as far as we go.

But there is no use becoming bitter about it; we may not slander convention, and I have discovered in this short recitation of her prowess, that it is not possible even to make fun of her—without making fun of ourselves!

ELENA

Lucy Barnard

The warm sun creeping across the bed splashed on Ron's face. A stir, a long stretch, and he came easily out of sleep. Bed was good, but so was the crisp autumn air and the color across the valley. He kicked back the covers and stepped to the window. The tawny hills were the exact color of Elena's hair. He wondered whether there was any one leaf that color, or whether there was red, orange and yellow in her hair, too. He slid through the window to the roof and heard Elena's whistle to the collies as she started on her morning run fifteen times around the oval. Great thing—keeping fit. Ron stretched, arms above his head, and considered joining her. The light sound of her feet as she came towards him, took him to the roof edge where he could see her as she passed. The first sight of her in the slanting sun brought the throb of exquisite pleasure that he felt anew each time he realized her perfection. Her hair, short, and the color of the tawny hills, blew back as she ran. Her black, one-piece bathing suit made her arms and legs of a whiteness that seemed to him comparable to nothing, not even marble.

"Want company?" he called.

"Hello, bruddy! No, thanks. Meet you in the pool when I've finished."

She sped out of sight, the classic beauty of her body vivid for a moment against the clump of evergreens by the drive. How young she looked. Heaps younger than the flapper sister of one of his roommates, though Elena couldn't be so awfully young. Yes, she'd be thirty in December. Ron puckered his forehead over this and tried to pick a leaf off the overhanging elmtree with his toes.

Elena passed again. "Call Hank," she cried, "he wants to go to town."

Again she was gone, speechless beauty for a moment against the evergreens.

Ron stepped across the roof to Hank's window. Hank's yellow head was buried deep in the bedclothes. Ron felt a momentary triumph at this repeated proof that Hank couldn't sleep like a human being. He would have to sketch Hank in that position some day to prove the fact, but now the problem was to waken him thoroughly. A wet sponge was crude, but Hank hated water, except for swimming. Funny thing, Ron's mind raced on, as he stepped lightly across to the bathroom they shared, that two people could look so much alike and be so different.

He squeezed the sponge twice under the delicious, cold water. He certainly did look like Hank. Hank took it much more calmly. Even when they were kids he hadn't minded the comment that always followed their public appearances. Ron could remember the first time the word *twins* penetrated his consciousness, and how he had hated it. Not that he could do without Hank, but it was a vile-sounding word.

A cyclone fell on him from behind, a long arm shot over his shoulder in a

grab for the sponge, and twisting violently he struggled, laughing, for its possession.

"You old goof," said Hank affectionately, scrubbing Ron's hair with his knuckles. "Did you honest to God think I was going to lie in bed and let you throw a cold wet sponge at me?"

Ron jabbed his brother in the ribs, and so freed, spoke to the point.

"Elena said you wanted to be called. Beat you to the pool!"

They met at the pool, breathless, and whiled away time as they waited for Elena by some scientific wrestling on the turf. Ron put Hank's shoulders down for one supreme moment, and then suddenly became aware of the grotesque contrast the sunbleached hair and eyebrows made on Hank's sunburned face. Intense laughter filled him. Hank, in disgust, tossed him weak and resistless into the pool.

As he rose, bubbling, Elena ran down the path, and dived in, flashing for a moment against the sky like a straight thrown lance.

"Hello, honey!" she called to Hank, "Do you want the Mercer?"

Hank revealed assent and tremendous pleasure by a sudden lift of his body, and a perfect swan dive.

"That's darn white of you, Elena," he said as he came to the surface and turned over on his back. "Say, what about my taking Ron in to get his license? Here he's been eighteen for two months, and he's let all that time go plum to waste."

"Want to go, Ron?"

"Yeah. Only, if I go, who'll ride with you?"

"Dunham Renfrew's coming up."

Hank started to say something, changed his mind, and a burble rose as he quenched it under water. Ron, feeling terribly sensitive to repressed emotions spoke hurriedly.

"All right. I'll go."

"Breakfast," said Elena, with continued equanimity, and the boys followed her across the soft, short grass, trying to imitate her matchless leaps.

"I should have had you taught to dance," she called back over her shoulder, "you're plenty decorative enough, and you certainly can cover space."

Hank snorted, and turned cartwheels the remaining distance, while Ron, with a grin, followed walking.

Two hours later the Mercer was brought around to the front door, its body gleaming like well-rubbed mahogany. Ron's head came out of the lounge window. He spoke guardedly. "Where's sister?"

Hank looked up. "In the studio working, I guess. Why?"

"In that case there will be no more delay. I will keep on the tie I am wearing, which is like yours, and"—he disappeared, reappearing abruptly at the front door, "you can get my license for me if the examiner is that bull-jawed guy who makes you tell him how to make a new engine if your car loses the

only one you've got. Elena says its immoral for us not to wear different ties."

Hank swept the purring car around the oval.

"Sure, if you'll have your picture taken for me."

Ron chuckled with enlightenment. "So that's what your heavy date in town is for? Jim's little pink-faced sister?"

"None of your damn business." Hank slowed down for a curve as a horn snarled an approaching car. It shot past them, low, long, and gray.

"That's Renfrew."

"Yep."

A surge of deep jealousy swept over Ron, and he sensed a like passion in Hank's tense monosyllable. Silence fell on him. He wondered whether Hank's jealousy was like his own, aching and tender, or whether their roommate's pink-faced sister made it easier for him.

"Say Ron."

"Uh-huh."

"Renfrew's trying to get a divorce."

So-o. Funny how Hank knew things. It didn't help matters, though. Renfrew was a terribly decent sort. Would it matter to Elena? Not the divorce part, but Renfrew's being free. Had she ever wanted to marry? There'd been a man named Downs when he and Hank were ten, but something broke that up. Anyway she'd kept on dancing, and made her big success that year, and sent them to one of the best schools, and as far as *men* went she hadn't suffered from any neglect. Well—Ron's mind was suddenly caught away by the far-off hills as the car ran down into the valley. He said, "No, thanks," when Hank offered to let him drive, and fell into an inward eestatic appreeiation of the color around him.

Some hours later he left Hank driving off with the bull-jawed man, and found himself with half an hour to spare until the photographer's appointment was due. There was nothing in town, nothing but an exhibit of eubistic paintings. He considered the matter. The exhibit might do, but probably it would be less agonizing to get a haircut. He walked through the corner barber shop to the chair farthest from the window, remembered the photographer as he sat down, and, inspired, said, "Short as you can!"

The barber grunted; Ron shut his eyes to see again one scarlet tree that had flamed out on the side of Tuff's Hill that morning. Then his attention shot up, and focussed down as he heard a woman's clear voice say, "—Dunham Renfrew."

"So he really has his divorce! His family must be glad of that."

"Why? Was she so dreadful?"

"My dear! His family is frightfully conventional and wealthy, you know, and she was—well, not the thing at all. Some actress or other. Before Dunham Renfrew had that big play success *The Branded* he was very much the black-

sheep, radical views, insisted on living on what he earned, wouldn't be helped by his family's money—all that sort of thing."

Ron, twisting his head slowly under the barber's clippers, recognized a neighbor in one of the two smartly dressed women with smartly short hair.

"Do you know!" the second voice cut clear again, "that *must* have been Dunham Renfrew we passed. Do you remember, that very handsome man driving in Dvorkina's gates? Your finding that notice of his divorce in the paper brings him back to my mind. Heavens! Do you suppose he's mixed up with that dancer, now? His family will feel dreadfully."

Ron felt a flush of anger surge up in his cheeks.

"Has she got any family herself?"

"Well, not that kind. There are two boys, I believe, but I don't know about the relationship. Adopted, somebody said, but of course—" the voice carried out of the shop, and the door snapped it like a trap.

Fireworks went off inside Ron's head. The barber pulled the sheet from his neck, and he felt himself get up slowly, pay his fifty cents, and drift out into the street. Adopted? But he had always known that his mother had died when he and Hank were born, and his father when they were six. Or had he really known? Adopted—it might be true. Then Elena—wasn't their sister. Adopted—it might be true.

Hank met him at five o'clock. It was dusk, and Ron slid in beside him, making no comment, exciting none. They drove home in silence, turning in an hour later through the great iron gates that the lodge keeper closed behind them. To Ron the monumental solidity of those gates had a touch of ominousness, such as the pillars of the Philistines must have held as Samson laid his hand on them. The cold autumn night was tense and might crack at any moment into flat shapes with hard, straight lines. Malignant annihilation hung brooding.

Elena stood silhouetted in the open doorway.

"Hurry, will you? The cook and the gardener simply must go to the movies!"

Ron got out, as Hank showed willingness to take the car around to the garage, and stepped into the light.

"My goodness, Ron! Have you been scalped?"

Ron rubbed his hand over his clipped head, remembering his joke on Hank. It didn't seem funny.

"Won't have to brush it now, Elena."

"Well, I should say not. I could simply mourn over your curls. Did Hank do it, too?"

"No, just me."

"Thank goodness! Don't dress. The cook wants to see 'Infernal Fires,' or something."

She stepped away slowly, pausing by the hall table to curve a flower in the

bronze bowl into a more perfect design. Ron went up the stairs three at a time, the ache in his throat tighter. Hank had come up the back way, and was there before him.

"Gee, Ron, where's the hair?"

Ron looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, and forgot the ache for a moment in a gulp of laughter.

"Look, Hank—we're like a hair tonic ad—before and after."

Laughter was catching. They shook with mirth, leaning on the washstand. Ron felt himself slide into his hysterical mood of the early morning, but now it was as if he were elevated to a height whence he might view the two and see their bitter difference. Elena's voice brought sobriety.

"You two are awfully cleanly tonight!"

They descended with a rush, and swept her into the dining-room. The usual scramble for pushing in her chair was followed by a silence, Ron feeling the pall of doubt and terror again over him.

"Good ride?" asked Hank abruptly.

"Heavens, Hank, you scared me. Yes, it was. We went up over Hog's Hill, though why they should call that perfectly beautiful place such a dreadful name is beyond me. Dunham Renfrew's new play opens next week. Do you want to go down to it, Ronnie? He says they're going to have some wonderful stage effects."

There was a glow to Elena tonight. It pulsed in her throat and flamed in her cheeks. Ron could bear to look at her only once.

"I heard something about Renfrew to-day." His words seemed to come out by their own volition. That other thing would come out too if he didn't stop saying to himself—Did Father adopt Hank and me? "He's got his divorce."

"He told me that last week," said Elena, calmly, "How did you hear?"

Ron dared not look at Hank. Here was an unexpected triumph. Hank hadn't known so much this time. Only this morning, he would have called Hank's attention to the fact, but now it didn't matter.

"In the barber shop. That Mrs. Scherrer. She—" furiously, "she gossips like hell!"

"I wonder," said Elena slowly, "You and Hank will probably be hearing things—perhaps I'd better tell you now. Dunham and I are going to be married next week. You'll be there, of course."

Her manner was matter-of-fact, but her tone sang. Hank spoke with grudging approval.

"He's a darn good egg."

Ron wondered at his own silence and lack of feeling. This news which that very morning would have overturned his world now hardly stirred him.

"Hank," said Elena, "will you play my new ballet music over for me tonight? I'm stuck in one spot, and I need to hear it to go on working it out."

"You bet!" Hank, inarticulates in all other ways, could find speech in music. He got up and went into the living-room where the piano was.

"What's the matter, Ronnie?" Elena, with rare demonstrativeness, went over to him and laid her cheek against his. "Is it Dunham?"

How could he bear to let her think that? Her body was tense against his arm, even though her words were so gentle.

"Oh no!"

It was coming. How could he help it?

"Elena, did your father adopt Hank and me?"

Elena, with wide eyes, turned her face to his. "Mercy, bruddy, what a perfectly crazy idea! You know perfectly well that you and Hank and I all have the same chins, only you two are more gentlemanly." She laughed with relief, kissed him and went into the living room.

Chaos swept down into order. Elena was beyond words wonderful. A small sensitiveness along Ron's neck spread in gooseflesh down his backbone, giving him an exalted feeling. What was all this bosh about temperament? Certainly Elena didn't have it, or Hank. There was a stability to their reactions that puzzled him while he struggled with his own tempestuous moods. What if she was marrying Renfrew? He followed into the living room and leaned against the doorway.

"Say, Hank," he called above Hank's crashing chords, "Renfrew'll have to ask us to be his best men!"

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POEM GROUP

Marian Keiley

AT THE MIRROR

Before a pier-glass
Lit by two candles in brass candlesticks
A woman sat, combing her hair.

The wall behind her
Moved in rhythm with her long strokes,
Like insistent chords in a dream.

APRIL WILLOWS

The April willow in the middle of the meadow,
Bends and waltzes in the breeze.

Through its light green veil the poplars show,
Like the legs of a dancer in the sunlight.

IN THE GARRET

Under the dusty rafters covered with fairy cob-webs,
Which shimmer in the moonbeams like snow new-fallen,
Lies an old silk dress.

Beautiful in fading colors, it lies there,
Caressed by the night wind,
Which carries away with it to the moon the faint scent of lavender.

DVORAK: STRING QUARTET, A MAJOR

Andante Movement

The music of wind echoed in a cave which is insistently hollowed by waves.
From the sunlight and blue, cries of the gulls penetrate the gloom like bright
chisels.

LOWER NEW YORK IN A SNOW STORM

(Seen from the Manhattan Bridge.)

The sky-scrapers through soft grey are like shadows in a milky glass
filled with water.

Tiny lights peer through the silence, which is occasionally bent by a
fog-horn.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The river, slipping on feet of grey, like a cat, to the sea, is spanned by
two giants holding hands.

Their smoky breath obscures the sunset, and blackens the feathers of the
gulls circling above the tug-boats.

THE STANDARD OIL BUILDING

A cat
With brilliant eyes
Laughs at the warehouses
On the water-front
At night.

THE GHOST

Katharine G. Landon

There *was* something wrong with that house. Mary insisted it was the architecture—she called it “quaint”—but even in the darkness I knew it was more than that. I heard the taxi rattle and turned to call it back, but it was gone. I couldn’t even see it, for the accursed street light had gone out again. How the man had found the house at all was positively uncanny. I could hardly see it myself. Why *had* Mary turned off the hall light? I would speak to her about it when I went in. In fact, I would tell her just what I thought about the dreadful hole that *she* had picked out just because some friends of *hers* were going to be near there for the summer. We would leave immediately, I had resolved on that—

My hand touched something. As an honest soul I must admit I jumped, and then, with that extraordinary judgment that I flatter myself I possess, I listened. There was nothing to hear. In the blackness I reached out cautiously and struck something again. It was a tree. With a sigh of relief I leaned against it and felt immeasurably cheered. I even forgave the taxi-driver—which reminded me how very much alone I still was. Bits of verse appropriate to the occasion suddenly jumped at me. “Alone, alone, all, all alone—” I began calmly, but stopped for the obvious reason that there was no one to listen to me. Odd, but I could not recollect just when one did recite things about being alone. They seemed remarkably unsuitable for informal gatherings.

“Come, come,” I remarked aloud. “You might as well go in now.” It encouraged me to find the flagging. If I followed it far enough I was moderately certain of reaching the front steps. The rest would be easy, provided I still had the key. But, just as I had reached the steps, I found I did not have the key. I felt about once more. The bell—where was that wretched bell? If only it had been a door-knocker, I could have managed so well. Imagine Mary calling the house “quaint” when it didn’t even have a knocker! Nor, as far as I could find, so much as a door to hang one on. Wasn’t there a door? I had always thought there was one, I could have sworn there was one—oh! So it was open. Ha, ha, ha—why hadn’t I thought of that?

Queer, the way the wind acted about this place. Or wasn’t it the wind? If anything more happened I would call Mary then and there and tell her I was leaving, that she could come when she chose, that—er—er—It *was* something, and it was in the corner! It was whimpering, in the most childish of whimpers and I felt suddenly sympathetic. Very softly, on tip-toe, I drew near the corner where the sound originated. I was almost there when a board—oh, what a house—creaked. With a little squeal the thing dashed out into the hall.

It was the mildest, most pathetic ghost I ever saw. It stood, quite aimlessly, wringing its thin little hands and sobbing.

"Pardon me," I began (I pride myself on my great self-control), "but I really can't see what's wrong. You're so remarkably indistinct, if I may be permitted—"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said the ghost, not very brightly. "They're after me, they're always after me. If you knew who I was, you'd be after me too. There's simply no escaping them."

"Who?" I ventured timidly.

"Everyone. Everybody is. Your door was open so I came in here to hide, and now I've got to go—"

"Nonsense! Nothing of the sort. I don't want you to, I'm sure."

"Don't you, though!" The ghost seemed oddly disrespectful. I frowned.

"That is, I mean I won't hurt you."

"Oh, you'd murder me. You'd kill me in the most heartless manner. I know your kind. They always do."

"Murder—you!"

"Oh, dear, yes. Every time I get to a respectable size, and am just about ready to take the test."

"Test?"

"Yes—for not being a ghost, you know."

"Oh, of course." (I hope I carried conviction.)

"And I'm sure I can pass, then someone gets hold of me and—and murders me. It's so discouraging. After all, such a *little* tact is necessary."

That sounded rather promising. Tact! Perhaps if I offered it a chair, or a little hot tea . . . And to my surprise, it worked. If you'll believe it, there sat the poor creature by my fireside, talking a blue streak and visibly cheering. There was always something odd about it, however. It was so strangely indistinct. Even a ghost, I thought, should be more nearly recognizable than my visitor, but I kept my opinion to myself for I couldn't stand another attack of tears. Besides, it had used my only clean handkerchief—grateful, it was, too, and was showing no signs of returning it. I even detected something sentimental in the way it folded it up and tucked it—well, I don't know where, but I never saw the handkerchief again.

We were getting on famously when curiosity overcame me. Or, in fact, us. For both of us looked up at one and the same moment,—the ghost had been stirring its tea most awkwardly for want of practice—and cried, "Who are you, anyway?"

I coughed slightly. Imagine not knowing who *I* was! If this ghost really would confess to such ignorance, I would enlighten him.

"An—er—why, I write. An author, you know."

Pale! Pale is no word for it. Never have I seen a ghost so utterly without color! Its tea-cup went crash! on to the floor. (In the morning I was brought to account for it, too. I wish Mary had more imagination.) Even as I watched, it seemed to melt towards the door, quivering with fright.

"Hi, there!" I cried as it was going. "You didn't say who you were!"

"I—" the Ghost was feeling for the pocket-handkerchief—" if ever I really grow up I'll be a beautiful, new Idea!"

• • • • •

As I walked upstairs, I decided we would stay. The house was not so bad, and perhaps if I put out some hot tea every night the creature might return. I had been so very kind to it. But Mary could not see why I had changed my mind about the place.

"There's something about it," I would explain patiently, and if she pressed me further, I could only add "Really, my dear, I haven't the ghost of an idea."

A FORGOTTEN POETESS--LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY

Mary Todd

“Whether Mrs. Sigourney of the banks of the Connecticut, whose strains of poetick thought are as pure and as lovely as the adjacent waves touched by the sanctity of a Sabbath’s morn, be equal to her tuneful sisters on the other side of the water, Hemans and Landon, I will not attempt to decide.” So wrote an American literary critic in 1827. Time has decided that question. School children to-day know Mrs. Heman’s “The breaking waves dashed high,” or, at least, her “The boy stood on the burning deck.” But Mrs. Sigourney’s poems on the Pilgrim Fathers and incidents in the Napoleonic wars have been forgotten for fifty years. Yet her “Connecticut River” was pronounced by Maria Edgeworth to be superior to Gray’s “Elegy,” and a considerable part of the public in America and England agreed with this judgment. For Mrs. Sigourney’s vogue at one time quite equaled Mrs. Hemans’s. Her poems were read even on the Continent. Their elegant flow and perfect propriety so pleased the Empress Eugénie that she sent Mrs. Sigourney a bracelet as a sign of her admiration and approval. In America she was for fifty years an outstanding figure. Dickens mentions her in his “American Notes.” Thackeray wrote a poem to her. The words of a friend and contemporary show how highly she was regarded. “Few persons living,” he says, “have exercised a wider influence than Mrs. Sigourney. None I know can look back on a long and earnest career of such unblemished beneficence.” As late as 1895 a rather pretentious history of American literature devotes three pages to Mrs. Sigourney and three sentences to Emily Dickinson. To-day, however, few people in Hartford, the city which was her home for fifty years, know why there is a Sigourney Street.

In the early nineteenth century the memory of the “Hartford Wits” still lingered about that city. It was Mrs. Sigourney who carried on the tradition. From 1814 to 1865 her home was the center of the intellectual life of the city. There was a literary coterie which met at her house, studied Addison, Aiken, and Mrs. Childs, and wrote poems modeled after them. But her influence on the movements of the day was even more important. For the same spirit which made people enjoy her facile and sentimental poetry fostered the beginnings of many humanitarian enterprises. Hartford was astir with new experiments. Whittier was editing one of the first anti-slavery papers. Catherine Beecher was building up the Hartford Female Seminary, the best of the early women’s secondary schools. Gallaudet was applying the new French idea that the deaf could be made useful and happy in the first school for the deaf in the country, the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. The Retreat for the Insane was a pioneer in its field. The Hopkins Latin School was being transformed into the Hartford Public High School. Charles Dudley Warner was then editor of the “Courant.”

The Rev. Daniel Wadsworth had just founded the Athenaeum, a combination of public library and art and science museum.

Over these various men and enterprises, Mrs. Sigourney presided. She encouraged, advised, and wrote in support of what her friends were doing. The range of her interests may be seen from the titles of her poems,—“An Appeal for Female Education in Greece,” “The Education of Pious and Indigent Young Men,” “On the Sale of Ardent Spirits by Christians,” “Evils of War,” “On the Union of British and American Ladies for the Purpose of Benevolence for Africa.” She was indefatigable, ever ready to write occasional poems for any worthy cause. There are two thousand of her poems. She published forty-six volumes, poetry, accounts of her European travels, edifying stories for children, and treatises on education. She even edited Felicia Hemans’s poems.

It is easy enough to ridicule anyone who writes about “Childhood’s Piety,” “Flowers Gathered for a Sick Friend,” “The Soul’s Farewell to the Body,” or begins a perfectly interesting children’s story: “I have something to say to the young about the advantage as well as the duty of obeying one’s parents.” But it must be remembered that, as she herself says, the greater part of her poems were written “among domestic and maternal cares, or suggested by passing occasions and so partook of the nature of extemporaneous productions.” Her generation had rid itself of the Puritan suspicion of any form of poetry except religious doggerel, but considered it a pleasant and, at its best, useful refinement, not an end in itself. The worthy woman would have thought “Art for Art’s saks” vain and frivolous, not a fit motto for an earnest and God-fearing person. She thought of elegance and beauty as necessary and useful aids to living a serious and good life. The Puritan was still left beneath her “refined sensibilities” and made her too hard-working and soberly enthusiastic to lose any time over a sense of humor, or in discovering what art and beauty really were.

THE MOTHER TONGUE

Jane V. Wakeman

One of the most precious experiences ever given to us as children was to be suddenly uprooted from the quiet of an old-fashioned Quaker school, in a quaint elderly section of New York, and transferred within the course of a few days to the exotic soil of a small school in Paris. We were seven and eight years old respectively, and the short flight left us breathless with interest and bewilderment, as we picked ourselves up and looked about us.

It is hard to realize the simplicity of seven years, even when it is not so very far behind one, or the small revolution that can be wrought in one's life by a far minor change than this. Even the common insignificant changes of habit, that must be a matter of course to older people going to Europe, were each a phenomenon and a revelation as they were discovered: something to be discussed and enlarged upon in all its bearings, personal and typical, before it was finally accepted, only to make way for the next surprise.

For instance, here was a school where you didn't raise your hand, when you had something to say. The other children raised one small finger in such a case, and if a dashing young American were impulsive enough to lift a whole hand in his zeal, he drew the eyes of numbers upon his rashness. At one dread moment all school paused in its dining, while a reproving voice from the other end of a long, long table bade us eat no more soup from the side of the spoon. Now this was a practice, which—after teetering on the brink of civility for years—we had just lately mastered, through the combined efforts of ourselves and the entire family. Strange *gouters* were served to us at unexpected hours, for which we could see no possible excuse at first. Huge trays, laden with seemingly formless hunks of bread and very succulent chocolate bars, made their appearance where we sat bowed over the rigidest task. Real boys came to school with long curls tied with bright ribbons: and what was more, seemed to view their condition unstirred. All this was strange.

To be homesick is one thing, and not at all delightful; but to be far from home and condemned to weeks of utter speechlessness and bewilderment is another. We are supposed by our family to be "picking up French naturally" by hearing it round us; and it is hourly expected that we shall presently burst forth into the "native chatter," in the traditional manner so easily ascribed to children abroad. But in the meanwhile our lips are sealed, for we two children are separated throughout the day, so that we do not forget the study of French in speaking our own language to one another.

It is almost stupefying as the weeks drag forward. A strange, spirited, and often very musical speech fills our ears for long hours each day. It is evident that friendly intentions are often shown us from some kind, gay little French children; and it is drearily certain that a pretty and charming young *maîtresse* invites us up to her desk each morning for coaching in French; and

with touching patience—and doubtless some skill—gestures vividly at the pictures in a book before her, while a rich stream of fluent talk accompanies her motions. This is all we know. And she cannot realize that we do not hear one word of all this: it is only a stream.

After the daily interval of vehement explanation on her part, and of vague distress on ours, we return to our seats, now widely asunder, with long rows of strange little people rising between us, to perform the hopeless task of "writing down the substance." This has perhaps been at nine o'clock in the morning at the opening of classes, but at five o'clock we are still miserably sitting with the same blank, or nearly blank, page before us, dizzily aware of the monotonous hum of foreign talk around us, with the now stifling sense of helplessness in our surroundings.

How the friendly music of our old English speech sings itself, deep down underneath all this, lending itself the more keenly to our ears for the volubility round us. For the first time our ears are opened to the gift of our language, and it seems we shall never taste its sweetness fully enough. It is not merely the English that we have longed and ached in mind for so long, but the English of home, drenched with the personal accents of our native city. The two blithe little English girls, with their silvery charm of utterance and their pure little idioms, are if more intelligible, at least as distant and as unreal as the French boy who coaxes us into playing "*à cache-cache*" in the small rose-garden.

At night we steal into each other's beds, when we are thought to be asleep, and together we pour out in whispers all we have thought and seen and wondered and conjectured of the scenes and people round us, repressed through long hours of painful seerey and longing. We dwell intensely over the smallest detail of "their" cosy life at home: what they are doing now—and how soon Mother and Father will come to us from England and take us away. And when hours of this happy talk have changed existence for us into a dear and natural reality once more, we make up fairy-tales that start out with "well—, once 'pun time—." With words like these, some of the sharp strangeness resolves itself into the old kind ways we used to know; and in the close security of this consciousness, we fall asleep, hand in hand, as we lie.

I shall never forget, one afternoon in the Champ de Mars, while the others were engaging in "*récreation*," being hailed by a swaggering young dog—an American citizen of ten summers—who had just given his mother and sister the slip, taken a redoubt, captured a band of Indians single-handed, and was simply bursting to pour the tale of his escapade into American ears. Providence threw us into each other's path. It was an orgy of patriotic joy never to be surpassed, though it cannot have lasted more than ten minutes. We must have divined each other at first sight as true Yankees, for I remember perfectly well that there were no preliminary futilities in our talk.

Altogether, vague and lost and lonely as we were for a time, this interlude has become one of the richest and kindest experiences of our lives. In it I think we made the acquaintance—perhaps not of so much French as our faculty had hoped for us—but certainly of our Mother Tongue, and her gifts to us.

AN ACCIDENT IN THE CIRCUS

Marian Keiley

Such noise! The spectators were shouting madly, for never had they seen such a sight before; the old calliope was wheezing in high notes, like a frightened child, screaming to his mother in the midst of a general adult roar; the ring-master was cracking his whip and blowing on a shrill whistle; and the dogs and and monkeys, held leashed, on one side, by an attendant, were barking and chattering.

The saw-dust flew about in clouds, as the wild rider tore around the ring. His white hair streamed out behind him, and his cheeks were flushed so red with excitement that he looked like a rosy apple in a snow-drift. He shouted, too, every now and then, in little bursts, as though he could not hold back the fire of joy that was in him, to be riding in his beloved circus.

Faster and faster he tore around the ring; higher and higher rose the cloud of saw-dust; shriller and shriller grew the shouts of the spectators. They leaned over the backs of those in front of them, glueing their eyes on the old man, and craning their necks so that they would miss nothing. They stamped and belowed, pounding the backs of the seats like a herd of stampeding bison. It seemed as though it could not go on, this nerve-racking frenzy of excitement.

Suddenly, it stopped. It was just as though some one had put out the light in a glaring room.

How the man fell from his horse no one knew. Every one had been looking, but it had happened so suddenly that no one saw anything. Yet there he was, huddled on the ground, in a pathetically small heap, perfectly still, except for his hair, which moved slightly in a current of air that passed over him. His horse stood by him, panting from his recent exertion.

How still every thing was! The noise, which had filled the tent, had stopped, leaving a void which nothing filled, save the panting of the rider's horse. The saw-dust began to settle slowly, and it shone and flickered as it caught and held, for a second, stray sunbeams, which had stolen in through the tent door.

A littel boy, frightened by the tense stillness, began to whimper; then, frightened still more by the sound of his own voice, sobbed in a low, heart-broken way.

The
Lantern Shop
of Pittsfield,
Mass.

ANNOUNCES AN

Exhibit and Sale

at

Plymouth Inn

Friday, November 28 and Saturday, November 29

Oriental necklaces and bracelets in unusual designs.

Mandarin Coats

Pajama Suits

UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

NOBISCUM AD PARNASSUM



The Nobiscum stretches out an eager hand for the two early outpourings of its fellow publications. It sees with enthusiasm that a new effusion has been mailed from Hanover. "The Tower," it is called, and lest we should not recognize its quality, the imposing sub-title, "A Journal of Literature and Criticism" is added. Thus impressed, we turn to its content; and indeed we do discover a sprinkling of amusing criticism. We are given, for example, diverting articles on drama, politics and radicalism, (with a slant reminiscent of *The American Mercury*), and a column of extracts taken from various undergraduate newspapers. This last, does, as the caption indicates, "prove a fruitful field." It amuses us greatly, and at the same time it gives us an uneasy feeling about our own discrepancies. In scanning the other columns, however, we have been unable to discover anything that could be justly called "literature." We are looking forward, nevertheless, to the next issue and we wish this new venture success.

In the other early October issue,—*The Harvard Advocate*— we find two things of particular interest; a weird but artistic and well-told story, entitled, "The Coming of Jan," and the Class Poem of 1924. We recommend them both to the attention of any who may be curious enough to glance over the exchanges. (And while we are on the subject, the Nobiscum hopes that the publications of its brother and sister institutions may not be entirely neglected this year. They often contain something of interest.)

MINUS HEROES

A Passage to India.

E. M. Forster

Harcourt Brace & Co., N. Y., 1924

We have just heard two very interesting criticisms on "A Passage To India." Someone told us that she disliked the book because it is very anti-English. Possibly this is true: at any rate, it is pro-Indian, which may or may not amount to the same thing. Someone else disliked it because he was about to make a trip to India. If you consider this valid criticism it is certainly warranted. Here is no India such as the Arabia of the "Garden Of Allah": we are dealing with a real country less than ordinarily attractive, whose balminess is tepidity and whose inscrutability is ignorance. If, however, India when we see it is not as disappointing as it appears in this book, we shall be very disappointed indeed.

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The prime characteristic of "A Passage To India," and its claim to genuine merit, is reality. For this reason the second chapter, in which a group of modern Indians discuss the racial prejudice between English and natives in India (the problem of the book) is by far the best. In it we obtain clear, swift insight into the basis of the whole antagonism, which, crudely expressed, is this: that a nation of sensitive, shiftless poets should be beneath the power and influence of phlegmatic, thrifty England. In a few bits of writing, startlingly fresh, we feel that in spite of Lawrence Hope we have grasped the average Indian as he really is:

"He raised his voice suddenly, and shouted for dinner. Servants shouted back that it was ready. They meant that they wished it was ready, and were so understood, for nobody moved.

"... They sat down to meat with a distant cousin of the house, Mohammed Latif, who lived on Hamidullah's bounty and who occupied the position neither of a servant nor of an equal. He did not speak unless spoken to, and since no one spoke kept unoffended silence. Now and then he belched, in compliment to the richness of the food. A gentle, happy and dishonest old man; all his life he had never done a stroke of work. So long as some one of his relatives had a house he was sure of a home, and it was unlikely that so large a family would all go bankrupt. His wife led a similar existence some hundreds of miles away—he did not visit her, owing to the expense of the railway ticket.

"... The poor relative got up. Slightly immersed in the realms of matter, he laid his hand on the bicycle's saddle, while a servant did the actual wheeling. Aziz held his hands under the ewer, dried them, fitted on his green felt hat, and then with unexpected energy, whizzed out of Hamidullah's compound.

"'Aziz, Aziz, imprudent boy. . .' But he was far down the bazaar, riding furiously. He had neither light nor bell nor had he a brake, but of what use are such adjuncts in a land where the cyclist's only hope is to coast from face to face, and just before he collides with each it vanishes? And the city was fairly empty at this hour. When his tyre went flat, he leapt off and shouted for a tonga."

If you find here more of the shiftless than the sensitive, you have only to read the book. Aziz is a poet, so sensitive as to be almost morbid, and it is through his eyes that we see the bogey of race prejudice, hysterically omnipresent. For great as the problem is, we question whether there are not times when even the most neurotic are happy and forgetful of it. Through his eyes, too, we see the undeniable beauty of India—the moon-washed mosque, and the mystery of the echoing Marabar Hills.

His super-sensitivity is but one of the faults of the charming Aziz. And just as he has his drawbacks, so have the English (in perhaps a little unfair proportion). To his sense of reality Mr. Forster has sacrificed whatever posi-

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sibility there may have been of a hero or a heroine. Yet at the end Dr. Aziz stands out as one of the most appealing characters in modern fiction.

With his strenuous propaganda the author has combined a plot which is vital and full of surprises—the more so, because until halfway through the book we are erroneously quite sure that we know just what is going to happen. It is a question whether the conclusion of the story is inevitable. To discuss the personal fortunes of the actors in this drama is, in a sense, however, mere quibbling. The real problem of the book—the fate of India and the relation of her natives to her overlords—can scarcely be solved by a mere novelist.

S. L. '25.

AVE, SALVE ATQUE VALE?

Straws and Prayerbooks by James Branch Cabell. (Robert McBride and Co. New York. 1924).

There are few things worth getting excited about nowadays and much more excitement than there has ever been before, particularly in regard to literary matters. The ballyhoo and the tin horn are legitimate parts of every critic's equipment, and unless one can muster up enough enthusiasm to call each new book the modern "Vanity Fair" and every young poet, the successor of Walt Whitman, one is dismissed as a cynic and an old fogey. Therefore the wary person hesitates awhile before employing the words "great" and "a masterpiece" to express his reactions to a volume published in this year of grace, 1924. But occasionally these epithets are deserved and no one merits them more than Mr. Cabell and his latest book, "Straws and Prayerbooks." For surely, this is something to get excited about—that a modern American author can write as beautiful prose as anyone now living and that upon someone in this country of all places, the mantle of Anatole France has fallen.

"Straws and Prayerbooks" is intended to serve as an epilogue to those books of "the Biography" to which "Beyond Life" was the prologue. And when Mr. Cabell calls his fifteen exquisite romances his biography, he gives us at once the complete revelation of his artistic creed. For, he says that the literary artist writes merely to perpetuate his own personal notions and his own personality in order to please himself and to stave off his enemies, common sense and piety and death. He even hastens to assure us in that delightful first chapter, "The Author of *Jurgen*," that *Jurgen* and Dom Manuel and John Charteris and all the rest of that high company are merely the pseudonyms which James Branch Cabell chose to assume at one time or another in his wanderings about that equally fictitious country, Poietesme. Although this disclosure must come as no surprise to Mr. Cabell's admirers, it nevertheless needs further exposition, and so this whole volume is given to rambling and brilliant variations on the main theme of the motives of artists and of this particular artist. This is indeed "an autobiography of the mind" which is more thrilling

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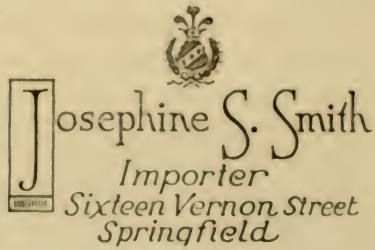
than a breathless history of the most exciting adventures that ever befell a mortal.

The adventures of Mr. Cabell's soul among masterpieces are related with all the wizardry at his command. From "Tyl Ulenspiegel" to Henry Adams, from the Bible to Anatole France, he takes us on the gossamer wings of his prose which never fail to carry us along, although at times it seems as if one more word would break the delicate, fairy web. He takes us especially into those bright alcoves where one forgets for a time the dreary corridor outside, and that black door with silver handles at the very end of it. We find in one, the two aging novelists who discuss romance in a library and, in another, the strange Delta of Radegonde, and in the brightest of all we find James Branch Cabell who talks endlessly of the artist and of the Demi-urge and of the three implacable enemies of both—common-sense and piety and death.

The magician, Cabell, has vanquished successfully two of these, which it is not often given to any man to do. He has conquered common-sense by writing perfectly of beautiful happenings, and every sensible person knows that this is sheer folly. He has conquered piety with a blasphemy as magnificent as has been seen in our times, for he has enthroned Romance at the top of a world which has lately known but the cold sovereignty of Facts. But the last and greatest of his antagonists evidently terrifies him and we have the spectacle of a man of forty-five writing an epilogue to his works lest death interrupt him too soon. If that is what has compelled him to terminate thus abruptly a labor of artistry and beauty he is unduly pessimistic.

For in writing as beautifully as he has, he has delivered himself from the necessity of writing his own epilogue. He has taken away a great deal of fun from the critics of the future who will all wish to have the honor of delivering the final word on the art of James Branch Cabell.

L. J. '26



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DECEMBER, 1924

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EDITORIALS

There was a time when contributors to *Monthly* were of quite a different sort from those of the present day: at least, so we are led to infer from their manners and their reactions. Brilliant and independent as they were in their thinking, one and all they come to the altar humbly, leading their ewe-lambs meekly behind them; and they were received with a cold and dignified austerity. The austerity is still there without a doubt, as awful as ever, but the suppliers of the sacrifice?

You, modern contributor, do you not blush at *what you have become*? We refuse to describe your levity, your strangely inappropriate nonchalance. What a farce is the sacrifice? Your ewe lambs, throats cut, caper again. We even heard one bleat in the Campus Cat, six months after the slaughter.

This is not all. We mutter in our throats. Our faces grow terrible. *Some of you do not bring us your ewe lambs.* Bah! you bring us a five-year old sheep to kill in holy sacrifice, in order to avoid the unpleasant task of slaughtering it yourself. Do you think we do not know? Do you think you can sit on your terraphim as Rachel did? Do you think we have not seen you fondly exhibiting your pet to your friends in the privacy of your home? You wish it fondled,

not slaughtered. Are you afraid to discover that its blood is not red, that it is a stuffed beast come to life only in your conceit? The world lives on the savor of red blood.

Ah! The gods of to-day are not the gods of yesterday, you say. No; but a hungry god is far more to be feared than a well-fed one. If you starve us, beware!

DESSERT

Helen Hitchcock

The ruins of that too frail turkey structure, with its broken timbers marking recent plunder, and the felled shafts of those too long and slender celery trees had been lately borne away. Wide and clear stretched the plain of table cloth. Suddenly upon its whiteness there descended a great stronghold of a pudding, which rose from out a foamy moat of sauce. Squat and cylindrical it was rugged of surface, swart of hue. Raisin warders guarded loopholes, and a brave holly banner flew above the battlements. It was a donjon tower all but impregnable!

THE TRAVELING COMPANION

Genevieve McEldowney

A thin wind loitered through the town. It shuffled among the palms, whetting their fronds against one another; then drifted up to the hotel terrace—a breeze cool from the evening sea. People drinking at tables looked up gratefully. Even old, red-faced men forgot the tall glasses before them. They stretched out the creases of their necks beaded with fat drops of sweat, stuck pudgy thumbs in waistcoat pocket, and tilted back recklessly in their green iron chairs. Some informally tucked handkerchiefs like bibs into their collars. The younger women opposite them, women with clown-white faces and painted lips, leaned across the tables to touch hands.

Fannie Brackett gave a gasp of delight, almost a sob, for the breath of air upon her face was as refreshing as a New England shower. Not a bit like the tropical rain that stifled you. This perfected the evening—a Bermuda night as she had dreamed of it. How glad she was to escape from the gaudy hotel parlor where Mrs. Billings was playing Mah-Jong with the two women from Battle Creek and the person from Kansas—Mrs. Gause, that was her name. Fannie giggled to herself over Mrs. Gause's insistence, "the name is Gause, g-a-u-s-e, spelled with an 's' not a 'z'," and she had eyed the women from Battle Creek into acquiescence. As if any protestation could shake Mrs. Billings' immediate conviction that the name should be pronounced gauze. Nevertheless Fannie appreciated the stranger's offer to make a fourth at Mah-Jong. Otherwise Mrs. Billings would have been within her right to conscript Fannie into the game, for Fannie was merely a traveling companion. It would be most undutiful to deny Mrs. Billings the pleasure of Mah-Jong just because of her own silly prejudice. She owed her some consideration as a friend too; Mrs. Billings was such a generous employer. There was no unpleasantness about being treated as a servant and all Fannie was expected to do was to run errands, fetch the shawls and handkerchiefs Mrs. Billings invariably forgot, see to her medicine and clothes, pick up things that slid off Mrs. Billings lap, look to the luggage, read aloud from novels—Mrs. Billings was so patient about correcting her mispronunciations,—and lend Mrs. Billings her arm on the stairs,—Mrs. Billings professed invalidism. To be sure such physical support had become increasingly difficult as Mrs. Billings put on weight and especially since she loaded herself with pearls commensurate with the size of her person, but Fannie hardly had the right to complain about that. It was all very well for older people to play Mah-Jong—Mrs. Billings or Fannie's school teacher sisters, but she herself was young yet—not thirty. Perhaps she too might resort to a middle-aged pastime when spinsterhood loomed inevitable. It was for young things like her to enjoy such an evening.

Fannie contemplated the bold move of crossing the terrace in front of the

hotel guests, dreadful bootleggers who made her shudder and their—friends. Fannie blushed. She might possibly collide with a waiter, they came at one with such speed and brandished such enormous trays. Then there would be soup all down her new dress—there was always soup when trays spilled—and loud talking. That would be too humiliating to have people pointing their sausage fingers at her. But she mustn't argue herself out of her venture. With a reassuring pat to her hair, she made a dash towards her objective, a bench shadowed by a banana tree. Her satin slippers clattered on the brick terrace with a terrific din. What if she should catch her heel in a crack and fall! She would die for the shame of it! Now she was safe on the gravel path, stepped out of the glow of the arc lights and gained her retreat.

Below her lay a garden of hibiscus and absurd tropical fruits, bananas with their fat fruit curving up instead of hanging down as it did in every respectable fruiterer's store, paw-paws, and grey trees with bark as tough and wrinkled as elephant's hide. There was the soothing shiff-shiff of leaves. Beyond that the town, its creamy shops pressed flat against the streets. Why, it looked as unsubstantial as the cardboard set of a stage. The forest wind would knock it down. A low-hung moon played its spotlight on a group of colored natives on their way home from work. How contented they seemed; they did not bawl out the coarse words of the music they sang, but carried the tune in gentle voices. It was the air of the dance music that sifted down from the ball-room. Harmony—from this distance even the guests on the terrace seemed as carefully grouped as a stage mob.

The beauty of the evening was not impersonal like a sunset, but somehow intimate, promising her a share in something, she did not know what. Her life had been too busy for such moments. She had not been clever like her school teacher sisters—just a flighty thing, everyone agreed. So naturally she had been the one to fit in when Aunt Bess and Uncle Edward took a flying trip to California. Fannie closed up the house, paid off the servants, and did little odds and ends that didn't require a better head than hers. She had been such a success caring for the children that Aunt Bess had invited her to the city for a whole winter season. It had turned out that she took entire charge of the children. As Aunt Bess explained, it was so much more convenient having her stay with the children—nurse-maids being so expensive and unreliable, besides little Bobby was at that difficult age when he sent all his nurses into fits of temper or tears. Then she had kept house for her mother during her last illnesses and had grown out of the way of talking or meeting people. When any talking was to be done the Mother had the floor, and when she was exhausted quiet must prevail. After that everyone considered her a mouse-quiet sort of person by nature. No—Fannie had not lived a thrilling life, but wasn't she lucky to have found this position, a trip to Bermuda during Easter week—not even the season when tickets were offered at cut rates? Here no one would know what a mousy, friendless little thing she was. And she was sure she looked

well in her new clothes, she had done such truly surprising things with the last year's dresses Aunt Abby had given her, the pink flannel for sport and the flowered chiffon for best. This evening when she stood before her mirror she had given a delighted gasp at her reflection. Vain thing! Then to appease her conscience she had said to herself, "It's not that I'm pretty, but I'm just looking better than usual. Surely everyone has a right to one such moment." Her hair curled ever so slightly in the dampness and she had rolled it to hide the grey streak. Her complexion was positively girlish with a faint glow of excitement. When she had remodelled the chiffon she had taken enough material out of the sides where they sagged to make a scarf—that covered up the fine lines in her neck and gave her a feeling of confidence too. She felt more—well—dressed with her neck covered.

She should be content with sitting quietly by herself, yet she wanted some climax to the evening, and that meant a second person. Didn't she deserve such a small wish after a life-time's waiting? She peered anxiously into the darkness, then tried to reason herself out of her elation. It wasn't as if she really expected anyone—but still she found herself shaping bits of conversation as if for a play. The hero would enter, a tall slim man, sunburned though with light hair and wearing an immaculate Tuxedo. Perhaps he would start the conversation so, "I wonder whether you'd mind very much if I talked to **you** a little while." And she might answer, "I'm afraid I don't know what to say—I'm not used to meeting people so informally,"—that would imply that she had met quantities of people formally. Then he would laugh a little and beg, "Wouldn't it be quite proper if we arranged a sort of self introduction?"—It would all be delightful—and then later, much later when they were married, she hardly dared let her thoughts wander to such a rapturous time, they would be sitting opposite each other at a breakfast table covered with a Madeira cloth and she would be pouring cream into the coffee, cream that was still yellow and thick when it came to filling her own cup. And at lunch guests would have the drumsticks and she would have the breast. Good heavens! had the mild wine sorbet at dinner gone to her head? She must not let her thoughts run on so. Perhaps she was one of these people destined to remain on the edge of things while other people lived.

The dance music had stopped and a crowd of young people, on vacation from college probably, streamed from the ball room. She envied the girls who were making antic gestures to the obvious delight of their escorts. In their frocks they were as bright as flowers—Fannie was too obscure to be afraid of a trite simile. Comparing her dress with theirs she began to suspect that her made-over was the least bit tacky. If she let down the waist an inch or so she could achieve the desired straight line effect.

Three people strolled along the path, a pretty fragile girl clinging to the arm of a dark man and a tall blonde man, like a Norse god, Fannie thought. They must be dreadfully clever people, for every remark set them off into peals

of laughter. The Norse god must be the girl's brother—both of them had the same sunny hair, and Brunette was her lover. Lucky girl! They passed out of sight around a bend in the road as the music blazed out again. Couples emerged from dark recesses and hurried to the ball room, taking dance steps as they went. But Fannie sat wistful and neglected, one toe inscribing circles in the gravel. So the novels she read had lied. Oh, would she be always left alone. She looked up bravely at the sound of footsteps. A man was approaching, walking slowly with loose athletic strides. A tall man. *The blonde stranger, her Norse god* was coming straight towards her. Whatever would she do! She wanted to cry, but of course that would spoil everything. She was trembling all over and her hands had gone quite cold as if she was going to have a chill. Thump, thump went her heart, swallowing her up in its beat. She rose nervously. Her fingers fluttered nervously about the lavender sash on her dress as he stood before her.

"I say, I beg pardon, but wouldn't you like to dance? You looked rather lonely and we wondered whether you wouldn't like to join our party—my sister and I and another friend. It seems rather too bad not to make the most of this music," he made a big, adorable gesture with his hands, "please don't refuse, I'd be so frightfully embarrassed"—what a dear he was.

Fannie found herself being steered out of the gloom. Things whirled before her eyes in the most astonishing manner and her heart had ceased to beat. If only she could keep from fainting. And it wasn't as if she were going into it with her eyes closed; she knew it was a common "pick-up"—quite wrong, of course, but he was so goodlooking.

"Oh," she gasped faintly, "oh," she must say something more than those inane exclamations, but how could she admit that she had never danced—not even the lancers. He would leave her alone and that would never do. Yet she could not humble herself to beg for a minute's talk—like a brazen hussy. "Oh, Oh," she repeated.

Now they were under the arc light. The man looked down at her to speak, then blushed a bright, coppery red, "I beg pardon—I thought—I hope you'll excuse the intrusion—you see," he was backing away from her in his embarrassment. Did he think that she was confused, speechless from anger? How could she explain? "Please, please," she moaned and half held out her arms to him. But the gesture was lost to him, already sprinting along the path to the terrace. The long, athletic strides were carrying him farther and farther away—carrying romance out of her life.

A few minutes later. From above her retreat came a wild burst of laughter. "How funny," a girl shouted. It was harder to make out the men's words. Their voices rumbled low in their throats and one seemed out of breath. Then Fannie caught a sentence or two. "That's a dirty trick—why it was like trying to 'pick-up' your grandmother or somebody's maiden aunt. And the look she gave me. You devils," that was her man's voice. And he had left her as he would leave "somebody's aunt."

"We knew all the time," the girl was archly apologetic," but she looked such a prim school teacher that we couldn't resist putting you up to it."

A prim school teacher—a prim school teacher, Fannie turned towards the hotel, a white-faced, forlorn figure. She looked down at her thin naked arms, shivered, then covered them with her chiffon scarf. She walked carefully as if it were an effort to keep from falling. It didn't matter now that people stared at her or raised their eye-brows questioningly. Right past the terrace she went, her eyes fixed straight ahead, and into the gaudy, hotel parlor. No one acknowledged her approach, she was so mouse-quiet. She carried a little gilt chair over to the Mah-Jong table and stood timidly behind it.

"Boo," said Mrs. Gause, "we always say 'boo' for 'bamboo' in Kansas," and laid down her tile.

"Pung," triumphed Mrs. Billings.

"I wonder," Fannie ducked her head and made apologetic clucking sounds in her throat, "I wonder whether you'd mind if I watched. I think I'd like to learn Mah-Jong."

SEARCH

Frances Dorris

The gates of sunset shut behind us as we passed;
The hills closed in about us, and we came at last
To a place where all the light of day was hoarded in a store
From night, the thief and beggar, ever seeking more.
But even here the night was busy, stealing color, stealing light,
Into bags of darkness packing booty for his flight,
Stripping scarlet, orange, yellow, from every wayside tree
Till the hills were like a fading tapestry.

On the rocky hillside fainter was the light,
And we knew that on the summit we should meet the night;
For we saw him through the boughs of fir trees interlaced
Snatching at the last gold bars in greedy haste.
When we reached the hilltop it had all gone by,
And we found the crumbling ashes of a ruined sky.

We sat upon the hilltop, and slowly, by and by,
We saw the purple bloom of night overspread the sky.
Then did I not begrudge the night his loot of golden bars,
He had taken the sunset's gaudy gold and left the light of stars.

JOURNEY

Frances Dorris

At daybreak, in a pale mist
I went forth alone,
And walked along the wayside
Dumb as a stone.
I went to keep no lover's tryst,
Let that be known.

The grass in the meadows
Was ghostly grey,
A flock of birds flew overhead,
Flying to meet the day,
And as they went I looked behind,
But what was passing in my mind,
I may not say.

THE UNOBLIGING MR. PARTRIDGE AND MR. TITAN LEEDS

Lucy Barnard

When Jonathan Swift cast about for something to satirize, he found ready to his hand the fad of almanacs. This, though its pinnacle of success had occurred sometime before, still exerted a tremendous influence. Men in the middle of the seventeenth century discoursed seriously upon the value of the astrologer's calculations, but at the opening of the eighteenth they hung upon the predictions of the Philomaths, those special scholars of astrology that compiled almanacs, with a faith that among the poorly educated was serenely perfect. With the better educated, the Philomaths had fallen into some contempt, due in a large part to their own too-apparent quackery. Among these men were John Gadbury, a tailor, and Partridge, a London shoemaker, rivals at the time in predictions concerning the state of the weather for each day of the ensuing year, and the various other natural phenomena: deaths, conquests, and victories which were indisputably (so they disputed) calculated by the movements of the heavenly bodies.

Early in 1708, Swift, finding the name Bickerstaffe, so the story goes, on a locksmith's sign, and prefixing Isaac, created an almanac which set out its purpose in the approved philomatic style: Predictions for the year 1708, wherein the month, and the day of the month, are set down, the Persons named, and the Great Actions and Events of the next year particularly related as they will come to pass. Written to prevent the People of England from being farther Imposed on by the Vulgar Almanack-makers. By Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq.

The first prediction was announced as a trifle, only that Partridge the Almanack-maker "will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night of a raging fever." It was a trap for a less agile intellect, whose purpose was truly to prevent further imposition.

After this was published there appeared an *Answer to Bickerstaffe* by a "Person of Quality," which carefully picks to pieces all Bickerstaffe's claims and predictions saying, "The writer is without question a Gentleman of wit and learning, although the piece seems hastily written in a sudden frolic, with the scornful thought of the pleasure he will have in putting this great town into a wonderment about nothing," but pointing out that as there were still seven weeks before the first prediction must be fulfilled, if Partridge took his art seriously enough, or if he were impressionable enough, he might be induced to die even though the prophecy was a mere hoax. The "Person of Quality" was Swift himself.

A third paper followed, *The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaffe's Predictions, being an account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanack-maker, upon the 29th Instant, in a Letter to a Person of Honour.* This audacity could no longer be borne. Mr. Partridge's near neighbor, Dr. Yalden,

drew up for him *Squire Bickerstaffe Detected or, the Astrological Imposter convicted. By John Partridge, Student in Physic and Astrology.* Mr. Partridge emphatically denied that the prediction had come true and declared with dignity "I thank my better stars, I am alive to confront this false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of science and resentment."

The last of the momentous affair was *A Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Against what is objected to him by Mr. Partridge, in his almanack for the present year, 1709. By the said Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esp.* It consisted of an "Appeal to the learned world" whether or not Partridge had been subjected to "unworthy treatment," some delightful facetiousness on the congratulatory admiration he had received from foreign parts, and a delicate contradiction that Partridge was alive, with a proof that he was not in five points and an after thought. These were that: first, a thousand gentlemen had read Partridge's almanac and cried "they were sure no man alive ever writ such damped stuff as this," consequently Partridge must deny his work or his existence; second, that Death is a separation of soul and body and his wife had declared to everyone "that her husband had neither life nor soul in him." Therefore if an uninformed carcass walks still about and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaffe does not think himself answerable for that:" third, "Mr. Partridge pretends to tell fortunes and recover stolen goods; which all the parish says, he must do by conversing with the devil, and other evil Spirits; and no wise man did even allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead;" fourth, an ingenious argument that as Partridge declared in his own almanac that he "is not only alive now but was alive on the 29th of March" by this he gives the opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago, for he had not stated that he had been alive ever since the 29th of March, and as he was not predicted to die until the evening of that day and as the world may judge whether he has since been revived all this is cavilling which Bickerstaffe is ashamed to dwell on; and fifth, did Mr. Partridge think it probable that Bickerstaffe would be so indiscreet as to start his predictions with the only falsehood ever alleged to be in them? The after thought refers to the fact that Partridge is still writing almanacs, but, and he cites a list of names, these men have long been dead and yet their almanacs are published yearly, the reason being that all authors are privileged to live after death except almanac-makers, since the work of these dies with each passing minute. "Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after death." So ended another of Swift's excursions in satire.

Twenty-five years later there appeared in the Pennsylvania Gazette the advertisement "just Published for 1733: Poor Richard: An Almanack containing"—and then a long list of the various movements of Stars, Planets and the Moon, verses and epigrams that were the conventional attributes of an almanac. Among these, without emphasis by place was "Prediction of his Friend, Mr.

Titan Leeds." The author was given as Richard Saunders, Philomat, and the printer B. Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin was, of course, author as well as printer. The fact of his authorship rests, as almost every such event does rest, on a human relationship. For some years Franklin had published an almanac written by a man named Godfrey, and grew intimate with Godfrey's family. These good people, seeing a chance to promote the interests of some friends, desired a marriage between their daughter and Franklin. An attachment grew up between them, which could hardly have been inevitable since a disagreement concerning the daughter's dowry arose, and Franklin discreetly withdrew from the entanglement. This rupture occurred not only between the two young people, but spread between Franklin and the Godfreys. Godfrey gave his services to a rival printer and Franklin was by necessity forced to a new business venture, the creation of his own almanac.

But as regards Titan Leeds' predicted decease, did Benjamin Franklin conceive this flash of wit in his own brain, or was it suggested to him by Swift's prank on Partridge, the London shoemaker and Philomat? If it was original and not suggested, it was a stroke of advertising genius that was the fore runner of the tremendous advertising activity of to-day. For Benjamin Franklin's introduction of such a problem had as disconcerting effect as Swift's. The prediction in the address to the reader was introduced, simply enough, by the explanation that R. Saunders had never before published an almanac because he feared to injure the interest of his good friend, Mr. Titan Leeds, but, he sadly confessed this obstacle would soon be removed for Mr. Titan Leeds "dies, by my calculation, made at his request, on October 17, 1733, 3 ho., 28 m., P. M." Adding "by his own calculation, he will survive until the 26th of the month."

Titan Leeds answered in his almanac for 1734, "I have, by the mercy of God, lived to write a Diary for the Year 1734, and to publish the Folly and Ignorance of this presumptuous author."

Poor Richard for 1734 admitted he had no positive proof of Mr. Leeds death, but "There is, however, (and I cannot speak it without sorrow) there is the strongest probability that my dear friend is no more; for there appears in his name—and almanac for the year 1734. in which I am treated in a very gross and indecent manner, in which I am called a false predictor, an ignorant, a conceited scribble, a fool, and a liar. Mr. Leeds was too well bred to use any man so indecently and so scurrilously, and moreover his esteem and affection for me was extraordinary. So that it is to be feared that that pamphlet may be only a contrivance of Somebody or other, who hopes, perhaps, to sell two or three years' Almanacks still, by the sole force and virtue of Mr. Leeds' name." Then followed a eulogy on Mr. Leeds' virtues and expressions of sorrow at his loss.

Titan Leeds' answer in 1735 is ironically grateful for these good words, and disagreeable on the subject of such expressions of ingenuity.

Who could let a jest that had run so well for two years go by in the third with no mention? Franklin, with a neat touch on his former argument "having receiv'd abuse from Titan Leeds deceased, (Titan Leeds when living would not have used me so)" adds four proofs in death, first "because the stars are seldom disappointed," second, he had to die at that time for the honor of astrology, third his last two almanacs had so little life in them and much dull wit, "which no astrologer but a *dead one* would have inserted, and no man *living* would or could write such stuff as the rest;" and finally he may be convinced from his own words for he says: "Saunders adds another gross falsehood in his Almanack, viz., that by my own calculation, I shall survive until the 26th, of the said month, October 1733, which is untrue if the former," and if it is untrue that he survived till then, he must have died before, and most probably on the predicted date."

Here the matter rested until 1740, when apparently Titan Leeds did die. The preface to *Poor Richard* for this year contains a letter, professedly from the Spirit of Titan Leeds, which predicts, among other things that another Philomat will become "openly reconciled to the Church of Rome."

This charge was indignantly denied in an almanac for 1741, *Poor Richard* devised an intricate argument the next year to prove his point, the Philomat retorted in 1743, and so ended this foolery, save for a passing mention of it in *Poor Richard* for 1744.

So far as the events go, Franklin may or may not have received his inspiration from Swift. This kind of jest is one which once started would necessarily roll very much in the same direction, whoever first gave it momentum. As for facts, Franklin never mentions reading Swift in his Autobiography, though he does speak of finding the third Speculator paper in about the year 1717. When he was in London about 1775 he read Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, so it is possible he fell in with much of Swift's work also, but whether he made a sub-conscious note of the idea from reading it or whether it had become a literary tradition, talked about but possibly unclaimed, as so many similar stories become, or whether he consciously employed the artifice, knowing by Swift's experience how matters would go, I have been unable to find proof of statements written by him or his contemporaries. The similarity between the two ingenious ideas did not strike Franklin's countrymen, but this is hardly odd, since the almanac provided the only reading for many a household during the whole year. It did not strike those in England who might have discovered it because *Poor Richard* probably never made an ocean voyage of such a length.

It was the freshness of the idea that created entertainment among the readers of the *Bickerstaffe Papers* and those of *Poor Richard*.

Two other slight connections might be pointed out, one referring to the name. According to Paul Leicester Lord, *Poor Richard* was modeled on *Poor Robin*, another eighteenth century English almanac. This *Poor Robin* is mentioned in a list of almanac-makers, then deceased, by Swift in his last argument

in the *Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaffe*. It seems probable that if *Poor Richard* is modeled on *Poor Robin*, this was done directly, but at least there is this connection between Swift's paper and Franklin's almanac.

A second connection lies in the introduction of the mention of the Roman Catholic Church. Along with the predicted death of Partridge Swift mentioned the death of the Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris. The *Answer to Bickerstaffe* by the "Person of Quality" comments on this second prediction, as well as on others: the *Account of Partridge's Death* ends with a reference to this prediction saying that it ought to fall true now that Partridge is successfully deceased; Partridge's reply mentions this prediction calling it "sporting with great men and public spirits to the scandal of religion and reproach of power;" *The Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaffe* ends this part of the caprice with a word of only two objections against the last year's prophecies, Mr. Partridge's and that of a Frenchman who proclaimed that the cardinal was still alive. "But how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy, is to be believed in his own cause, against an English Protestant, who is true to the government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader."

This again is a connection of suggestion, if it is a connection at all. Roman Catholicism and Protestantism were still so much at war that such references by both authors were calculated to rouse attention. Whether Franklin, remembering what he had read, eight years later, connected the predicted demise of Partridge with that of the Catholic prince and turned them to his own uses, or whether it was all coincidence must remain conjecture.

The great similarity does remain, however, with the strong probability that Franklin was familiar with the Bickirstaff papers, and made good use of them in honest, creative fashion. The two styles are, of course, widely different. This could be brought about by innumerable factors, but here doubtless, most strongly by the temperaments of the two men, and the purposes of each. Oddly enough, both had the reforming spirit, but Swift's was in bigger literary style, since his genius lay in literature, while Franklin's was in statesmanship, but in this instance the reforming element produced the *Bickerstaffe Papers*, whereas *Poor Richard* was at birth a business venture and became filled with proverbial sayings because, as Franklin, himself, wrote "observing it was generally read—I consider'd it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people"—

There is wit in both—Swift's, that which gained him a place among diplomats of the world, but Swift was writing satire as much for his own intense amusement as for any lasting effect, while Franklin wrote homely wisdom for a business and a livelihood. The point of the *Bickerstaffe Papers* ended when the fun was over; the point of *Poor Richard* was one that sustained it for twenty-five years. The soul of the *Bickerstaffe Papers* was the jest, whereas the same jest in *Poor Richard* was only a bit of excellent advertising that helped to popularize the almanac, and start it on its long career. Whatever aid Franklin may

have found in Swift he could not take the brilliant wit, the sparkling style, the ironic nonsense. What he did was clever, shrewd, and far more useful than what Swift accomplished. Whatever the facts may be, however, a comparison of the method of treatment by the two will give a sense of greater creativeness in Swift, as if his inspiration must have given Franklin the bright idea which launched *Poor Richard*.

WITH FOOTLIGHTS BETWEEN

Margaret Brinton

1

Marionettes pulled by strings
Are we.
You who watch us,
You foolish, tense faces,
Will it make your breath come fast
To see a wooden Pyramus
Call through the wall to a wooden Thisbe?
Does a kiss on the carved lips of a puppet
Mean more to you than life?
Then why are you here?

2

You are cold and weary-white
With the passing of a night
That has torn a thousand fires from your eyes.
You have conquered flesh, it's true,
But your soul has conquered you,
And tonight an actor lives, a poet dies.

Fame you see heaped at your feet.
And you hear the steady beat
Of applause unstinting audiences give.
You are perfect, then, tonight.
But are other goals in sight?
When an actor dies, what is there left to live?

EVE'S VANITY CASE

Marjorie Gaines

I do not suppose that Eve's chosen corner in the Garden of Eden was furnished with a dressing-table done in silver and rose and fitted with the latest and best cosmetics, but undoubtedly she got hold of them somehow. The serpent perhaps was the one who showed her that the stain of the berry would stay on her lips, that the crushed petals of the exotic crimson blossom would flush her weather-darkened cheeks, that a bit of charcoal from the ashes of her fire would make an interesting shadow beneath her suddenly sparkling eyes; an accident while she was preparing a meal may have taught her that hair thickly plastered with mastodon-fat was neater and more becoming than straggling locks. I am sure that Eve used cosmetics in the Garden of Eden, and equally sure that, being Eve, she did not go out of the Garden without samples and recipes with which to start her new life. And of course from that point on the thing is perfectly easy.

Cosmetics have always existed, and as long as human beings have the desire to be beautiful they will exist; for, say what you will in behalf of unadorned Nature, she sometimes makes a grave mistake and the results are much better veiled with a dusting of powder, perhaps, or just enough lampblack. A painted face is in some cases more moral than an unpainted one. Moreover, if faces were perfect, that contrary spirit which was Eve's legacy to the human race would evolve another and different conception of personal beauty and set out earnestly with the aid of the corner drugstore for the new goal.

So it was that in ancient Egypt slave-girls with golden anklets that clinked as they moved, brought, in the jeweled boxes, the unguent that would stain the queen's dark lids to a bluish-green. The ladies of Athens, celebrated in literature for their lovely skins and flawless complexions, literally gilded the lily with gold face-powder and crowned the effect by dying their hair blue. And to offer an example in our own times, the women of war-time Paris eased the tension in their hours off duty by appearing with faces in the bright yellow, delicate mauve or violet shades of the new powders. La Bruyere spoke truly when he wrote that "if by the fault of Nature women became such as they make themselves by art, they would be inconsolable."

Cosmetics have always existed. Obviously there was a natural limit to the original growth; and the "artifices for handsomeness" soon began to group themselves in classes. The restricted field was quickly developed, once the serpent had pointed the way, and all cosmetics since then have been simply improvements on the old ones, or different methods of securing the same effects. The cosmetics that we use to-day practically all have family trees, which are easier to look up than human genealogy because you know right away whether or not the newcomer has any claims and can pick him out of any history of

fashions. Finding the ancestor of cold cream is not at all hard as it might seem, for there is no such confusion of identities as awaits the searcher for human forebears—a spade's a spade here. Although different peoples have modified the eyebrow-pencil, and different ages improved it, its evolution is traceable back through Old Testament days to Jezebel, who came to grief almost three thousand years ago.

In the early Chaldean Empire a service called the "Ceremony of Opening the Mouth" was held, to make happy the wandering "heart-soul" of a dead man. One of the offerings for the use of his spirit was "two bags of eyepaint." We pick up the line of descendants of that eyepaint, relations near or a few times removed, here and there in history, not stopping to trace directly each step of evolution and of migration, but gathering enough evidence to identify the claimants as members of that family, and to prove that the line has not died out. The later Egyptians used collyrium and kohl extensively, making big black rings and elongating strokes to the ear; Job celebrated the ending of his trials by naming one of his new family for an eyelash salve, and though the point of the joke on his innocently rejoicing daughter may be a little obscure, the fact that he did name her Kerenhappuch is clear proof that such a cosmetic must have existed then. In Greece lampblack was employed for darkening the brows and lids, while the Greeks in Asia Minor less aesthetically made great rings of coaldust. When Caesar conquered Gaul with a Roman army he brought many new customs into that land; but cosmetics the Gauls already knew, using everything the Romans did, even to stain for the eyelids. India and China too give us proofs of the universality of this custom. And in Syria to-day the girls use an eyestick somewhat like a solid toothbrush, the standard since Mahomet's day; they draw it between the lashes out into an elongating shadow at the corner. If you walk through the Syrian quarter of any big city here and look closely at the pretty sloe-eyed Syrian girls you will see the dusky smut where they have drawn the eyestick through. The eyepaint has survived, changed and modified in form and use but still a direct descendant of that eyepaint which made his lot bearable to a poor Chaldean ghost.

Perfume is an interesting example of the same idea in cosmetics translated into different languages by different eras in civilization. During the sixteenth century in France the choicest perfumes were made from formulas that ran somewhat like this: Take equal parts of the pulverized wings and claws of pigeons, crushed lilies, crushed mother-of-pearl, honey and camphor; moisten with a large quantity of fresh eggs in turpentine and add musk and ambergris to suit. Barbaric to our time of distilled flower-essences; yet a very strong and lasting perfume was quite necessary to comfort then. At the end of a month or so this mixture was probably of just the right potency.

Though the ancestors of cold cream can also be traced to a remote past, they are not as aristocratic as one could hope. The Roman ladies of the Empire were very persevering in their use of beauty aids; every night they smear-

ed their faces with a paste made from the oil of sheep's wool and every morning they washed it off with asses' milk—together a rather unpleasant process, to judge from the sheep and asses I have known. At the time of Louis Quatorze each lady of the court passed the nights under a thick layer of lard to allay the corrosive effects of the sublimate with which she quickened the colour in her cheeks, a care which may or may not have saved her complexion from total ruin. It is a far cry from then to now in cold creams, but the principle is the same; they are both, then and now, of the same stock,—sisters upon the skin, one is tempted to add.

Neither was our little flurry of henna-dyed hair a year or two ago by any means a new idea. As long ago as 1000 B. C. Solomon sang to his shepherd maiden

“Thine head upon thee is like crimson,
and the hair of thine head like purple,”

and as the lady herself admitted that she was black, however comely she may have been, her hair was probably not of a natural Titian shade.

And so on. All cosmetics have pedigrees, ancestral pasts which, shady or not, are for the most part deep mystery to their faithful supporters. And when the newspapers blaze forth to announce the next sensational discovery of a scientific all-in-one cosmetic absolutely unheard of before you may be sure that one more company chemist has been reading history.

VALUES

Sally Linley

It was a winter evening; we sat reading before the fire, while the rain beat ceaselessly against the long windows and the terrace outside. It was during one of Father's and Mother's annual honeymoons: they had gone North this time and for the first time Judith and I had been left alone with no one but the servants.

"You know," Judith said, "I think it's lots of fun, managing like this. I almost wish something real would happen—a sickness, or a death, or something, so that I would have to take everything into my own hands. I wonder how I'd manage?"

"I suppose I'd be the one to get sick, wouldn't I?" I said. "There's no one else—and otherwise, you'd have me here to do half the managing."

"Yes," she admitted, "I suppose so. Well, how would you like a burglary?"

"Better," I said, but I edged over nearer the fire.

The rain was coming down harder now. It had an eerie way of beating sharply at the panes like a thin hand knocking to come in. And suddenly the window nearest us burst open. We both screamed. A rush of wet wind blew in and someone came stumbling over the threshold.

"Oh, it's Pedro!" said Judith shakily.

Pedro was our Mexican gardener. He had plunged in from the garden by the nearest entrance, precisely as he did when he wanted something in the daytime.

"What are you doing up here tonight, Pedro?" I said.

He lived in the "eholo" settlement about a half mile down through the orchards.

He did not answer at once; but stood, blinking in the light and miserably dribbling, while he tried to collect his tardy thoughts.

"Pedro, what's the matter?" Judith suggested firmly.

"Boy seeek," he told us.

"Your boy? Jo?"

He nodded.

"Well, do you want us to come? Is that it, Pedro?"

"Yes. Very seeek."

"Have you got a doctor, Pedro?"

"Doctor?"

He turned this over in his mind for sometime.

"No," he said finally.

"You stay with him while I go and call the doctor," said Judith.

She was back in a few moments and I went for wraps and umbrellas.

We went out across the terrace and down through the garden to the path

beside the groves. Pedro was ahead with a lantern and we splashed along, single file, behind him. It was very dark and the rain was pelting down furiously. It made a wall which shut us into the little patch of light that Pedro made with his lantern.

Judith tapped me on the shoulder.

"I didn't tell Mary," she said.

"No, of course not." She wouldn't have let us come. "Listen—Judith?"

"What?"

"Do you suppose he has anything contagious?"

"I know. I thought of that. See if you can find out."

"Pedro, what's the matter with Jo?" I said. "How sick?"

He stopped, turned around, and set down the lantern. The rain came down fiercely while Pedro stood and scratched his head. Then he doubled over and clutched himself.

"Wagon," he said significantly.

I shuddered.

"Oh, muchos dolores, muchos dolores. Judy, he says a wagon ran over Jo."

"Oh," she murmured, "how *dreadful!*"

We went on. Our eyes were starting from our heads in terror.

There were no lights in the "cholo" settlement, save in Pedro's house at the end. Here one trembling ray ventured out feebly into the rain through the greasy pane. We entered directly into a room where an evil, fat odor stood about in the damp air. There was fire in a stove whose warmth was successfully cut off from the rest of the room by a row of silent little Mexicans squatting about it.

Dr. Peete, arrived before us, was bending over a bed in the corner. Beside him, Pedro's great wife prevented our seeing the boy on the bed.

Judy went bravely forward. But suddenly she turned about.

"Oh, don't look!" she said.

At the sound of her voice, Dr. Peete rose and came over to us.

"Miss Lee," he said, "you really shouldn't be here."

"Pedro wanted us to come," Judith told him.

"Yes; but you really can't do anything."

"Is he very bad?" I asked.

"Yes. Pretty badly hurt. It seems he fell out of a wagon, some way, and got caught under the wheel."

"And there isn't anything we can do?" Judy asked him disappointedly.

He thought for a minute.

"I'll tell you," he said. "The poor kid hasn't any night clothes, or bedding. Right now he's nearly blue with the cold. I wonder if—"

"If we could get them?" prompted Judy.

"Well, do you think you could? You see I'm out making calls all morning. If you could just get those things—that is, if it isn't raining. If it is Pedro can go. I shall order some prescriptions, too."

"All right," said Judy. "And now I guess we'll go home."

Pedro took us back to the house. We let ourselves in at the window again and had barely time to take off our wet things before Mary came in to lock up.

"It's a wet night, Mary," I said from my book.

"It certainly is." She peered out into the darkness as she snapped the catch on the window.

"Mary," said Judith, "about how much do blankets cost?"

"Blankets!" She turned and stared, surprised. "Why, that depends."

"Well, but just about?" I said. "Couldn't you give us any idea?"

"No," she answered. "I really couldn't say."

I was a long time getting to sleep that night. During our conversation with Dr. Peete, Pedro's wife had moved from her place by the bed, and I had caught a glimpse of Jo. Try as I would, I could not drive the vision from my mind. I closed my eyes, and shut into them a little pain-distorted face, blanched to a sickly yellow.

"Edith!" Judy was whispering. "How much do you 'spose blankets *do* cost?"

"Haven't any idea. Why? How much have we got?"

"Only twenty dollars left. I'm afraid they'll be expensive."

"I know," I said. "Well, we can save ourselves."

In the morning, it was still raining. We were both sleepy, and ate a silent breakfast in the dark dining room.

"I don't see how we can get down to the village, Judy," I said.

It was four miles.

"No. Pedro'll have to go."

After breakfast we opened a library window and called Pedro softly. He came presently, ambling across the lawn. We let him in and he stood dripping on the carpet.

"How's Jo, Pedro?"

Once more he clutched himself, rolling his eyes and groaning to denote exceeding pain.

Now how to explain to him about the blankets?

"I know," I said.

Stealthily I led him up stairs to our room, threw back the coverlet, and drew out a corner of the blanket.

"See?" I said. "You buy 'dos—for Jo."

It took longer to explain the nightshirts. But we finally made him understand. He was to stop for the medicine, also.

Judith got out the purse and we discussed how much we were to give him.

"I really think he'd better have it all," I said. "You know there might be other things they'll need."

We gave him the whole sum finally, explaining that it was to be used for any necessities.

We were kept in all morning by the rain and grew very restless. I am

sure both of us had Jo on our minds most of the time. Neither of us would speak of him directly. As I look back, I realize it was a very hard strain for two little girls to bear.

"Well, anyway," said Judith once, "he's warm now."

"Yes," I said, "and he has the proper medicine. Oh, Judy, mustn't it be awful to be so poor?"

"I know it. Think of it—no blankets, no nightshirt,—nothing."

"But now," I said, "they can get him anything he needs."

In the middle of the morning Mary came in.

"The Chinaman's here with squash," she told us. "I think I'll get some for your lunch."

"All right."

"Well, we need some money, Miss Judith. He doesn't charge things, you know."

We looked at each other, terrified.

"I don't like squash," I said, coming to the rescue.

"He's got beans, too."

"I'll tell you," said Judith, "let's not have any vegetables to-day."

"We've nothing else in the house for lunch," said Mary, gloomily.

"*Nothing?*"

"No. Unless you want macaroni again."

"We'll have macaroni," Judith told her.

She went off, thwarted.

"As though we'd eat vegetables," said Judith, "when Jo hasn't blankets."

Lunch over and Mary safely out of the way for the afternoon, we set off to inquire after Jo. It was still raining. By this time the little hut, shut up tight since the day before, smelled prodigiously. Full as it was of human beings, there was no sound save the groans of the little boy, and the voice of his mother, praying on her knees beside his bed. She rose when we came and stood off while we went to the bedside. It was covered now, with one sleazy blanket. And the little arm which drooped over it was quite bare. Beneath the thin covering, Jo's skinny body shivered with the cold.

"Judy," I whispered, "he hasn't anything on! And there's only one blanket."

"Yes I see." And then—"Do you s'pose that one blanket cost twenty dollars?"

"Oh, it couldn't." I turned to the woman. "No mas?" I queried, touching the blanket.

She shook her head.

"Maybe Dr. Peete ordered something they had to pay for."

There was no use questioning her. She could not speak a word of English, and we knew very little Spanish.

We went home, puzzling all the way about the blanket. And there was poor little Jo, desperately ill and suffering from cold. But what was to be

done? We called Dr. Peete, and he was out on a case. So we had to sit at home helpless, with no money and no one to tell us what to do.

That night Pedro came to tell us that little Jo was dead. We went to bed and cried ourselves to sleep.

We decided next morning that we must go and see Jo's mother. We had never dreaded anything more.

"Shall we have to see Jo?" I said.

We had never before seen anyone dead.

The main room of the little house was full of muttering Mexicans. They were dressed, as if for a party, the men in dark suits and yellow shoes, the women in black dresses and large hats with flowers that kept up a continuous slight trembling. There were babies on laps, between everyone's feet: one, smaller than the rest, was nursing. And everywhere was the unmistakable Mexican odor. Pedro's wife met us at the door and beckoned us to follow her through to the next room. Here the blinds were drawn, and candles in two great brass candlesticks gave a fitful light. This room, too, was full of Mexicans, kneeling here and intoning endless prayers. Vases, bottles, and cans were stuffed with rain-pelted flowers in a crazy maze of color. And on two chairs lay a little coffin. Pedro's wife went toward it, and we dared not draw back. We clutched each other fearfully. She drew back a white lace shawl and we saw him, lying like a little waxen thing. He had on a very new suit, his confirmation ribbon across his breast.

Tears rolled down Judy's cheeks, and I was sobbing violently.

Pedro's wife put back the shawl and vaguely waved her arms, indicating the candles and the coffin.

"Muchas gracias, señoritas!" she said. "Muchas gracias!"

And then we knew. Our twenty dollars had provided Jo with a beautiful funeral.

We went into the outer room, Pedro's wife following. They all looked after us admiringly.

"Muchas gracias!" they chanted. "Bellissima! Mui bellissima!"

We went out and up the orchard path, stumbling for our tears.

"Oh, Edith," sobbed Judy, "and he was so cold!"

THE AGNOSTIC

Cecile Phillips

The tang of sweet geranium
The smell of charred wood on my thumb
A funny smirch like black on birch
Across my cheek:

David is red and soapy sleek.
Mildred is starched, and ruffled and glum.
But I'm too dirty to go to church.
(And anyhow I went last week.)

THE PRINCESS PASSES

Helen Johnson

Before you rode across my path, I was very merry,
Queen of the countryside, brown as a berry;
I'd gossip with the neighbors to pass the time of day,
And lie to my lover just to see what he'd say.

But you rode across my path, fair and dazzling white,
Fairest of princesses in the world's sight;
And what cared you for gossip who had the state to guide?
And you always spoke true to the prince at your side.

O after you rode out of sight, I tried to change my way;
I never told a lie and I worked all day;
But the neighbors tried to make me come and sit,
And my lover left me for a lass with more wit.

THE ILLUSION OF LIFE

Cecile Phillips

Msella is sitting before the fireplace. She curls her body into the hollow of the morris chair and sighs. It is a low happy sound and must be just barely audible for from behind the curtain which leads into the children's bed room a high excited voice queries anxiously, "Mummie, what's the matter; are you crying?"

She laughs back reassuringly, "Why you silly angel, of course not. What in the world would I be crying about? I was just tired and very very happy."

After this there is a brief silence. The shadows pirouette furtively round and round the room. They flicker over the open book shelves leaving scarlet, gold, blue fringes. They are repelled by the broad pool of light under the lamp on the table. A plaster cast of a child's face uptilted and wistful stands out purely unshadowed. The etchings on the wall are vaguely traceried beauty; the room is warm, thoughtful as though some part of Msella were dancing gravely about the childish image of herself dreaming into the fire.

The silence is again broken by the same voice, strained and thin. "But where is Daddy? Why doesn't he come home? I want him. I want him. I want him!" Msella's voice is low and again gently assuring. "He will be back any moment now. Try to sleep, Dale. I will wake you when he comes in."

There is a pause and again a sudden tenseness. "Are you sure, quite sure that he is coming back? Oh Mummie, I have been thinking and thinking. Every time the wind puffs up the curtains I can see his face, dreadful and white. I know he is killed. O-h I am afraid."

Msella rises to go to him, suddenly aware that Dale's is a real terror. But she has scarcely moved one step from her chair when something stops her. It is as if someone were standing in the doorway boring through and through her with his eyes. She cannot move. And as she stands there, her eyes riveted to the open doorway where there is nothing, nothing, her slender body struggling, aching to run and comfort Dale she hears a footstep, quick, electric along the hall. He is there in the doorway. His overcoat is flung aside lightly. He has kissed her and yet afterward she could never swear for certain that he had touched her.

There is a strange luminous quality about him. He seems intensely vivid, his gestures, his earnestness are impelling; his words whistle off his tongue.

"It is all right, dear. I took the drawings over to Mr. Cuthbert and he is tremendously enthusiastic. I am to begin tomorrow. There are to be three figures and his idea is to have them so natural that anyone walking in his gardens will feel just as though he had met another person and not a statue. To create the illusion of life,—" He stopped suddenly. "Do I bore you?"

Msella shakes her head.

"It is such a naïve thing for anyone to attempt. I realize that. But Mr. Cuthbert is a very old gentleman, and he has dreamed all his life, he says, of gardens like that where you might walk in the evening and 'happen upon' a figure who 'matches' all your memories. I am afraid he is a frightfully sentimental ass. He showed me miniatures and oils of his daughter endlessly. 'You see her hands, very characteristic. That's the sort of thing I want; faithful to detail.'

"I had to run for fear he would begin telling me next that I reminded him of the son he would have had, had he had one. He was quite capable of proposing that I pose for Narcissus, or a sundial or something.

"Ho, speaking of Narcissus, do you know what Cinders is doing? Working in a law office at last. I met him today at lunch and he said, 'Dale, still pottering about with your clay and chisel I suppose. You loyal devotees to art and literature! You can't eat a sunset, you know, and who wants to paint one? Take law, now; we have a code.' I told him his brain was coddled all right.

"Oh Msella, Msella, I am so happy! You do not mind the rhapsody; it is all you, you. And I haven't any fairy tale tonight suitable for the delectation of the infant mind. How is Dale the younger, by the way?"

A sudden look of consternation comes into Msella's face. "Dale the younger," she muses aloud, "he wanted you." The telephone rings far off at the other end of the house. "I will answer it." He is out of the room and his overcoat is gone. All at once she is not sure that he was there at all; her brain has been racing, racing. The telephone is still ringing louder and louder.

Msella rises easily this time and with the telephone receiver cold against her ear for the first time she senses reality.

A rasping voice rattles over the wire, "Yes ma'am. He was knocked down ten minutes ago on the corner of Thirtieth and Lexington. Bellevue, ma'am. You'd better come right away."

Msella is rushing down the hall into the nursery. She is shaking from head to foot. Dale the younger is sleeping soundly. It would be cruel to disturb him. A hat and a coat . . . if one is going out one must have a hat and coat. Msella is sitting once more in the morris chair, powerless to move. A child's voice is screaming in her ears, "He's killed. He is killed!"

* * * * *

Dale Kendall came in hours later. He found his wife sitting in the morris chair, sitting like a lump of stone. The face she turned towards him was gray with the agony of hours spent worrying. It was all written in fine lines about her mouth, beneath her eyes.

She passed a nervous hand across her forehead as if to tear away the searing pain of unreality.

"Dale," she said impetuously, "Tell me what you have been doing to-day?"

"Why, Msella, you know I never discuss my work. You must be very tired tonight, my dear."

"Yes," said Msella, "I must be very tired tonight."

"PHILLIP MORRIS"

Jane Wakeman

The dignity of the cat depends upon his early environment and bringing-up, as I am thankful to have learned at last. However earnestly you may contend that the factors include his antecedents and inborn instincts, yet in the end it is his home life that makes or mars the cat.

I dined recently with a lady and a cat who live not far from me. We are old friends, but I had never been to their house before. The cat was the hero of the encounter in every sense. He is a dragon in size and build; and his monstrous frame is clothed in a smoky coat of the most delicate fur imaginable: a misty coloring which has given him the name of "Philip Morris." Indeed, the contrast between the coquettish softness and beauty of this mystical coat, with the latent power and tigerish strength of the frame beneath it, is the symbol of a corresponding contrast in his moral life. For though the idol of his household, living the life of an ancient sultan in a palace of delights, with no harsher word to greet his ears from sunrise to sunset, than: "He a pretty boy—and a good boy! Tum Philip!"—yet in reality it is a grim supremacy that he enjoys; his family (how they would scorn the reflection!) are his devoted slaves.

Never have I dined in a presence more exclusive than Philip's. Philip headed the board (it was a square table, but imagination surrendered the head of it to Philip); while we others, my hostess and I, at least, dined but as the train of Royalty, that attends upon the wants of its sovereign, while parading a monstrous pretence of dining in its own person. Tid-bits of chicken, bonbons and nuts were constantly finding their way from other plates to Philip's—unsought by him, but awaited with a repose and dignity that were a reproach to neglect; while my fellow-guest—Ah, and here enters the sinister note of the occasion—my fellow-guest dined clammily apart, breathing an atmosphere rather thinner than ours, surely some miles removed from the scene of our proceedings. Incredible it may seem, but the truth is that the spirit of the occasion—the charm of Philip's dominion—had not penetrated that cold heart.

As for myself, I beheld, and marvelled in spirit. Half an hour before I should have sworn with no mean assurance that it would be no less than impossible to dine with a cat, having in mind, perhaps, my own dear kittens at home; spoiled, I fear, from babyhood; encouraged in their ingenuous clamour for food or caresses. But this was before the personal contact with my host; the glamour cast by his personality over all who met him, must dispel these miniature prejudices; based as they are on a limited knowledge of feline society.

THE MISSIONARY

Marian Keiley

The congregation rustled with curiosity as the strange young priest stepped into the pulpit. How very young he was! He was slim and tall, very dark, and his black curly hair fell over his forehead, giving him a very boyish look. He stood looking at the people in an eager yet timid way, folding and unfolding his long fingers.

After a short pause he began to speak. Timidly and haltingly, yet intensely he spoke, in a low voice. He was not a good orator, but then, the authorities from whom he was sent would never bother to waste one of their good speakers on that out of the way place.

He did not talk for long. He only wanted prayers for his mission in China to succeed. Soon he himself would be old enough to go, he said. He didn't have anything more to say, anyway. Envelopes were passed for people to put something in if they sympathized, or wanted to help. A few people filled theirs.

Then, the mass over, the farmers at the back of the church began to slouch out, followed by their wives and children from the front. Curiously they stared at the young priest as he stood by the door, unobtrusively holding a pathetically empty basket.

GRANDDADDY'S FUNERAL

Elizabeth Gregg

Granddaddy lay in a long black coffin, covered with an American flag. The cemetery was hot and the minister droned endless prayers. Nancy fanned herself slowly with a palm leaf fan. A mosquito lit on her leg just above her white sock and bit her. She leaned over and scratched. Long and arduously she scratched the itching bite and when she looked up again, Granddaddy's funeral was over.

Mother herded Nancy and Sara Alice and Emily into the automobile. Funny that they were going back so soon and were leaving Granddaddy out here in the ground. Nancy peered around the side of the car. Such a long coffin, it was. When she died, she would probably have a small one. Small and white, she planned, and perhaps not even a flag, for Granddaddy had been a soldier. Did all soldiers have flags, she wondered? And what did they do, bury the flags, too? Was there a flag buried every time a soldier died? Would this flag be buried with Granddaddy? She leaned over and pulled her mother's sleeve.

"Mother," she said, "What are they going to do with that flag—bury it?"

"Hush, darling," her mother said. "Don't ask such questions."

Nancy sat back in the seat by Emily and Sara Alice. Emily was crying. She had always been Granddaddy's girl. He had brought her the prettiest hair ribbons back from New York and had fished many a nickel out of his pockets for her to buy lollypops with. Sara Alice had a small handkerchief in her lap. She was crying, too, and every now and then glancing at Emily as though to make sure she was not being outdone.

"Sara," Nancy said. "Do you think they'll bury that flag?"

"You ought to be thinking about Granddaddy instead of the flag," Sara Alice left off crying long enough to reprimand her younger sister.

Nancy was conscience-struck. She should be crying, too. She thought of how her Daddy had cried, looking very tall and red-eyed and how her Grandmother had sat in a little chair and twisted her fingers around and around. What was it like—to die? And if Granddaddy had died at night, did they have to dress him? Funny for someone to put Granddaddy's clothes on him. And how had they gotten all that black crepe that Grandmother wore and the little black bands that she and Sara and Emily wore around their arms? Had they bought all that—and the flag too? And what *were* they going to do with the flag?

The car stopped and Nancy discovered that they were at home and that she had not cried. She was ashamed to look at Daddy with her dry eyes—ashamed of all the things she had thought of instead of thinking about

Granddaddy. Nobody else would have thought of such things. She must be very wicked.

• • • • •

The porch was cool and shady. Grandmother sat in the big chair and Mother was in the swing. Nancy lounged on the steps, running the toe of one sneaker up and down the cracks in the wood.

Grandmother's voice came through the silence, thin and piercing.

"Lucy," she said, "Do you know what they did with the flag?"

TRUANT

Helen Johnson

For the moment, the Baby's attention was removed from him and concentrated on a cluster of daisies. With an expression of unbelieving relief, Achates stretched his little black-and-white fox terrier body, and the fold which the baby had pinched on his fat side relaxed. In the street he heard the tantalizing hum of motors; could he possibly escape? He looked warily,—the Baby was intently occupied with a bee on the daisies. In clumsy eagerness he bolted headlong across the lawn and over the wall.

Once in the street he adopted the tactics of a professional hunter. Far on the horizon, a shiny black car was coming at top speed, with revolving whirring yellow wheels, an exceptional victim. He slouched along the sidewalk inconspicuously, hiding in the shadow of the wall; his presence should be a complete surprise. Then as the car drew nearer he crouched: no cat ever watched a mouse with greater menace. Now his hour had come; he charged at the shining body and matched his speed with the wheels, yipping saucily, leeringly, winkingly in response to the expletives of the passengers. Finally he tired; with a last triumphant flourish he sped in front of the car, jumped back again to show the ladies that their terror was weak, unnecessary and feminine, and then with dignified mien stalked back to the sidewalk.

Fortune was smiling on him,—the game was plentiful; a stream of cars was proceeding in either direction. Achates skidded among them, yelping with the lust of the chase. Ah! That margin of escape was narrow enough to be thrilling! And what a good feeling it gave one to see that man shove on his brakes and then to look at him in surprise. Truly the young bloods of to-day were a hustling, daring lot, and he was a fine specimen of the generation. And what fascinating mechanical toys the twentieth century provided for them!

But where did that familiar voice come from,—a voice that might not be denied, and vaguely boded ill? It was his mistress, who had come back from playing golf, and was leaning out of the window of her aggressive little Ford. "Achates, come here." Cowering and subdued, he jumped in, and wept at the thought of bread and water and his kennel.

THE YOUNG GIRL

Helen Johnson

Sunday tea was over. With vague, purposeless expressions the family drifted off to various cosy corners. Father and Edith and Dorothea toasted before the dining-room fire. Gradually they became aware that Mother was working about the table, piling up dishes and carrying them to the kitchen. For a time they ignored the fact, but finally it overpowered them. Edith rose. With a relieved expression Dorothea settled back in her chair and became deeply absorbed in her book.

"Mother, sit down." This melodramatically from Edith.

With a supreme gesture she removed Mother's load, stacked it high on her arms. She flew to the kitchen, her mien shouting "efficiency," put the dishes down with a clatter, returned again, jostled against the furniture, knocked Dorothea's chair with artful carelessness. She jerked the damask cloth from the table and folded it with obvious difficulty, standing on a chair and suspending it in the air. With indifferent nonchalant air Dorothea rose, stretched and came to her assistance. With the air of Virtue reproaching Infamy Edith refused it.

"I prefer to do it alone."

Dorothea strolled back; Father's mouth lifted at one corner. Edith found a profusion of tasks. She began to set the table for breakfast; she loaded it with accessories, making many trips to the kitchen. Glorious scenes flashed before her mind's eye. She saw herself wealthy and successful sitting at ease in her own fine mansion; she took up the telephone, called up Dorothea and invited her to leave her noisy crowded house and come for a little visit to get rested.

She had finished; with a flourish she withdrew to the fireplace, buried herself in a French grammar. A noise. She looked at Dorothea as at the dirt. Father was laughing too. She flamed.

"Father, Dorothea has absolutely no initiative. You have to insult her to get action. I'm sick of always doing everything."

Father came over, laughed his amused affectionate laugh, nuzzled her face, her hair. "Well, Miss Initiative."

She felt her control going; she could no longer keep her attention on the relative pronouns. She made a last effort. She pierced the page with her eyes. But the page swam. She put her hands up and cried weakly.

ERRAND

Hilda Hulbert

Doriel jumped side-ways from the top step onto the grass. Her feet plumped down firmly and the rest of her small body righted itself triumphantly after a moment of tortuous writhing. She marched across the lawn and hopped off the stone coping onto the side-walk. Hands buried in her sweater pockets, elbows stiff, she progressed up the street in a series of constrained jerks.

It was early dusk. Smoke smudged up from a pile of muddy leaves in the gutter. The street lights had just come on—a long line of them up and down the white sidewalk. In the archway of the little stone library the round globe glowed quietly like a sphere of bright fog.

Doriel climbed the steps, hands still dragging down in her pockets. As she reached the top step, a shrill whistle sounded behind her, and a newsboy swooped up on a bicycle, flung a newspaper against the door and swept off making noises that boys do at dusk.

Doriel glanced moodily at the paper lopping against the door. She scooted down slowly and picked it up. She put her hand to the heavy knob and pushed the iron door open. She stepped across the big stone threshold into the dark vestibule. The door shut behind her. She stumbled past the umbrella stand and put her shoulder against the dark swinging door with its small bright pane high above her. It swung easily and Doriel passed into the light.

Miss Park, plump and scowling behind pinch glasses, was sitting at the high desk under its green-shaded light. Somewhere in the back of the room, Miss Stevenson darted about.

Doriel stood for a minute at the door, newspaper under her arm, hands deep in her pockets. Then she marched across the room to the desk. Miss Park looked up and focused her near-sighted scowl on the small figure before her. Doriel squirmed. She reached up and laid the paper upon the desk. Miss Park picked it up and put it somewhere behind her without a word.

Doriel said, "Sister wants *Ben Pepper* and if it isn't in she wants *Giant Scissors* and Father says to tell you he wants the October *Atlantic Monthly* and if he can't have it he doesn't want anything and Mother says she can have the missionary meeting this week."

At this point, Miss Stevenson twittered up carrying four books which she laid noiselessly in a pile on the desk. She nodded brightly at Doriel. Doriel bit her lip.

Miss Clark glanced solemnly at the periodical shelf at her right.

"Tell your father that the *Atlantic* just went out," she said, and stared at Doriel for a minute. "*Ben Pepper*," she muttered and turning herself about, moved down the room to the shelf at the back.

Doriel pivoted on her right foot and sucked in her lower lip. Someone

came in behind her. She stopped pivoting and drew her lip still farther in. The minister came to the desk.

The minister came to the desk.

"Well, if this isn't you!" he said, slapping Doriel upon the back. "Well, well! Getting to be a real literary person, aren't you? Why pretty soon you'll be having a card of your own. Good afternoon, Miss Park."

Miss Park, advancing toward the desk with the book in her hand hastened her steps, laid the book down on the very edge beside Doriel, took off her glasses and gazed solemnly and expectantly at the minister. She did not look at Doriel.

"What did you think of it?" she asked him.

"Well, I really can't say whether I approve of the book or not—there seem to be several sides to the question," he said. "By the way, what I came for was Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn Burial*."

Miss Park turned to her right and began searching along the shelves. Doriel twisted about on one ankle. She looked up at *Ben Pepper* above her on the desk. She looked at the minister, who was polishing his glasses on his handkerchief. Miss Park came back with the book. She set it beside the other; then she opened them both, removed the cards from their backs, and stamped them. She closed them, set them down again and laid a hand on each.

"Of course," she said, "we wouldn't want to seem to be narrow—but then, you know, we have to be careful. Really—"

Suddenly Doriel stood still. She drew both hands from her pockets. Her lip fell into place. For a minute she stared at the green lamp. Then abruptly she raised herself on tip-toes, reached forward, snatched the book from under Miss Park's hand. She turned, ran to the door, pushed herself through, dashed across the dark vestibule, dragged the big door open, stumbled out onto the steps, and down to the side-walk.

She put the book under her arm, her hands back into her pockets and started a jerky progress homeward.

It had grown quite dark. A flock of newsboys drove by on their bicycles shouting unintelligibly and whacking each other with empty bags.

Doriel reached the street light in front of the house. She drew out the book from under her arm. "*Urn Burial*, Brown" the binding said.

Presently she put the book under her arm, jammed her hands in her pockets, drew her lip under her teeth, went up the walk, onto the porch, and into the house.

A FAIRY GIFT

Margaret Buell

Love is so fraught with boredom, sentiment with sentimentality, and passion with nausea, that it is wonderful we can feel at all. But there is an emotion which consoles us in our satiety, a glancing, wistful tenderness that rises with old familiarity and new poignancy, that burns and pities for moment; a sparkle with inconsequential consequences; the pathos of littleness is its *raison d'être*. It is true because it is spontaneous and needs no sustaining fidelity, a fairy gift in our so voluntary lives.

One feels it often for a puppy's waving tail, for a pony lost beneath a thatch of hair, for little, valiant things. It is a personal realization of affinity; it is the application of intense understanding to the abstract, on a scale small enough to appeal to that understanding. It satisfies our spirit and reassures our faith which is apt to grow dim in wonderment at the colossal concepts that surround us. It creates a moment of closeness with the universe that justifies the hurried hours of disregard; it consoles us when we have rejected love, derided sentiment and controlled passion.

THE SAND-TABLE

Elizabeth Hamburger

The rain drops hurtled against the windows and trickled down the panes, the furious soldiers of a pitiless, assaulting wind which howled in the streets and wracked the trees, tossing them and bending them in its rage. But the wind and his countless soldiers were powerless to spoil the peace of the playroom, where a glowing fire crackled in the grate and painted the walls a cheerful, pumpkin color. Nan and Teddy minded the inclement weather not a bit. In fact, they did not even deign to favor it with their attention, for they had far more important matters in hand.

Just the week before, Ted had had a fourth birthday, and his more than generous grandmother had given him a sand-table. Now a sand-table is a perfect toy, and this one was a sand-table among sand-tables! Its appearance was not particularly prepossessing in itself. It was just a table with a deep, box-like top. A lid could be removed from this box, however, disclosing all the charms hidden from the uninitiated. A partition divided the box into two unequal parts, in the narrower of which were to be found miniature buckets, shovels, toy animals, a tiny house and other appurtenances of a true, out-door sand-pile. The wider compartment contained the sand, and it was over this side of the table that two eager little heads were bent in utter oblivion to the distracting efforts of the wind and rain.

"We'll divide it in half," Teddy was saying.

But Nan, who was two whole years older than her little brother, and who felt ten times that, had different ideas on the subject. "No," she said with dominating finality, shaking her short curls out of her face. "I don't think that would work. You see," she explained with half conscious sophistry, "if we drew a line down the middle to divide it, the line might get covered or changed, and then we shouldn't be able to decide whose part the middle part was. Besides, I have a beautiful idea for fixing the whole box like a farm, but if we divide it that would be spoiled. S'posin' I made the farm and you brought me the animals so I could do it. That would be your share."

Nan took a long breath. She thought that she had proved her point, and Teddy didn't say a word. His big brown eyes that had been fixed on his sister's downcast lids had filled a bit with tears of disappointment. He had had an idea of his own for making a little garden around the toy house. Still he said nothing. He never argued with Nan. He didn't want to. He loved her too much to quarrel with her and then,—it was her prerogative to command. Was she not two years older than he? But this time he had so wanted half of his sand-table, and he could not see why she did not want to let him have it.

"Well, aren't you going to say something?" Nan broke out impatiently after a moment. She had looked up and seen the tears, and she knew she was acting wrongly, but that only irritated her.

"Let's—make—your farm," Teddy replied dutifully and with a childishly unsuccessful effort to "be a man."

But the farm was not to be. "Ain't you 'shamed on yourself, Nan!" came in harsh tones from the corner by the fire. It was Nurse coming to the rescue of her adored younger charge.

"I don't see why," the small offender replied in a half-wheedling, half-injured way.

"Don't see why! Not lettin' 'im/ play in 'is own box, and 'im so little. Always was like that, you was,—so sweet seemin', but all for 'avin' your own way, just the same. Now you divide that sand, or don't play in it at all!"

"Well, then, I just won't play! You can have your old sand-box. I don't care."

"Oh, Nanny, please play. You can make the farm if you want to, and we'll divide another time. Please let her, Nursey," Teddy begged in distressed tones. He couldn't bear to have Nan scolded and he had forgotten all about his plan for making a garden.

But Nan was ashamed of herself and would have died rather than admit it. If only Ted had quarreled or objected she would have asked him to excuse her and it would have been forgotten. As it was, she sulked in the corner, and he wept on Nurse's lap, and there was no more game that morning. The fire spread its orange glow in vain. The discontent of the rain-beaten world had seeped in somehow in spite of it.

Nan lay on her back looking straight up at the ceiling. If only that dreadful pain in her ears would stop! But she had had it so long now that she was almost used to it. She wondered where Teddy was. She had not seen him since the day she had been so mean about the sand-box,—and that had been weeks ago. She had been so sorry about that, and she had wanted to tell him so the next day, but Nurse had told her that Teddy had a cold and was in bed downstairs. Then Nan herself had been sick, so sick she hated to think about it. It was like a dreadful nightmare from which she could not awaken. Every morning Mother came up and sat by her bed, but lately she had looked so strange that Nan had hardly recognized her. Mother's face had never been so pale before or her eyes so bright. She would hold Nan's hand very tight, and look at her in a way that would make Nan burn all over and be afraid. Then the child wanted to put her arms about her mother's neck and kiss her and ask her what was the matter, but it was so hard to sit up and it hurt so to talk that she never did.

One day, Mother didn't come at all, and Nan had a queer, heavy feeling in her heart and felt like crying for no reason at all. On the next day there were strange people in her room. Some, she knew, were her aunts and uncles, but the others she had never seen before. They were all dressed in black and spoke in hushed tones. Nan asked Aunt Mab who the people were, and where Mother was and how Teddy felt. But Aunt Mab, who had curly black hair and bright eyes just like Mother, only shook her head and bent down and kissed her.

After a while all the people left. Only the lady-in-white was left. The

lady-in-white had been with Nan ever since she had been sick, and now that Nan began to be better, she read stories to her, nice ones, all about Lulu, Alice and Jimmy Wibblewobble, the little duck children. Nan was much happier than she had been for a long time, but every time she saw the sand-table standing neglected in the corner, she would think about the day when she had been so horrid to Teddy. She would see the tears in his eyes and remember what Nurse had said, and then she would squirm uncomfortably in bed. She planned all sorts of acts of atonement, and she could hardly wait for the time when she and Teddy would be able to make farms again. She missed him so much. Then, she promised herself, she would let him have the entire box for a whole week and she would do whatever he said. The mere anticipation of such self-sacrifice gave her all the pleasant thrills of martyrdom. If only the day would come.

It was early morning when Mother came up to Nan's room on a day that the little girl never forgot. She was up and dressed, for she was almost well again, and Mother called her to her and took her on her lap. It was a cool morning, and Nan snuggled up tight. The lady-in-white was gone, and it was nice to be all alone with Mother again. Her eyes wandered to the sand-table.

"When is Teddy coming up?" she asked dreamily.

At first there was no answer and the room seemed very still. Then Mother's voice was quivering, and she was saying in a very low tone, "Darling, Teddy is never coming again. He has gone on a very long journey and he is quite happy, but he will not come here again."

Nan sat bolt upright, her eyes wide with fear and astonishment. She did not understand. "A long journey"—she seemed to remember that Mother had once told her that people went on a long journey when they died, but only old people died, and it didn't much matter about them. Teddy,—no: that couldn't be true! "But I want him, Mother! I love him and he must come!"

Mother was crying now. "Yes, darling, but he was very sick and it is better so."

Then it was true. Nan felt as if someone were smothering her with a thick black cloak, and then she was sobbing, sobbing, sobbing on her mother's shoulder. Mother said nothing, only held her very tight. There was no sound in the room but the bewildered weeping of the child and the hopeless, half-suppressed grief of the mother.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Nan's heart beat fast with hope. Teddy had come back after all!—But it was only the maid come to ask Mother a question. Nan gulped convulsively. She had cried herself weak, and she felt empty and desolate and numb.

Then she saw the sand-table, still standing dumbly in the corner. Nan remembered with a pang that was worse than the bitter void of grief,—she could never tell him now! He would never know how sorry she was. There was nothing she could do, nothing, nothing—"Oh, Mother, he isn't ever going to come back, and I never told him I was sorry. He will always think I meant to be selfish and take his whole share,—and I was going to let him have it, too, as soon as he was well, and now,"—but Mother was kissing her and stroking her hair, and there were no tears left.

REVIEW OF THE GREEN HAT

By Michael Arlen.

Doran Company

There went a hat! It was meant to be gallant and rakish, like the Chiselhurst mind of Iris Storm. But after all its adventures, perhaps we feel that there is such a thing as too much "pour le sport." A Green Hat and an Errant lady, in the favorite manner of Maurice Hewlett!

Iris, in the first chapter, is distinctly bad; not naughty, but bad. One feels that her rather important mistake was all because she wanted to compare herself to the emerald ring that wouldn't stay on, "Beautiful, but loose." Gerald, apart from being an Opportunity, is negligible, like the husbands of Iris Storm, who are dead and also negligible—except in the manner of their dying. Venice rather upsets us, because we are not meant to sympathize with other ladies than the heroine. She is as startling as the chapter headings, "For Purity!" and "St. George for England!" which sound like a call to arms in the midst of profanity. We wince at Venice and her movingly stoic confidences, and we think, "It is too bad! One can't go on tolerating Vice at the expense of Virtue." And it is then that Iris nearly loses her lead.

But she gets it back, in the hospital, along with Napier and a non-penitent desire to pursue her old calling. And when she is well, the author buys her another hat, (*pour le même sport*), and she decides to go to South America—with Napier and without his wife. Can it be that Michael Arlen realizes the eternal fitness of South America—*pour le sport*? But before she goes, Iris takes a drive in the yellow Hispano and leather jacket to leave a fitting impression on the mind of her author, or perhaps she does it out of kindness. He fails to convince her that England and tradition are more lasting than the Argentine and doing-what-Iris-likes. But he forgives her, for that is the way of an Iris Storm. And then, she goes up to trial before her peers, including Napier's father; she goes up to trial no better than she should be, and comes forth—a St. Joan! Strange, charming, book, where ladies can be harlots until we are tired wondering how, then become heroines before we have time to wonder at all.

For St. George wins—but so does Iris Storm, in spite of her theatrical exit and brave, defiant piracy. She is a person at last, besides whom Venice is an inarticulate, selfish child; she is the victim of a myth—and her own mistakes; she is finally explained and understood. Mr. Arlen has saved her by the old, old fallacy of appeal "*ad populum*," which is as effective in the midst of our cynicism as it was in the days of complete romance.

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And is it a "bad influence?" And is it an "immoral book?" It is not like other books—it is either above or below them according to the experience of her who reads it. One meets so many "influences" that the adventures of Iris Storm need not be weighed as such in the balance and found wanting. Like all swash-bucklers, she is distinctly more primitive than conventional. The gravity of the book, if it is necessary to consider it as an "influence" may lie in the fact that Michael Arlen has idealized his swash buckler. He sees her passionately, and so must we—unless we see her absurdly.

Apart from Iris, the style is worth it all. It is a style which accumulates too quickly, we would like to push a little of it off, but it is color itself and a justification for clever conversation as practiced by others than the litterati. There are words and ideas and fantacies in the book worth learning—and forgetting. If one never learns them, one misses a great stimulation, but if one never forgets them, it is dangerous!

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SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXXIII

JANUARY, 1925

No. 4

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AS WE APPROACH

At this season of the year it has always been the custom in these pages to refer appropriately to the near, forbidding future. Whatever tone may have been adopted, whether serious or facetious, the editorial page of *Monthly* tried to provide some variety of cheer for those who read its columns. It gained forgiveness for this by its ardent desire that somebody would read its columns, but it was truly eager to aid in enabling its readers to become equal to certain occasions.

As those certain occasions again draw near us, the tradition must not fail. There shall be, nevertheless, a difference this year. There shall be no word on cramming, condemnatory or otherwise. That is always done by someone, but we leave it to others this time. Nothing shall be said of the mental attitude in situation of strain. Nor shall we dwell on self-induced panic, hysteria, or the benefit of exercise between times.

We will, however, touch lightly on those free hours which we know exist, despite the necessities which seem to demand all the above advice. What of those free hours? Are they not the long-sought opportunity to write something for *Monthly*? Are they not completely, amazingly free when they come? What

week-end or holiday in the college year is so completely irresponsible as a free day when obligations have been met? Where is the theme that only needs to be polished? And there is that story which would be good if the ending were a bit different. Writers, and would-be writers, let us hear no more, "I have no time!"

As we said, the tradition differs this year. We beg you to notice that this issue is unusually cheerful.

NOVICE

Mary de Coningh

I think the earth must welcome this first snow
That comes with white and gentle hands to dress
Her wasted form, grown threadbare long ago,
And still her restless hands with quietness.
Perhaps earth never dreamed this white nun's veil
Would be so gladly worn, in other days,
When gay October lit each altar-hill
With flaming torches of its pagan ways.
But when October died, there followed chill
Gray days of desolation, and the skies
Looked down upon an earth grown strangely still.
In loneliness and grief grown strangely wise
'T was so earth served her penance-time, and now
In purity of snow she takes her vow.

FREEDOM

Sally Linley

Sylvia woke and rolled over into the warm yellow pool of sunlight that lay across her bed. With a start she thought:

“It’s to-day!”

Funny that the most important day of her life should be just the same as all the others. Through the windows came the sputtering sound of the hose and the smell of damp gravel. Wong was at the morning round of hosing down the drives. Even the room was no different: a little congested and mussed, perhaps, but that was quite as usual. The cruelly bright light showed up all its familiar shabbinesses: she might have been eight or twelve or sixteen, just wakened, and ready at any moment to sham sleep again should Madelaine bounce in for something from the chiffonier. She wondered now what time it was. Her watch must be in the bathroom: that was a bad trick she had: she hoped she wouldn’t leave it in any hotel on the trip.

Someone was coming down the hall. Mother? Oh, in books Mothers came on the last morning and kissed one and said:

“So I’m going to lose my little girl at last!”

Gracious! But that wasn’t *like* Mother. Since nothing else seemed different, it was hardly likely that Mother would suddenly have grown sentimental. Nevertheless, the turning of the knob frightened her, and she shivered down into the bedclothes as the door opened.

No. Mother came in and kissed her briskly on the forehead, and then sat down and scanned her casually from the side of the bed. There were no signs of tears, or even of a sleepless night.

“I hoped you’d sleep later than this,” she said. “You’re going to stay in bed for breakfast, you know.”

“Why, how silly! Indeed I’m not! Everybody’s busy, and I’ve dozens of things to do myself.”

“Yes, you are.”

Mother was quite firm. She picked up her dressing gown from the foot of the bed and, leaning over, slipped it around her shoulders.

“Better put this on if you’re going to sit up,” she said. “Mercy, Sylvia,” —as she turned the sleeves right side out— “this is frightfully shabby. It’s really very lucky that you can finally begin wearing your trousseau.”

And then something very strange happened. Suddenly Sylvia put her arms about her mother and hid her nose in her soft, slightly wrinkled neck.

“Mother,” she said, and her voice was annoyingly unsteady, “why did you let me do it?”

Mrs. Herbert laughed softly and drew her close.

"And suppose I'd tried to prevent you, dear?"

"Oh, but Mother, I *mean it*! Why did you let me go and fall in love and tell Paul I'd marry him? To-day?" She burrowed deeper.

"Because you wanted to, dearest."

"Yes, but *do* I? I'm not so sure. Do I want to *marry* Paul?"

"Why, darling, anyone would!"

"Oh, I know. It isn't Paul I mean. It's marrying."

She lifted her head and began plucking intently at the puff.

"It's—it's giving up freedom."

"Oh, Sylvia, marriage doesn't mean that any more. Nowadays a woman isn't tied to her home. You'll have servants—you can get away. It isn't as if Paul didn't have money, dear."

"Mother, it *does* mean that. I shan't be tied in the old way, no. But—oh Mother, I used to know all this before I met Paul! I used to cry it from the housetops. It was my creed! I can't go back on it now just because—because I have him."

"But suppose you were wrong?"

"I know. That's what I thought when I let myself be engaged. But now it's getting closer and closer—oh, Mother, I'm afraid again!"

She clung to her almost convulsively.

"Sylvia, dear," began Mother patiently. "This is . . ."

She was interrupted by a knock at the door and a faint clashing.

"That's Selma with your breakfast. Hurry up and wash before it gets all cold."

When she returned, Selma was still hovering about.

"I shall have to go now: Father's waiting. But don't get up until you feel like it," Mother told her as she hopped back into bed. "Then go out and walk around outside. You'll merely be in the way in the house."

"That's silly," said Sylvia. "Promise you'll call me if you want me?"

"Of course."

And—as the door closed behind Selma—

"Cheer up, ducky. People always feel this way on their wedding day."

Sylvia's eyes brimmed with foolish tears.

"Truly?"

"Truly."

They gave each other chilly little pecks.

Her bath cheered Sylvia considerably. She splashed about in it for some time, and even began to sing a bit. Just to think, though, that this was the last time she'd ever bathe here! Well, practically. There it was, again. How would Paul like to be awakened early and told:

"Paul, dear, I'd like you to get up and take me over to Mother's. I feel like a bath in my old tub to-day."

She leaped out and began briskly to rub away uncomfortable thoughts.

It was deliciously, lazily warm to-day. She got out an old faded linen, much too short, and put it on. Yes, it *was* just as well that she could begin to wear her trousseau. She looked shabby; comfortably, independently so. She ran downstairs, her stiff, short skirt flipping against the balustrade.

The rooms below were significantly empty, their blinds drawn to keep out the sun. A busy hum came from the back regions. Selma was letting in the florists: they came staggering under armfuls of color and scent, which burst from their shimmering green papers. Instantly the cool air of the darkened house, as if eager to receive it, caught up the sweet, heavy scent of the flowers and passed it about from one room to another.

"Oh, can't I help arrange them, Selma?" cried Sylvia.

"I think the men are going to do it, Miss Sylvia. Anyway"—she smiled in a brooding, nursemaidly way, "you ought to be resting, shouldn't you?"

Oh, it wasn't fair! Sylvia had an absurd sense of neglect. All this fuss which she wasn't allowed to be in.

"It's all for you, Goop!" she told herself, and went out into the garden.

Wong was still sprinkling, the brick walks now and the flower beds. He bobbed and smiled knowingly. Even he wasn't going to let her forget it. The flowers, bent under the onrush of water, sprang back again, flinging out silver drops. There was a lovely warm, wet smell about everything.

"My garden," she whispered, and then caught herself up: "Mother's and Father's garden. I shall have one of my own, I suppose; all new and bare and mostly green stakes."

She could hear Paul and herself, fretting about frosts and bugs and worms. Here, in Father's garden, worms were not given the satisfaction of being noticed. Suppose they *did* eat up a patch or so: there were so many things that they soon grew discouraged and went off.

Oh, this being married! She wandered up and down, snapping off flowers' heads and squeezing them to fragrant juice in her abstraction. Tying oneself, irrevocably binding oneself! Mother was right: anyone *would* want to marry Paul: that is, provided one wanted to marry. He was the most sympathetic, the most understanding man one could imagine. And still, he couldn't understand this feeling of hers. Once she had tried to speak to him of it: he had laughed it away. With a man, to love is to possess, to be possessed. If he could love someone, what more could he want than to be near her, to be at her beck and call, to have to come to her and account for all his goings out and his comings in—from this time forth, and forever more. The familiar sound of this startled her: was it a part of the marriage ceremony? She really couldn't remember. Would she have to swear to this, perhaps? Heavens, how very dreadful!

"You're working yourself into a state, Sylvia," she said severely. She went on, and, to distract herself, tried to remember what she must have left out of her luggage. She decided to go back and look it over.

It stood in her room, new and black and shiny: a trunk, a hat trunk, and a valise. And on each piece was neatly printed S. H. B. in assured gold letters.

Really, it was too formidable to look into. How dared one question such luggage as this? Why, even before she had taken it for hers, this luggage had appropriated the name of Burton, and now flaunted it proudly in the face of all beholders!

"My old life's deliberately leaving me," she thought. "I'm not leaving it, it's leaving me. I'm being forced into prison. Everything is against me: Mother and Father, Selma, the luggage, Paul—everything."

She could have blessed them for the way they all behaved at luncheon. No one so much as mentioned "marriage," or even "wedding." And they had all her favorite foods to eat: artichokes with mayonnaise, and little round, hot biscuits (think of Mamie making little biscuits when she must be so busy!) and Charlotte Russe.

At four o'clock, when Mother, behind closed doors, was busy with the table, Selma brought up her traveling dress.

"It's come at last, Miss," she said, and together they undid the wrappings.

Really, Sylvia could not believe that any dress of hers could be so impressively beautiful and grown up. It was tan duvetyn, with a full, floating cape. With it she could wear the little tan hat with a long veil, and tan suede shoes. And there would be flowers at her waist, of course: Paul would think of that.

"It's certainly beautiful," Selma crooned admiringly. Then she laughed. "You're all ready to start right off now, aren't you?"

Why, so she was! Trunk and suitcase packed, clothes laid out: ready to go off right now, anywhere she wanted. An idea came into her mind and insisted on being thought of. By its very daring it caught and held her spellbound. After all, she needn't take the new life, she needn't even keep the old life which seemed so disconcertingly anxious to get rid of her. She could choose an entirely different life by merely slipping away. By simply putting on these clothes, taking that bag, and walking out the front door she could fashion an entirely new existence for herself, out of whole cloth. And it was all so appallingly easy. She could only wonder why she hadn't thought of it before. But how sensational it would be! She could just see it blazoned in the papers:

BRIDE TO BE FLEES AT ELEVENTH HOUR!

She shook herself impatiently.

"Sylvia, you're silly!" she said. "Don't *always* be guided by what people would say. This is *not* unreasonable. You shouldn't marry Paul if you're not quite sure. It wouldn't be fair to him. Besides, this isn't necessarily final. It would at least serve as a breathing space and give you time to think.

"Well, if you think it's reasonable, go down and tell Mother now."

But this was manifestly impossible. Mother wouldn't be convinced; it would upset her even more than running away would. Even if she believed her daughter quite justified, she couldn't agree to this while in the midst of her wedding preparations.

"If you're going to do it, do it now, before you've changed your mind."

Obediently, she began to put on her things. It seemed sacrilege, in a way

to wear the clothes intended for the wedding trip for this covert escape. And yet, they were all she had. Everything else was locked in the trunk. With a fierce determination she went ahead with her preparations. Five o'clock. She had just time to catch the Owl. And once in San Francisco, she could wire for the rest of her luggage, and money to take her wherever she decided to go.

Suddenly a door opened downstairs.

"Selma!" called Mother, "Selma!"

Was she coming up? Sylvia went cold with fear. The slightest block in her path, now, of course, and she would not go. She waited, motionless, halfway between the closet and the dresser.

But Selma answered, and they went back into the dining room together and shut the door.

"I shall have to write them a note," thought Sylvia. "Oh, that will be the most theatrical of all! And shall I have to leave it on Mother's pincushion, too?"

But no: she would leave it here on the dresser. She found paper and a pen and wrote, stating the facts as plainly as she might.

"Dear Mother and Father:

I'm so very sorry to have to do this to you. But I find I simply can't bring myself to marriage—at least not yet. I wish I might have known before, so that I could have spared you all the trouble. I'm going to San Francisco, and from there shall wire you my plans. Please, *please* forgive me.

Sylvia.

P. S. I realize how absurdly sensational this seems, and I wish there might be some other way to do it. I shall write to Paul, of course."

Hastily, she sealed it, and then locked her bag and drew on her cape. Suppose someone should appear while she was on her way down stairs! She went out stealthily and tiptoed down. There was no one about: everyone was behind the big closed door of the dining room. Quietly she let herself out and walked to the corner. It was not long before a taxi came up and stopped at her signal.

"To the Southern Pacific station," she directed.

She dared not think of Paul. And yet he rose before her constantly.

"Oh, Paul, Paul dear," she told him. "I know I'm being unfair to you. It isn't that I don't love you, dearest. Oh, if you could only understand!"

But how futile all this was! He couldn't. It was just because he could never understand that she was not going to marry him. Not going to marry him! But she loved him, dreadfully! Then she was giving up what she loved most in the world for freedom.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much

Loved I not—loved I not—loved I not—freedom more."

Why did she keep thinking of such perfectly absurd things?

They had reached the station. The taxi swirled up under the arcade and came to a grinding stop. A red cap popped his head in at the door and seized her bag.

"Goin' on the Owl, Miss? Well, we've just about time to make it."

"And I haven't my ticket yet," she told him.

They purchased it and went toward the gate. As she went through she thought:

"In three hours we should have been going through here together—with rice in my veil."

Married! Mrs. Paul Burton.

"But you're free, now, Sylvia, you're free! And that's what you want, isn't it?"

"You have only your chains to lose; you have the whole world to gain!"

Far ahead the red cap turned and called:

"All abo'ed, Miss!"

All down the steaming arcade, the harsh cry went ringing:

"All aboard!"

She *couldn't* turn back now! Her things were in the train. Hastily, she slipped money into the hand of her porter and was hoisted up onto the platform. They were moving. Every second brought new ranks of people into view, standing on the walks with upturned faces, waving to someone in the train. And suddenly Sylvia wanted desperately to cry. For the first time in her life she was going away alone with no one to see her off: she hadn't so much as a single rosebud or a chocolate cream. Why, as a matter of fact, no one knew she was going! Not even Paul! It would be an hour, probably, before he even discovered. Oh, no, not so much now. Mother would call him, of course, as soon as she discovered. Poor dazed Paul! If he could only know how much she'd be wanting him! But he couldn't. Oh, he'd never, *never* understand!

She found her section and began automatically to settle her belongings. The first thing, of course, was to write to Paul. She started to the parlor car for stationery. Oh, what would she say, what would she *say*? Thought, expressible and inexpressible, crowded into her mind. So preoccupied was she that she actually upset a wee toddler in the aisle, who at once set up a prodigious howling.

"Oh, I *am* sorry," she said, and handed him back to an amazed mother, her eyes brimming with tears.

The parlor car was noisy and full of smoke and people. With great difficulty she managed to force her way to the writing table, and snatch up some paper. A man was sitting next to it, his back to her, looking out of the window. Someone brushed against him in passing, and he half turned.

"Paul!" cried Sylvia.

He was up in an instant, and for a moment she was afraid he was going to faint.

"Sylvia!" he said, "Sylvia!"

They stood, staring into each others eyes, only dimly conscious of the people who lurched against them in passing. Presently they found each other's hands, and stood so, quiet and dazed, in the midst of that crowding uproar. It was enough for both for the moment that they should merely be together. Then:

"Let's get out where we can talk somewhere," Paul said.

They went forward and stopped in the first vestibule. He gripped her wrists until they hurt, and almost shook her in his intensity.

"Sylvia—what are you doing here?"

She found it impossible to look in his eyes and dropped her own.

"I—I'm running away, Paul."

For a long moment he said nothing. Oh, *why* didn't he speak? Hadn't he explanations of his own to make? Startled at last into looking up, she did so, and met his gaze. It was curious, rather, and puzzled. He seemed relieved to meet her eyes again.

"From what? From me?"

"N-no. From being married."

He dropped her hands, then, with a start, and laughed shakily.

"I know," he said. "So am I."

She gave a little cry and clutched his arm.

"Paul—You understand, then?"

He nodded. She needed no words. In a flash she saw that he knew and felt all that she did. They stood together, a great common sympathy between them, too close for speech. Sylvia began to cry softly, and turned away her face from him toward the window.

"Oh, Paul, dear," she gulped, "I never, never thought *you'd* understand. I thought you'd think me a coward; a brute. . . . that you'd think I didn't love you."

"Hush, darling, I know."

She cried quietly for a time. Her own presently becoming a sodden little mop, he whipped out a great, crisp, handkerchief and slipped it into her hand.

"But we *are* rather dreadful, Paul, you know."

"Yes, I know it," he admitted. "Really, I don't know what ever made me do this, Sylvia. I *was* a coward: and I certainly was a fool."

"Thank you!" She smiled up at him through her tears.

"No, but now I see what a perfect idiot I was to ever think I could get along without you. I don't see how the devil I did. You know I was just going to jump off the train when you came?—Sylvia,"— he caught a corner of her veil between his fingers—"you look stunning! Is this—is this—"

She nodded.

"My going-away dress; yes. Thank you, Paul. I'm glad you like it."

She said it almost shyly.

"But of course," he began eagerly, "we'll go back now and be married. And—"

Vehemently she shook her head.

"No, Paul."

He looked at her in amazement.

"Oh, Sylvia, you can't mean it? Surely you want to? You see, don't you? going away isn't freedom, dear—not if you need me the way I need you."

How could she refuse him? Never, never had she wanted to be his, wholly his, as she did at this moment. Surely this that he offered was better than freedom. Or wasn't it freedom? Could life ever be free without him?

"Paul," she said, (if he could only know what an effort it cost her!) "truly, dearest, I don't think we ought to give this up until we've tried it. Oh, I *don't*. We're so—so happy at finding each other now, we don't know what we're doing. Wait! (as he tried to interrupt her). Paul, if we could both run away for it the very hour before we were going to be married, there *must* be something in it. Don't you think so, dear?"

"Oh, yes, perhaps. But Sylvia, it couldn't mean as much as being married. Dearest, you *know* that: you can't say you don't see it."

She looked up at him almost beseechingly.

"I know," she said. "It seems that way now. But Paul, really, I can't marry you now. I shouldn't be sure of myself or you if I did. And neither would you. Oh, darling, *please*, let's not talk of it now. I-I can't, Paul.

Her voice quivered piteously.

"Poor little thing," he said tenderly, "you're tired out. Let's go and get you some dinner."

Like a weary little girl she turned obediently and walked up the aisle before him. Oh, it was such a relief to have him with her! To stand aside while he opened the heavy doors for her, and shielded her from passengers, elbowing their way through the car. To have him parley with the head waiter, and appropriate the menu and order pad.

"Paul," she told him, "if I ever do marry anyone, it'll be you. It's disconcerting, the way you fit all my requirements for a husband."

He laughed.

"Is ordering one of them?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, yes! Perhaps the foremost. That and—freedom."

They smiled into each other's eyes.

After dinner they went out onto the observation platform and, sheltered in a corner, smoked and talked together. They had reached the mountains: now the red and green signal lights along the track flashed out as suddenly as they had appeared, blotted out by the shoulder of a hill at a sudden turn in the road. The air, cool and soft, fanned Sylvia's hair, and, tired as she was, the regular clicketty-clicketty, clicketty-click of the wheels almost sent her into a doze. Into this drowsy languor Paul's voice came, now and then, infinitely dear.

"Sylvia," he asked presently, "what are we going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, helplessly. "Paul, where are you going?"

He flicked off a cigarette ash against the iron rail.

"Well, really," he answered, "I don't know. I thought I'd decide when I got to San Francisco. Sail for Seattle, perhaps. Where did you think you were going?"

"I thought if I got to San Francisco and decided to go East, I could wire for money. I could go and visit Marjorie, you know."

"Don't need to wire," he said. "I've plenty."

She laughed.

"Yes, but I can't take your money, dear. After all, we *aren't* married, you know."

He snorted.

"Well, then, borrow, if you like. Sylvia—I don't suppose I could come with you?"

She shook her head.

"You mean people'd talk?"—with evident disgust.

"Yes, dear, I really think they would." She began to laugh. "You know it's so absurd—our caring about what people say. Isn't it?"

Her mind refused to dwell on the consternation at home. Two of them gone! Oh, it was *too* funny! But it was tragic, too. Think of the florists, the caterers, the bridesmaids—Oh, they'd both been very wicked! And yet once again she was quite certain that Mother would forgive her—because she would understand so well. Then if they ever *did* marry, they'd have to have it very quiet and inexpensive. She was quite certain she'd like that better, anyway.

"Well, I know it!" Paul was remonstrating. "And that's just why—"

"No, Paul," she said firmly, "you can't come with me."

It was late when she left him, and she was so tired that she dropped off almost at once into a deep sleep.

They ate their breakfast at a table in what little sun the Golden Gate could muster so early in the morning. The windows gave onto a vast flat expanse of gray sea and sky, with very little demarcation between the two. Now and then a gull, gathering all the light onto its wheeling body, cut a gleaming pattern across the leaden background. And even into the stuffy train drifted the sharp clean smell of the sea.

"I've been looking up the trains for Chicago," said Paul, spreading a time table before him. "There's one at ten—that would give you barely time to buy your reservations and get on board. And then there—"

"I shall take that one," she told him.

"Sylvia—you could just as well wait 'till tonight. We'd have a wonderful day. Lunch at the Cliff House—a swim if you liked—"

Resolutely she put away from her the picture of a glorious, wind-whipped day on the cliffs. They liked to be together nowhere more than by the sea.

"No," she said. "I can't. I *must* go soon, soon—as soon as possible. I've got to get away."

"What from? Me. There's nothing else you've got to get away from."

"No. But I haven't tried freedom, yet. Being with you now isn't freedom, married or unmarried. And you ought to give it a trial, too, Paul. We've got to stand by our principles, you know!"

"No," he said. "I don't see the slightest reason why. We wanted to get married. Then we thought for a short, very misguided while that perhaps we didn't. And now we're sure we do. Why shouldn't we?"

"Ssh, darling!! That's just what the lady behind you has been wondering, for the last five minutes. Well, in the first place, we aren't sure of any such thing—of the opposite, in fact. And in the second place,"—She leaned over to pat his very nice hand—"you simply *must* be quiet for a moment and let me think."

She had intended to concentrate on time-tables. And then suddenly it occurred to her—the only thing that had stood between them before had been this desire for freedom, which she had thought he didn't understand. And he did! There was nothing left, then. Oh, it was hard to go away from him just to prove—or disprove—a hazy principle which they both half-thought they had.

"And now, Paul," she asked, "What are *you* going to do?"

"Are you really sure you won't marry me now?"

"Quite, dear."

"Well, then, go North, I guess, as I'd planned. And then—home, I suppose. I'll have to get back to work sometime, I suppose."

"Paul, I *hate* to make you go back and face the music alone. It's awfully mean of me. Just think—what *will* people say? Imagine how they've been talking!"

"Oh, I don't give a damn *what* they say! I suppose they'll think we've eloped, won't they?"

"Yes, I suppose they will. If they only knew!"

They both laughed, mirthlessly.

They had barely finished breakfast when the train came into Berkeley. They bought her reservations at once: she would reach Chicago on Thursday and get to New York Friday evening. Paul left her for but a moment, and when he came back he had roses, and magazines, and a basket of fruit. They settled her things in her section, and then she hurried him, protesting, from the train, absurdly fearful that at the last minute he would insist upon going with her. Over the railing of the observation platform she leaned, and said short, trivially irrelevant things to him.

And suddenly the ten-fold cry rang down the length of the echoing arcade.

"All aboard!"

She bent down and they kissed quietly.

"Sylvia," he whispered, "are you coming back to me?"

"Oh, darling—I don't know!"

They began to slip out of the station. Every second brought into view new ranks of people, standing on the walks with unturned faces, waving to someone in the train. And far at the end she could see Paul, standing and watching her out of sight. Oh, she had never been so lonely before!

THE CREAM OF AMERICAN GIRLHOOD

Jessie Lloyd

It was one of those tables where the silence is so hard and stiff that one feels physically unable to ask for the salt. The questioning yet bored glances of the other members of the circle, interrupted from their eating and their reveries, one does not incur if one can possibly help it; it is too devastating to one's confidence in the higher nature of man. A large and emphatic Nothing surrounds and permeates every one, forcing the more sensitive souls to gaze restlessly at those opposite. When they catch an eye, they make a lightning shift of focus out to a distant table, because the flash of instinctive human feeling at the moment of meeting only makes it more painfully evident that there is Nothing to say.

There were six Keepers of the Silence. Four of them were freshmen, who would by next year have learned how to rattle on and on about classes and papers and writtens, for the mere purpose of keeping the atmosphere in motion. But they had not learned it yet. The girl from the western high school was philosophical in too abstract a way, and stupendously ignorant of the conventions of college. She kept the silence because everything she had said before had been wrong. The thick-looking lump next to her was obviously taciturn by nature, and showed no interest in anything except mathematics (particularly as applied to helpings of dessert.) At the foot of the table was a doll-like sophomore with a fluffy yellow shingle, whose small and regular features would have made a pretty face if the whole ensemble had not been unbelievably flat in profile. Though ordinarily far from silent, she did not see in the group around her any one who would appreciate what she could tell them; so she allowed her thoughts to be absorbed by "Bob darling." On her cheerful and negligent left was the homesick freshman of the house, red-eyed, with thin hair hanging lifeless on a drooping head; who would not look beyond her plate, yet paid no attention to that, as her pinched features showed. If she was addressed, she responded by a tortured smile, which lapsed back almost immediately into unrelieved suffering. The small freshman next to her was of that groundlessly respectful type that is resolved never to speak unless spoken to, and then no more than to give a direct answer. Under this worthy maxim she hid the fact that she had nothing in the wide world to say. The head of the unfortunate aggregation was a senior, by untoward accident one of the least loquacious of her class: conscientious, but not very confident. Helen had been to Silver Bay, had heard of the evils of campus table conversation, and had actually made out at home, in expectation of the coming year, a list of the things people will always talk about, such as love, engagements, books, "When I was a little girl," "What the

future will bring." These subjects she dragged into the long lulls by the hair of the head, or by the feet, and then was surprised that they died young.

After the table had been together for five days, the silences were almost heavier than in the beginning. At dinner, while the dishes were being cleared, Helen was in despair.

"I wish I knew what I was going to do when I get out," she ventured.

There was a pause; then "So do I," said the philosophic one. The fluffy sophomore, who had no doubts about her future, smiled, but only in disdain. No one else made a sign. Silence resumed its sway, and lasted until it was again unbearable.

"Did you ever use to play hide-and-go-seek when you were a child?" Helen asked, sweeping her eyes vaguely and (to her credit be it said) with embarrassment around the circle.

All remained unmoved, except the homesick one, who answered, "Yes!" in a tense voice, and with difficulty restrained herself from tears. The silence this time was just as long, and even more unendurable.

Suddenly the taciturn one broke all precedent by making a remark, "I wonder what we are going to have for dessert?" she said.

"Oh, I hope it's chocolate pudding!" exclaimed the meek freshman, forgetting herself.

"So do I—I love chocolate," agreed the sophomore.

"I do too, but I'd rather have apple pie," replied the lump.

And the spell was broken. "My dear, do you know I can never eat apples" "Did you ever try chess cake?" "My mother makes wonderful gingerbread—" "But I hate cocoanut—" "Why don't we ever have prune whip?" "Oh, do you love it too? My soul-mate!"

* * * * *

Time passed, the end of the meal came, and every one stood up to go, but Helen's table, though risen with the rest, was still discussing eagerly. "How can you hate tomatoes? They're lovely!" "Nothing to lobster à la Newburg, though."

The head of the house, sweeping past on her triumphal exit, heard nothing, and saw only their illumined faces. Her heart warmed to a moment of forgetfulness of all her trials. "Really," she thought to herself, "It's very stimulating, at my age, to be here with all these young people. They are so lively and intelligent!"

LITANY**Sally Linley**

To-day, for certain reasons unavoidable,
I must go down the wood road that we walked
Together in November of last year.
I have a fear of traveling alone
That perilous pathway through a burning world.
May I pass safely onward through the blue
Of smoky autumn clinging to the hills
And may I not be choked
By bitter odor of the charring year.
From blaze of bittersweet, from smouldering sumach flame
Oh, Lord, deliver me!

FORTUNE**Cecile O. Philips**

Peter will be handsome, extravagant and clever
Yet he swung his chunky porridge bowl as clumsily as ever.
Peter; young, imperious, haughty a bit, and proud;
But when he capsized on the stair he wept aloud.
This isn't human frailty or some star-throbbing jest
That Peter goes through childhood insulted, like the rest
Obliged to bow to door steps, to smirk and nod at sticks
To be polite to garter snakes and his own flying bricks?
Oh, Peter, running, laughing with a dreamless wit,
Dust, there between your very toes; it gets the best of it.

SKETCH

Alice Scudder

Up and down, all of them hating it, like wide-hipped cows goaded into awkward, hasty lumberings by the soprano yappings of a young dog, the gym class marched, wheeling obediently at the command "About FACE—two-three!" And the little gym teacher, erect, thudding backwards, gleaming at them, keeping them up by hoarse comments. On and on, two hundred girls marching up and down... up and down; two hundred feet stamping impatiently on the "three," all of them doing the same thing, and all of them hating it.... Like circus horses with their trainer.

"Attent—shun!" the gym teacher smacked the hard calves of her sleek legs together, threw back her head and stiffened to attention, perilously erect, "Hands on hips—place!" She tore out the "place" through her throat and stretched her mouth back, away from the word, the muscles of her cheeks and neck tight under her drawn skin. They jerked up their hands.

Half an hour. It was over. They swarmed from the room, ripping off dirty middies as they ran. And then they were standing under warm showers, gurgling and giggling, and later screaming under the lacerating cold. Hurrying back, wet sheets snatched about wet shoulders, slopping, dripping against wet legs. Lockers slammed shut—and they were off, giggling... giggling... always giggling.

POEM

There are waves of lake and sea
Known by sea gulls intimately;
Ripples on a clear faced pool
Known by tip-ups as a rule;
Inland where the green leaves twine
Wrens know waves of ivy-vine;
Down where elfin breezes pass
I know waves of meadow grass.

Caroline Jenkins

WHIMSY

Helen M. Hitchcock

Mr. Lawrence Herbert, recently of Foxcroft Terrace, arranged his lean frame angularly over a small porch settle in order to begin the appreciation of his sixth evening on old Kenrick street. Appreciation was his side-line in life, a hobby with him, and he had come here to get the flavor of a decaying neighborhood. Its brick houses and flagged sidewalks had a mouldy disreputability more delightful to him than the fresh neatness of lawns and gravelled driveways of the suburban terrace. Yet old Kenrick Street puzzled him. Something in its nature he had vaguely sensed but not yet understood. Mr. Herbert crossed a knee and thrust his elbows over the settle's backpiece with an air of abandoning himself thoroughly to surroundings. He contracted his respectable middle-aged forehead, raising his eyebrows ever so slightly. This was the sixth in the series of appreciations. He would see what he would see.

The evening atmosphere was heavy and warm as if it had been pocketed in Kenrick Street a century past and never gotten out. Particles of rotting steps and balusters from all the row of house fronts mingled with particles of rank growths of plants from tangled back yards to produce a smell of tropical humidity. And this the houses were silently absorbing into their interiors through gas-lit hallways and dark windows. The inhabitants were abroad on the walks. Mr. Herbert heard their voices, especially the low voices of men, and saw the little lights on the ends of their cigarettes. He only half noticed when a long-tailed dog nosed at his porch and then went padding off into the shadow of the street; and he only half heard when the heavy foot of a passerby stubbed against an uneven flag and made it ring metalically.

At length, not interrupting the vagueness of his mood, Mr. Herbert rose, turned the handle of the dark double door with a slow wrist movement, and entered the house. The door closed heavily, shutting him into a black interior where the only light was the dull shape of a transom onto the porch. He groped up a stairway and retired in the dark. The rooms below and above him were silent like tombs. He lay awake and listened.

There were still footsteps on the walks outside, but they grew fewer as the night became late. Doors, heavy and jarring, closed up and down the street. Somewhere down by the cellar wall of the house he was in, a loud cricket started a feverish chirping. But there was another sound, an overtone to all of these. It was a soft, breathing sound. Mr. Herbert recognized it as the murmuring of two great cottonwoods in the back yard. He had heard it the five nights previous. Tonight it made him think of the sad hushed whispering of trees in a graveyard. No breath of air came in at the window; the cottonwood boughs seemed to be sighing of their own accord. They sighed until morning.

Mr. Lawrence Herbert stayed on old Kenrick Street a week longer to make sure of something. Then he returned to Foxcroft Terrace. A friend, surprised to see him there, made inquiry. The answer was,

“Kenrick Street is dead, Sir. The people living there don't know it is. But I found out one night. The houses died some years ago. The house I was living in was dead. And knowing this, of course I wouldn't have presumed to stay.”

VALUATION

Hilda Hulbert

Here is one of the great modern paradoxes, I suppose; namely, that at the season of the year supposed to be richest in spiritual values, we are brought face to face most unavoidably with the values of the world. In the course of a whole year, we will not turn over again as many price tags as we have in one day of Christmas shopping. Lurking down tea-pot spouts or secreting themselves in the back covers of books, we have learned to find them with the minimum amount of effort and to react to them with the minimum amount of emotion. The fact is, however, that nothing costs what the price-mark tells us.

We do not pay in money at all. Each of us deals in an individual currency, pays in terms of some coveted and self-recognized treasure, the only standard he can really comprehend. For example, between the ages of seven and ten, I dealt entirely in ice-cream cones. Confronted with the price of anything, transubstantiation took place immediately. Stranger problems have revolved in human brains than the seemingly ridiculous ones of school arithmetics: "If one house equals four lambs' tails, how many houses equals six lambs' tails?" My question would be more like this: "If one trolley car ride equals two ice-cream cones, is it worthwhile to go skating two zones out of the city?" At the age of eleven my values went up, by a process you can all comprehend: my currency became the the movie admission unit. Oh, I have become sophisticated since. At present I deal in books and music. (Three *Mark Twain Autobiographies* for one silly dress; a *Tchaikowsky Concerto* for a pair of gloves.) When I became a millionaire, I shall reckon in nothing less than Mason and Hamlins; The clerks would be indeed bewildered if they could guess what was going on in my head.

Which reminds me, I saw a youngster at the bidding of a righteous mother drop a fat red lolly-pop in the Salvation Army basket yesterday. Neither the mother nor the nodding poke-bonneted figure suspected it, but any one with half an eye could have seen it. And the other day a plump little lady paid out yards and yards of ribbon for bows for her cat's collar, in calico for aprons right under my nose. But I may have been quite wrong about it; one can never tell; sometimes the person himself does not know.

This individual equation, I am sure, is responsible for the high prices of to-day. It is why nothing has been done unitedly or cooperatively by the people in protest. We all feel hotly enough, but because no two of us pay the same price for an article, we are not hot over the same things.

"My gracious!" I overheard a lady say on the street car the other day, "I paid the whole of two dollars and a half for this broom."

"My dear lady," I wanted to cry out, "but I paid two dollars for this simple edition of Keats!"

After all it is not against the high prices of our treasures that we really

protest. It is against the high cost of necessities that we revolt. Living seems dear to us only because we pay for what we need in terms of what we desire. And for that reason it will always be dear. As for our treasures, incensed as we appear to be when we think them overpriced, we would be more deeply wounded were they underpriced. To find that others think what we value even more valuable than we had supposed is an honor to our darling; but to find them thinking what we value, of less account, is an insult to it, in spite of the superficial and temporary pleasure at finding it within our reach.

Personally the biggest shock I have experienced this buying season was not of the super but of the infra variety. I was attracted in the Five and Ten Cent Store by a crowd of small boys clamoring and pushing toward some central attraction. I elbowed my way toward them to see the sight, whatever it might be. There stood a huge tank of gold-fish, their golden-red, orange, shimmering bodies flashing, flipping through the water. At the side was the sign: *Gold-fish; Ten Cents Apiece*. What! One of these lovely beings, its body as intricately perfect as ours, epitome of graceful motion and airy sophistication, selling for the price of a clumsy "made in Germany" toy? It was absurd, revolting. I would buy all the gold-fish in the world and sell them as they should be sold, for—what shall we say? —babies' smiles, or cherubs' feathers? No, I will not put my valuation on them. Some day I shall set up a store and sell everything for one price; the value the purchaser holds it for. Nor shall I lose. Far from it, for, the worldly valuation out of the question, and of course I shall not deal in necessities, only those whose desire is an inner fire will buy at all. There will be a much greater danger than I shall be arrested for swindling.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Helen T. Johnson

My parents had the seemingly estimable practice of fostering our "sweet" childish belief in fairies and fairy stories; they were rather disconcerted, however, at our very literal-minded reaction to them. We suspected Cook of being a Cinderella, and reported to our delighted friends horrible lists of tasks—Cook could never have recognized her own—to which Mother forcibly constrained her. But perhaps our reaction to "Beauty and the Beast" was most objectionable. We used to kiss our dog, our cat, and any other amiable looking animal we met, —always with the thrilling belief that a metamorphosis would take place before our eyes, and a young and glowing prince spring forth full panoplied. As this phenomenon never took place, however, we might have lost our faith in fairies, had not Peter suggested the unflattering reason for our failure: Alice and I were not beauties.

This was a blow to our pride, but our faith was restored; thenceforth we watched the grown up girl next door whom Mother had called a beauty, prepared to rejoice altruistically in her success. For days we perched inconspicuously on top of the wall which divided our two gardens, watching her slightest action. Her actions were most unintelligent, however; all day she chatted to the men who came to see her, or played tennis with them very badly, and though she fondled her Pomeranian, she never kissed him.

Then one day we made an important discovery,—the Beast might be a man. On this occasion when her most attentive admirer came to see her he refused to play tennis, and they talked together more and more excitedly. He said, "You're a vain, selfish creature," and she said; "You're a Beast." Ah! We flattened ourselves out on the wall, and regarded him attentively. He was ugly enough to be a Beast; his face was white, and he was glaring. Just then he saw us and yelled, "You little brats." We slipped backwards and ran; he *was* a beast.

For a time this rude reception kept our curiosity in abeyance, but gradually we ceased to peep furtively over the wall and again resumed our sentinel duty on the top. For now the Beauty was more radiant than ever, and the Beast,—well, we realized that the Beauty must have kissed him, for he had become a glowing Prince.

He used only to laugh when he saw us now; in fact, he was so improved that Alice and I began to wish that someone would kiss Peter who, we decided, was rather a beast, too. We have wished so ever since.

THE HEADLESS MAN

Cecile O. Philips

Oh, I know what they are thinking,
I am think of it too:
How proud ships go sailing round the world
And then go down with you.

Sometimes off Mindanao, sometimes off the coast of Spain
We have shipped a hundred churning seas
And searched them all in vain.
They stretch blue with frothy innocence
As vacant as the sky,
But every lapping wave to me
Is dragon sealed. Ships ply
The little harbor here, are pulled in after endless tugging
They reach their goal, perhaps, but not gallantly shoulder shrugging.

The headless man, for it is he of whom we all are thinking
Went down with all sail set and stalwart splendor in sinking.
Oh, it's a mad-gay chanty,—it wrings my very heart;
I wonder was the man asleep or had he lost his chart,
Often I pray to God it's this and that he didn't know
He was heading for the shelving rocks
And sea creatures below.

To hear these successful sea captains
Who swagger through our town
You'd think you'd have to lose your head
Before you'd ever drown.

THE OLD WOMAN OF FLETCHER ISLAND

Elizabeth Hawkins

The old woman of Fletcher Island turned to look at her husband. He was staring over the island, and the red light of the setting sun outlined his profile, shining through his beard so that she could see the line of his face through the thick white hair. His face was expressionless except for a kind of stolid benignity. His peace was like the peace of nature—like that of a noble tree or an eternal rock.

Before him the island spread out long and narrow. On one side it sloped gently toward the ocean where the big waves rolled up in majestic undulation to curve like blown green glass, then crash upon the beach with a thousand noises. On the bay side the island fell away more abruptly, where the tide race ate away the dunes. A wharf projected from one of the cliffs, half-way to the fish-pound. Both the wharf and pound were old and rotting; the piles swayed so that the red light on the pound glimmered like a distant fire.

The old woman wondered how much of all this her husband saw. For forty years now they had lived all alone on the island, working the pound for a living, and in all that time had scarcely exchanged a hundred words. Every night when the evening catch was salted and packed they were accustomed to sit on the porch to watch the sunset, silent and motionless—like a pair of owls, she sometimes thought. She wondered if her face was as set and full of everlasting calm as her husband's. She fancied not, for life in this lonely place was as poignant and vivid for her as the city streets are to the townsman. She lived in its life. Her heart "leaped up" and sang in the radiance of the dunes on a bright day when the sands glinted like gold, and the ocean, sparkling like blue Vichy, effervesced at her feet in glistening foam. In a storm she would stand on a dune, tasting the salt of the flying spume, her hair whipping her cheeks, and feel as though she were winged. The interminable dunes outlined by the steely sea, the cries of the gray doves wheeling above held a fascination for her. Her spirit left its stolid prison then, and raced through the skies with the ragged low-flying clouds. The glory of a sunset was God to her; the flaming bands across the west affected her like great music. She was lifted up as are others by a grand ascending arpeggio.

As the colors of the sunset faded, merging into one another, the old woman sighed. Once, she almost smiled and parted her lips as though to exclaim at the wonder of the night, but the habit of years prevailed. Like the old man, she sat on, motionless and wooden, her face blank but for a kind of benign, stolid calm.

HENRY ADAM'S MONT ST. MICHEL

AN IMPRESSION

Margaret Hoening

"The Archangel loved heights."

They are the first words Henry Adams addresses to his reader, as they stand together before Mont Saint Michel. Together, author and reader raise their eyes to Saint Michael, where he stands out against the sky high above them, his sword-arm cleaving heaven in a magnificent gesture

From the moment when that winged stone figure flashes on the reader's eye, he is in an enchanted land. He is up on the windy height, with a wide sweep of sea and rocky coast below, and Henry Adams stands beside him, glad to have him look his fill—and throwing in, now and then, reflections of his own. Subtly, the mood of the spot begins to work upon the reader: the vastness and austerity of the surroundings, the stern, almost martial grandeur of the building.

And then—nine centuries vanish in a moment, and we are back at the founding of the abbey. From the first bold dream of building it on the topmost crag—without first leveling for a broad foundation—reader and writer share in the work, the refectory completed, they join the banquet given there to Duke William of Normandy and Harold the Saxon, William's guest in a state of quasi-captivity treated, nevertheless, with the highest honor chivalry could stipulate. When the minstrel Taillefer rises to chant the *Chanson de Roland*, a great moment has come. The song sweeps on through the battles of Roland, the English version of Henry Adams keeping amazingly good pace with the martial stride of the original. At last comes the death of Roland. He offers up his right glove to his Grand Seigneur, and is hailed by God, Highest of his Feudal Overlords, to the court of Heaven.

"Sooner or later," says the voice of Henry Adams, "they will all die in this large and simple way of the eleventh century."

Happy Normans! Their lives, like their deaths, were "large and simple." They had their one great leader, their Duke, who stood to them for country and church. They had their one great enemy, the Infidel, who threatened their western state and religion. And they had their one great clear duty, to fight the Infidel—to do it bravely if they could, beautifully if they would, and to die the deaths of heroes when they were done.

For us, there is a horizon of sky-scrapers, hardly out-topping one another, a bewildering line of spires. For them, there was Saint Michael, flaming out against the sky, alone on his Mount. We cannot hope ever to come back to their grand simplicity. But with Henry Adams we can still hope, sometimes, to escape for an hour, almost furtively, to those "beaux temps jadis."

POEM GROUP

Lucia E. Jordan

1

TREES

I have a love for poplar trees
 With tops that catch a glow
 As though the tree bore golden fruit
 And leaves below.

I have a love for dead elm trees
 Against a steel blue sky
 In autumn when the rain comes down,
 And no birds fly.

I have a love for hickories,
 That bud in time of May,
 With leaves a cloud of butterflies
 And pale green gray.

2.

To-day I caught a milkweed seed
 That floated on the air,
 It rested light on silver threads
 As soft as children's hair.

So gentle was its coming,
 So straight it came from you,
 I kissed it once and puffed it where
 It soared against the blue.

3.

LIPS

I hate the lips of youth. I love their eyes
 That brighten in a vivid smile of joy.
 I hate the lips of youth: they are too soft,
 Too eager, and too greedy for delight.
 The lips of age are firm and tight and strong;
 From finding that they could not find delight;
 Though they are withered still they can express
 A hundred former loves, a hundred fears,
 While eyes are dull.

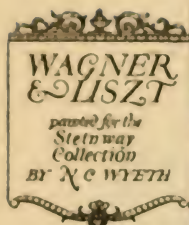
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The lips of youth can be too simply bent.

4.

POETRY

I think of poetry as a sweet cool pool,
 That I do visit in the dusk of thought
 To drown my sorrows there;
 It is as deep and deeper than the sea;
 It is as cold and colder than the dawn;
 Yet blue in depths like lapis lazuli.



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NOBISCUM AD PARNASSUM



In culling exchanges, one has moments of sneaking doubts of "the use anyway" of undergraduate publications. In honesty one must confess, indeed, that there is much in student writing which can be characterized as "stuff" and summarily dismissed with the not very comforting reflection that it is scarcely worth either the effort to write or the bother to read. It is to such questioning moments that the winter publications come as a convincing and satisfactory answer.

One finds for instance, in the November issue of *Cargoes* several bits that quite brighten the dark places. *New York—the Pulse of a World* is an excellent piece of impressionism, and one finds the story *Caught* and the poem *Cinquains for Winter* at least worth reading.

The Nassau Literary Magazine offers food for thought in *The Oxford Movement in The Nineteenth Century And After*. Here one has at last a satisfying sample of student criticism. The author has collected a considerable amount of interesting material, and he has succeeded in drawing from it (a thing one finds too infrequently in undergraduate essays), some original and amusing conclusions. Of entirely different sort but entertaining and colorful is the article entitled *Scandinavian Sketches*.

The Holy Cross Purple gives us a very fair life of Walter Hampden, emphasizing his success as Cyrano de Bergerac. The four line poem *Indian Summer* stands out as a bright spot against the mediocrity of the other and *The Open Road* well works over an old theme.

BOOK REVIEWS

Plumes (Lawrence Stalling, Harcourt, Brace, N. Y., 1924.) is the story of a young married couple struggling to make a living after the war has crippled one and embittered the other. It is one of those books that you cannot read without longing to gnaw your way through the cover and take a hand in the action yourself. Perhaps this is always the case when the author has genuinely felt his story; and Lawrence Stalling must have genuinely felt *Plumes*. It is a sort of aftermath of his remarkable play *What Price Glory?* and it has the

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same terrible sincerity, the same conviction back of it. It is most convincing because he never mounts a soap box and points his finger at his subject. He lets the subject gradually sink into your mind, and knows that at the end you will do your own pointing. The depressingly faithful picture of the life of a poor and crippled family is powerfully done. It is not the usual so-called Realism; the usual picture of family life in the Middle West as seen from the Pirates Den in Greenwich Village. It is genuine because it is as changing as life itself; the wife is not always disagreeable, the life is not always absolutely unbearable; nor, on the other hand, does a rich uncle step forward in the last chapter and the young couple start life all over again somewhere in the sweet healthy atmosphere of rural New York. No, the husband gives up his ambitions, the wife comes back to him, and they both take their baby and settle down to a prospect of twenty years with some poverty, some pain, a good deal of boredom, and a lot of hard work. After all, there are movies in the evening, even in a Virginia country town. And one does get along somehow, don't you think? You can't help hoping so, at least, when, feeling a little exhausted emotionally, you put the book down.

Alfred Noyes' *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry* (Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y. 1924) is a gentlemanly book of essays on poets and poetry. He offers Miss Meynell an old fashioned bouquet, with a low bow; remarks that most vers libre is nothing but bad and even dirty prose cut into uneven lengths and that if rhyming was good enough for Shakespeare it's good enough for him; pauses over a genuine appreciation of Emerson; takes up a sword for his friend Hensley, while surprisingly enough admitting that most of his patriotic poetry is 'pure Prussianism;' blows a kiss to Tennyson and some others; and every now and then, (in fact, to be just, frequently,) writes interesting, if not original, critical paragraphs. A pleasant and readable book, and one that will give no one mental indigestion from a new idea. He seems to have an *idée fixe* on the subject of the irreverent and scurrilous young writers of the day. And one cannot wonder at this, after noting that he calls Alice Meynell 'The Poet of Light,' and Longfellow, 'the poet of men of plain living and high thinking, in a purer air than ours.'

The Old Ladies by Hugh Walpole (George H. Doran, N. Y. 1924) is refreshing in more ways than one. It has characters that color the black and white printed page, and it has a living quality that warms the whole book. Nowadays artists, like doctors, have become specialists in one field. One man will do your throat for you, another your nerves, and another your broken ankle. One artist will show you the way people feel when they are not enjoying themselves, another the way they feel when they are in love, another the way they feel when they are married. Walpole is living and warm because he has broken the rules and showed you people who can, in one novel, both look at their dreary life with a feeling of revulsion, and realize in the good old fashioned way, as everyone does once in a while, that there are what professional religious teachers call 'spiritual values.' This particular novel of Walpole's is the appealing and



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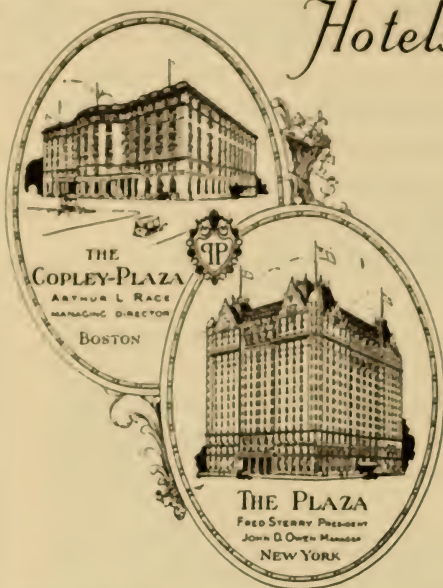
very sad story of three old ladies washed high and dry, (to use an original metaphor,) by the tides of life. It is very well worth reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad by Donald Ogden Stewart (George H. Doran, N. Y. 1924), in *Dulcy* written by Lewis Carroll. It makes the most insane things quite natural, and the most natural things quite insane. It has reminiscences of *Daisy Ashford* in the style, and of *Vanity Fair* in its satire. It is more consistently funny than any of the author's books. It is easy to be a humorist for a chapter; it is very hard to be one for a whole book. This one has succeeded. You have probably read it already, anyway, if the girl down the hall is through yet with the local copy.

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PROBLEMS AND POSSIBILITIES

Were the Editorial Boards of any college literary magazine ever rash enough to conceive a definite policy prior to their participation in their official capacities, they might, doubtless would, project ideas of radical tendencies. There are many obvious obligations to be met, and their solutions seem simple. There is first of all the justification of the work. There is the problem of drawing attention to this work, and even more necessary, the need to unearth that which will draw attention. There is finally the question of critical policy. These are problems which must be apparent on any consideration of the editorial duties of such a magazine.

It might well be suggested in one of these hypothetical policies, that the simplest solution of all this is the profit-sharing financial basis. Promise of fame alone is not always sufficiently enticing to the most capable and talented. That contributions would be paid for, does not necessarily follow, but with this system, all money earned is shared among the staff, and position on the staff is based on contributions. This attracts attention, and solves the problem of obtaining contributions. How far it solves the justification of the magazine might be disputable. That young writers would be encouraged, is true, but this encouragement might become injudicious and unfair.

Another solution could be a certain amount of Faculty control. Under this, manuscripts would be chosen for contribution as they appeared in various courses, according to their value in the eyes of the members of the Faculty who conducted those courses. This might justify the magazine's existence, in that it would give an opportunity for publication to the best literary work produced under supervision, and would likewise provide a large reading public, as well as a large amount of excellent material. How much value it would have in encouraging young writers is decidedly disputable. Where the profit-sharing system might develop a clique of profit-seekers, this, of Faculty control would become an autoeracy, at least, with the editors as figureheads.

A third system puts the magazine under the control of a Board which are in general its only contributors. This solves no problem of a representative magazine, but has value in its usually high literary quality, a reminder that representative things may not be the best.

Meanwhile, there is the system under which the *Smith College Monthly* operates. A certain amount of publicity attendant on being active on its Boards suffices to draw contestants for the staff, and a great deal of pleasure drawn from active experience on the Board serves to vitalize work which has at times a discouraging aspect. Contributions are sometimes spontaneous, sometimes recommended, more often solicited. The critical side of what is attempted, which on the surface may seem to be the only side, becomes that which is easiest to reduce to routine, the most tangible, but in a sense, the most minor in importance. That there is something to criticize, is the first task, and having criticized, the editors must feel justified in their choice by the interest of their readers. They must seek untiringly the best literary work the college produces, and at the same time endeavor to encourage the college to offer its work. They must seek to provide a readable magazine, without the appearance of attempting to contest the popularity of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and they must give literary quality its due where it accomplishes something.

All this has been our aim, not, we know, our achievement. What the *Smith College Monthly* should be, is clearer to the retiring Board than any preconceived policy. What it is, rests upon their faithful attempt to reconcile policy with circumstances. What it will be, belongs to the new Board, who profiting, we have no doubt, by our experience, will make the *Smith College Monthly* approach nearer the ideal we cherish for it, if aided, let it not be forgotten, by Smith College.

THE SUPERMAN

Frances Dorris

What is a Superman? The name implies a man who is above the ordinary man; but whether he surpasses other men in physical development, in intellectual attainment, or in that elusive quality described sometimes as morality, sometimes as social consciousness, we cannot tell. The word itself has no magic qualities. It means simply the man above; that in cold black and white, and nothing more. But pronounce it, and there arises a picture in the mind of each of us, shadowy and dim at first, but taking color moment by moment until it glows with the life we have given it; and be it the shape of the "blond beast", joyous and commanding, or the pale tortured face of some mediaeval mystic; however far apart these shades may be in time and space and intention, each remains for us, regardless of the others, the Superman!

Perhaps no three men could be more widely separated in their conception of the heroic—or it would be better to say, the desirable—than these three; Carlyle, Nietzsche, Shaw. They agree only in the fact that all three emphasize the value of the individual, and the need for the Superman in any epoch that is to be significant. Carlyle says of 'Hero-worship': "There is an everlasting hope in it for the management of the world. Had all traditions, arrangements, creeds, societies that men ever instituted, sunk away, this would remain. The certainty of Heroes being sent us; our faculty, our necessity to reverence Heroes when sent: it shines like a polestar through smoke-clouds, dust-clouds, and all manner of down-rushing and conflagration."¹ But Carlyle reaches back into time for his Superman: Nietzsche and Shaw look toward the future. Carlyle believes that Heroes are spontaneous, the product of a metaphysical power that reaches its most intense expression in them; for Shaw and Nietzsche the Superman will be a product of intelligent selection, the result of a sort of idealized breeding scheme.

It is a motley crowd that Carlyle summons up for us out of the past. His taste in Heroes is, to say the least, catholic. The titanic shape of the Norse god, Odin, towering over the crowd, rubbing shadowy shoulder against the all-too-real and beery tweed of the Scotch poet Burns; Martin Luther, in his monk's habit, scowling at the heresies of Mahomet, or consorting in a corner with Oliver Cromwell, more his like; the urbane and cosmopolitan Shakespeare, much more at home in the 18th century than the unhappy Jean-Jacques. Well might one ask, "What have all these in common that they are counted Heroes?" Pagan gods, fighters, reformers, inebriate poets—can there be unity in a classification that groups them together? For Carlyle there was unity; and there is unity of a kind. A butterfly net, made wide enough, will snare the universe. Carlyle regards greatness as a quality inherent in men, finding

¹*Heroes and Hero-Worship*, Thomas Carlyle, Scribner's, 1900—p. 206.

expression in different ways, but in its essence always the same. "For at bottom the Great Man, as he comes from the hand of Nature, is ever the same kind of thing: Odin, Luther, Johnson, Burns; I hope to make it appear that these are all originally of one stuff; that only by the world's reception of them, and the shapes they assume, are they so immeasurably diverse."¹ Nietzsche cries, "Dead are all the Gods: now do we desire the Superman to live!"² But to Carlyle, his Superman was but the expression of a God who glimmers feebly in the common man but bursts into a flame of glory in those greater ones. "The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning."³

The Superman of Nietzsche is a much more specialized creature. He does not accept into his Walhalla any man who happens to do something exceptionally well. Neither does he go to the past for his heroes. One of his first requirements for a Superman is abounding health; it is doubtful whether the Heroes of the past would come up to specification. Burns was a dipsomaniac, Rousseau was an egocentric and had an inferiority complex into the bargain. Luther suffered from religious mania. Nobody knows what was the matter with Shakespeare, but then he may not have written his plays anyway. Even Homer was blind, and Virgil had indigestion. It is easier to look to the future for Supermen, especially if you want them cut to a certain pattern.

Nietzsche says that before the Superman can arise, we shall have to adopt a new system of values, the leading principle of which stated briefly, would be, "All that proceeds from power is good, all that springs from weakness is bad."¹ The Superman is to come through Evolution, a conscious selection of the best for parenthood, and Nietzsche defines the "best" as those who are "victorious, the self conquerors, the rulers of the passions, the masters of their virtues."² There is no room on the earth for the sick and feeble; they must make way for the Superman. In *The Gay Science*, Nietzsche says, "In order to understand this type, we must first be quite clear in regard to the leading physiological condition on which it depends; this condition is what I call *great healthiness*." The Superman must be happy, as well as healthy. "Not by wrath, but by laughter do we slay. Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity." He must be strong in enduring the buffets of life without complaint, and above all, he must "proclaim the ego wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed."³

No doubt the Superman is a very desirable creature, but it must be admitted that he would be difficult to live with. One can imagine him roaring about, feeling his muscles and boasting of the number of cold baths he takes; it is appalling to think of his imperturbable good humor on all occasions, including funerals and dinners when the soup is cold and the cook has burned

¹*Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 43.

²*Thus Spake Zarathustra*, Friedrich Nietzsche, Boni and Liveright—p. 92.

³*Heroes and Hero-Worship*—p. 13.

the roast. But worst of all, we should be forever harried and haunted by our envy of his equable and harmonious selfishness, his enlightened pursuit of the ego; we, who are driven by vestigial remnants of Puritan tradition to practice our selfishness furtively, who must even pretend, in certain circles, that it does not exist at all!

In the Preface to *Man and Superman*, by George Bernard Shaw, we learn a great deal about the decadent state of society, including all existing institutions; religious, political, economic, and educational. We discover that there is no such thing as progress; that we are going around in circles, and worse yet, that we will continue to do so until the evolution of the Superman. But, according to Mr. Shaw, the Superman cannot be evolved under the present social scheme of marriage and property. The conclusion is obvious. No revolution, no progress. However, Mr. Shaw is so taken up with telling us why we need the Superman, and how to evolve him, that he neglects to mention what this *rara avis* will be like when caught. Tanner, the loquacious hero of *Man and Superman*, a play the thesis of which is modern marriage, comes disappointingly near to being an example of the Superman; but after talking valiantly through some hundred pages, and making numerous vows about preserving his individuality intact from all invasion, he succumbs at last to the deadly female, and the play ends with the ominous tolling of wedding bells that welcome him back to the middle-class existence he had forsworn.

Perhaps the hairless Ancients, in *Back to Methusaleh*, are the Shavian ideal men. They, at any rate, would never have fallen prey to a woman, even a houri out of some oriental Paradise. In that dim era, some thousands of years hence, man has become oviparous and, through an extension of that process by which the child is said to repeat, in embryo, the history of the race, wearing at one stage the gill slits of one ancestor, at the next the tail of another, the New-Born is assisted from the parent egg at the age of nineteen or so with all the follies and pains of adolescence behind him, having added the stages of infancy, childhood and adolescence, to the ontogenetic process. The curtain rises upon one of these occasions, formally known as Christenings; and here you find the Ancients busily chipping the New Born out of his shell with the aid of a light hand saw. The Ancients, you learn, are the last word in Evolution. To them the New Born, for all the dignity of his nineteen years, is but a child, and they have little respect for the pleasures he indulges in, such as dancing with maidens on the green, and the like. What is nineteen years compared with six hundred? They have outlived the desire for mere sensation. They are hairless, sexless, emotionless, and probably toothless. One almost suspects them of being composed entirely of negations, but it develops that they have one positive quality; it is intelligence.

¹Thus Spake Zarathustra,—p. 11.

²*Ibid.*,—p. 83.

³*Ibid.*,—p. 198.

The Supermen of Carlyle: dim figures out of the past, draped with illusion and colored with fancy; the Superman of Nietzsche: impossible beings that could live only in the mind of a romantic philosophizer; the Superman of Shaw: algebraic formulae existing only on paper or in some other cold and lifeless medium. Look at them more closely, and the figures themselves will melt away, to reveal the abstract idea that stands back of each of them. For what are these Supermen but instruments for the expression of ideas that exist in the minds that created them? For Carlyle, the idea of Divinity, of a supernatural essence pervading the universe; for Nietzsche, the idea of power; for Shaw, the idea of abstract intelligence, working with cool and mathematical precision toward a goal. And is it not logical that Carlyle, after a stormy youth, should find rest in the idea of a Divine Power expressing itself through all things; and that Nietzsche, after an unhealthy and impotent early manhood, should come to deify power; or that Shaw, himself the most violently emotional and restless of individuals, should idealize cool, detached intelligence? But as for the Superman, he is an idea only, and is likely to remain so until there are more men capable of thinking alike than ever seems possible now.

TO V. H. S.
Ruth L. Thompson

The sea seems ever to have been the same,
 So still and blue, and glowing through a haze
 Of rose and silver in Italian bays.
 It has forgotten the desire to claim
 The shapely cliffs, the clouds, the sky. The name
 Of wind was whispered and then shouted, days
 Ago abandoned, and a heavy silence stays
 The flashing spray which should perchance inflame
 A memory. But when the dark roves back
 And when the sea and night are lying there
 And staring at each other, the past too
 Will move and stir a feeling of the lack
 Of continuity So I'm aware
 That I've not always been in love with you.

A POST-MORTEM FOR A FEW PEOPLE

Margaret A. Buell

It is midnight, and three men are sitting before the fire in the Smith Browning Room. There is no other light, and behind their backs the rest of the room is vague and wavery. The furniture is arranged as usual, except for a long refectory table behind the divan, which has probably been borrowed for the occasion from the Periodical Room. Around it are four chairs, in the manner of the Three Bears, one Big Chair, one Middle-size Chair and one Little Chair; the fourth is an uncomfortable Windsor, also from the Periodical Room, and placed as far away from the other three as the length of the table will permit. It is evidently the head or the foot, but more probably, the foot. On the table in front of the Big Chair is a note book and a novel in a black and gold cover. The name of the novel is "The Green Hat" and the three men in front of the fire are Mr. Cross, Mr. Habakkuk and Dr. Catullus. The last is pleasantly asleep, so there is absolute quiet. As time goes on, Mr. Habakkuk remains impassive, but Mr. Cross begins to show signs of irritation elaborately repressed. At last he rises from the divan, and going over to the table, picks up the novel with a frown, and seats himself in the Big Chair. "I think we had all better take our seats," he says succinctly, and continues to read in the last part of the novel, occasionally making marginal notes. Mr. Habakkuk rises rather unwillingly and approaches the Middle-size Chair; Dr. Catullus wakes, and after pacing about the room for several minutes, comes to light over the back of the Little Chair. He is pondering very deeply as he see-saws back and forth. "Well," he remarks at last, "I see the lady is not prompt as she might be."

"She never was," answers Mr. Cross, again succinctly, and continues to read. Mr. Habakkuk, having nothing to amuse him, is thinking. His face is acutely troubled as if he were taking great pains with a decision. One sees that compared to his thoughts, Dr. Catullus' are only meditations. Suddenly, there is a sound of someone opening and closing the glass doors behind Mr. Cross's head. He does not turn around, but puts down the book, condenses his mouth to a straight line and adjusts himself stubbornly to the Big Chair. His attitude is that of a man who is determined to resist both attack and blandishment. Dr. Catullus is smiling in the direction of the door, and all at once he bows a courtly bow. Mr. Habakkuk struggles to his feet once more, and facing the door, he nods his head half shamefacedly.

"Hello," he says, and he too smiles, a shade more uncomfortably than Dr. Catullus. A lovely lady walks breathlessly into the room and toward the table. She wears a brown leather jacket, slightly worn, and a green hat "pour le sport." Her lips are very red, her cheeks very pale, and her eyes are "desperately blue." One cannot see her hair beneath the green hat, but it is probably tawny.

On her finger is an emerald ring. She smiles dimly from Dr. Catullus to Mr. Habakkuk, disregarding the Macgregor.

"Frightfully sorry," *she apologizes in her slightly husky voice, "I wasn't sure you really wanted me. Post-mortems are rarely sincere, are they? I've been to so many trials!" She smiles a little, deprecatingly at the two men. Dr. Catullus looks distressed, and Mr. Habakkuk even more uncomfortable than before. Clearly, it is time for Mr. Cross to take a hand. He does so; and his voice is sarcastic.*

"Will you have cream with your tea?" *he inquires, looking at her directly. For the first time, the lovely lady turns to regard him. She is his match in gravity, and more than his match in poise.*

"No," *she replies pleasantly, "just sugar if you please—and no lemon."* Mr. Cross ignores this flippancy and asks them all to be seated. He does not look at her again. The play begins.

MR. CROSS (*in the manner of a Bernard Shaw Inquisitor*): Iris Storm, you have been summoned before this assemblage on the charge of being an immoral influence in this college. Your criminal record and last trial are against you. You escaped justice in that trial by playing upon the emotions of very gallant, and I am afraid, sentimental gentlemen; not content with captivating that assembly, you wilfully renounced their mercy and committed suicide, because you knew that one heroic act may redeem a life of guilt. By that sneaking sort of death, you have wrongfully exacted a great deal of sympathy from the students of this college. Women did not approve of you while you lived, so you chose this way to win their good opinion by your death. On trial, you argued that nothing was greater than love, but you lied, Iris Storm—there is one thing more important to you, and that is the good opinion of the world. And so you did not die for love but for vanity. I warn you, we who are assembled, are done so in the name of Convention to convict you as an Evil Influence, and to exorcise the spell of your mock heroism. (*He is impressively silent for a minute and then finishes—succinctly*) We are not sentimental.

IRIS: And when I am convicted, what will your sentence be? You have spoiled the second gracious act of my life!

MR. CROSS (*more kindly*): The sentence has not yet been decided. I am in favor of a thorough renunciation of any pretence to heroism or romance or even any influence whatsoever, with a voluntary confession of your sins and ulterior motives. I should like it in chart form, if you please, and you will be kind enough to use different colored inks, tracing the growth and development of all these motives back to their origins. In cataloguing your sins, please stick to the medieval classification of the Seven Deadly Sins, all but two or three of which have to-day become virtues. You had better look it up in "Dr. Faustus" or in any other "olde bokes" that you prefer. Are you fond of "olde bokes" may I ask? It may have some bearing on the case; at least on my decision!

DR. CATULLUS: And while we are discussing this question, I wonder if you are familiar with Catullus' beautiful poems to Lesbia, the charming, lovely, incomparable Lesbia? You reminded me of her, I must admit, as you came in the door. Perhaps—you were so familiar with the classics as to be influenced, a little, by—let us say—their child-like, natural mode of life? "Give me a thousand kisses, and yet a hundred more"—heh?

IRIS (*looking rather amusedly at Mr. Habakkuk*): And what would be your specifications, of perhaps—extenuating circumstances? Anything besides—a classical education?

MR. HABAKKUK (*in some confusion which is emotional rather than intellectual*): No—I can't say—but let's get this straight. If we consider your life apart from its teachings, has it any value? Or is your life the outcome of hereditary influences? In that case, the question of determinism might enter the discussion. If you are only a link in the causal chain—

IRIS (*interrupting*): "—and a chain is only as strong as its weakest link."

MR. HABAKKUK: —Then I don't see how you are to be blamed. But if we consider you as an agent of free will—But I must know if you consider free will compatible with determinism? And try to avoid sociology in your answer.

MR. CROSS (*loudly*): That's just why I didn't ask Maladjustment to come—so we might avoid these unnecessary discussions of religion versus sociology. You're decidedly unorthodox, Habakkuk, and I am very, very sorry to see it. We are supposed to be a Conventional Body, perhaps the most conventional in college, and we are met to accuse this lady on the score of immorality—which used to be the same thing as unconviction. But I am afraid that Immorality is now conventional. We shall soon be speaking of that "good, old-fashioned Immorality," and the people like Iris Storm who will have made it attractive. It is conventional to be radical, to believe in free love, anarchy—all that sort of thing—(*He stops, and looks into the fire, absorbed by his own opinions.*)

IRIS (*rather dreamily*): What nice teeth you have, grandmother. (*Mr. I died, as you say, to make a good impression on the world, what could be more conventional?*)

MR. CROSS: But it is not conventional to be conventional. Please remember what I say, Mrs. Storm. It is conventional now to be unconventional. You must try to get my definitions as I speak; this habit of taking down notes and leaving the notes in a note-book is a very vicious vice indeed. So that, from the old-fashioned point of view, you lived an unconventional life, and from the new point of view you died a conventional death—since you died in vanity for the sake of convention. So you are caught both ways! (*He smiles at her savagely and courteously, with vindictive grace.*)

IRIS (*rather dreamily*): What nice teeth you have grandmother. (*Mr. Cross is immediately grave again*). But grandmother—no, I suppose I mustn't

call you that, since I am being treated as a student—why won't you consider that I died—for love?

DR. CATULLUS: Yes, just as I thought. She is *Lesbia* to the life—chahrming, lovely, incompahrrable *Lesbia* . . . (*His voice trails off in reminiscence and he see-saws over the back of his chair.*)

MR. HABAKKUK: *There* is the hitch in the theory of determinism—or it might be considered an argument for it. Is love free or determined?

MR. CROSS: Free love is conventional now, Habakkuk. If you had listened to what I was saying a few moments ago—

MR. HABAKKUK: Well, there is the problem to me, as clear as day. If love—or life—is determined, she is not to blame. But if tradition, environment, heredity all have no effect, and she is a free agent, I cannot hold her guiltless. She has chosen the wrong path. It is written in the Mosaic law—

IRIS: But are you condemning me for my life, or my death? My life, such as it was, seems to have influenced no one, and it was bad. My death, you say, is the cause of my being idealized, but it was good. How can *it* be the Evil Influence?

MR. CROSS: I remarked before, if you had been listening, that you were clever enough to realize one heroic act would redeem a life of guilt.

IRIS: Then you are condemning me because I was clever.

MR. CROSS (*with dignity*): We have nothing to do with cleverness—which is a frequently misused word. We are here in the name of Convention, or perhaps Unconvention. You have sinned against both.

IRIS: Is love a sin?

MR. CROSS: I referred you to Dr. Faustus for your classification. Far be it from me to distinguish Vice from Virtue these days. Love—which, as I mentioned, is free—is a sin against morality, but no longer a sin against Convention.

MR. HABAKKUK: But what is the use of a Convention which is not on the side of morality?

DR. CATULLUS: No use. The Greeks and Romans didn't need Convention to be happy. Or perhaps it was morality which they discovered to be superfluous. This chahrming lady reminds me of them. (*He bows to Iris.*)

IRIS (*slowly*): I have sinned against Convention, which is Unconvention, and Morality, which is opposed to Convention. My life was bad but negligible; my death heroic, but an Evil Influence; my love was free, but possibly determined—"and there is no health in me."

MR. CROSS: Good! you are High Church? And I've forgotten whether you are fond of "olde bokes"? When they sit on the shelves in brown rows, don't they remind you of little brown dogs, and the book-marks like tails hanging down? You will find, too, that your chart will help clarify your mind, and you can get more references from the card index if Marlowe doesn't convince you. I wouldn't advise anything modern, however, in the nature of Mencken. Stick to the old classifications. Orthodox is best after all . . . You *are* High Church, aren't you?

IRIS: I was. They had such a nice, broadminded vicar at the funeral. They do those things better in England. I don't understand your American distinctions about Convention and Morality—but perhaps it's because I never went to college. At any rate, I'm glad I didn't try to live over here—even in the Argentine. England is darling, darling, darling! I'm so homesick for it! (*She looks far away into the fire. Dr. Catullus coughs a little, on principle. Mr. Habakkuk makes a sympathetic noise to himself. After all, she is a woman. She continues rather passionately.*) Stop being professors and be just men! Why should you be greater—or harder—than those “gallant gentlemen” who tried me in England? Who tried and forgave me because my life was twisted by the Convention of one of them? Their justice was seasoned with mercy. You can't even decide what justice is— or whether it depends on morality, convention or determinism. (*She addresses the Big Chair*). You would punish my sin with a chart about more sins. You would have me recant and abjure in the medieval way. You would have me be satisfied with hazy epigrams and paradoxical reasoning which goes back to hard orthodoxy in the end. Pooh! “You are only a master of the comma!” And you, (*she addresses the Middle-size Chair*) would analyze my soul to see if it were free or determined. My answer to you is that women rarely analyze their emotions. And you (*to the Little Chair*) have been kinder. Love to-day is the same sort that inspired the Romans, and you have recognized its universality. (*She smiles at Dr. Catullus delightfully*). Shall the heading of this last chapter be “Pro amore”? (*she pauses—and then smiles dimly again at them all*). Good-bye, American professors. Romance is harder to conquer than Rhetoric—but you really didn't try!

She makes them a sweeping bow, the Green Hat in one hand. They have time to see that her hair is tawny, and then she is gone. There is the sound of a door opening and closing behind Mr. Cross's head, but he does not turn around. He only picks up the novel and rises slowly to his feet. “The meeting is adjourned,” he says—succinctly.

At the request of the Editors the play was read by Mr. Cross who responded

thus:

“What ho! Miss Margaret Buell,
 For thought I've given you fuel.
 You seem a bit jarred!
 Orthodoxy is hard—
 If you can't stand strong drink, take to gruel.”
 Mr. Cross.

REMEMBRANCE

Sally Linley

It was with a shock that Miriam drew her mother's amethyst brooch from her jewel box and realized that for the first time it brought no pang of painful memory. It was no longer Mother's brooch, but her own; slightly out of date yet still one of the prettiest things she had. She caught herself visualizing the warm glowing purple in a new setting, whereas heretofore the mental picture of the pin, nestling among the faintly quivering ruchings at Mother's throat, had always deterred her. And it was barely two years since Mother died.

She jabbed it into her stock and finished dressing. While she got breakfast the thought of her waning memories tortured her. To be sure, Mother had often said:

"When I go out, I hope none of you will think it necessary to mope and mourn for me. Oh!—" she would wave her little frail hands in a gesture of disgust—"don't even wear black!" And then her shy, childish giggle—"I'm afraid of people in mourning!"

But still she'd hardly meant this. Had she ever supposed that her youngest, Miriam, would go for days without giving her a thought—that within two years her own most personal belongings would have completely lost their identity?

Of course not! She, Miriam, was hard, unfeeling. What would the others think—Barbara, meticulously observant of all that was correct, and Bill, always a little inclined to be sentimental? Suppose at their next "get-togethering" she sprung it on them defiantly:

"Do you know, I don't believe I even miss Mother any more!"

She could see their expressions of shocked, unsympathetic surprise.

She cleared away the breakfast things and went to the one window that overlooked the park. Spring was just beginning to come true. The trees had noticeably more leaves than last week and the sun turned their thin green to thinner gold. There was in the air a half sweet, half newly-washed smell. She saw, delicate as a breath, the half-suggested white of a plum tree, flickering into bloom on the far side of the pond.

"Disgusting how conventional spring makes one!" She observed a tiny rebel who, breaking away from its nurse, staggered across the dandelion-spattered lawn, and flopped down in a little pink cheese. Suddenly her arms were full of that pink baby in the park and she felt its little wriggling weight against her lap.

"I want six!" said Miriam and went back to the piano.

Over and over again she played at "Les Poissins d'Or" till waterlike, the notes purred from her fingers. Waterlike, she washed the room with the shimmering cadences. Through them darted the two metallic little fishes, swirling, plunging, flashing light. She laughed when she came to the

place where one flips completely over, churning water with his tiny tail. With all her heart and soul she threw herself into the mad, thrashing, fish fight at the end.

But this was too enjoyable for work. Soberly she set at scales and marched her fingers methodically up and down, up and down—C sharp, F sharp, E flat minor.

The telephone rang sharply.

"Mimsy?" It was Barbara. "Listen, kidlet. You're coming over to dinner tonight."

"Yes? Why, how nice!"

"All right?"

"Yes, thank you. I'd love to."

"Good. Dinner at seven. Got to go now, Mim. Gelatin ready to pour out—"

She clashed down the receiver.

Miriam felt a warm thrill of pleasure. Dinner at Barbara's would make to-day what it seemed—a sort of gala occasion. What *were* they celebrating, anyway? Barbara's birthday? She picked up a little leather-covered calendar and flipped through its pages. No: here it was marked for September 15th. Not Tom's either; that was in June. Their anniversary? They'd just had that. She scanned the calendar. May 10th, May 10th— Why, it was Mother's birthday!

All the spring madness went out like a candle. She saw the last birthday before Mother had died, gray and sodden with rain. Mother lay, pallid and frail, wrapped up like a faintly lavender cocoon on the chaise longue before the fire. Her face was rosy from the light of little candles, burning stilly on the pink and white cake. Above it hovered her hands, so thin and brittle that the light seemed to shine through them as it does through eggshells.

Miriam could have sobbed.

"To think of forgetting a pathetic little thing like that!"

Foolishly, she took off the pin and set it in the sun, where it lay and glowed like a pool of warm, purple wine. She studied it and studied it till it went back and nestled among the ruchings on Mother's neck.

"Beast!" she said.

At four o'clock she went down town to the station, and just as she was going in, decided to buy flowers at the shop on the corner. She would get the kind Mother had liked best, and Bob could have them for the table.

A clerk met her just within.

"Now what do you wish, lady?"

She cast about, over the glowing, fragrant masses.

"Why—why—. Well, I don't really know." (What *was* it, what *was* it?)

"Oh, yes; I think I would like some lilies-of-the-valley."

He brought out the wet-smelling, waxy flowers and put them into a box.

She saw the starry blossoms gleaming dimly through the jewel-like green of the paper, and their fragrance reassured her.

Oh, yes, surely these were Mother's favorites. She felt that they had been part of that gray day.

She went up the walk to Barbara's, clutching her box almost smugly. They'd never know she had forgotten.

A maid let her in. Barbara, in a green chiffon dress, stood just outside the living room door, talking to a young man. There were numerous hats and coats on the rack.

"Hello, Miriam," Barbara called, and came forward.

"Barbara—you didn't tell me this was to be a real *party!*"

"Oh, it isn't dear, really. Just a few of our neighbors in to dinner. And I wanted you to meet them."

Almost apologetically, Miriam offered her flowers.

At ten o'clock, all of the guests had gone. Barbara took Miriam into the dining room to show her new linens. The table, not yet cleared, displayed departed glory. In their glasses the ices stood and melted; Miriam's valley lilies drooped their waxen cups away from the light.

"Ducky, it was sweet of you to bring me the flowers."

Lovely Barbara, her shoulders shining against the dusk of the room, took them up and layed their freshness against her cheek.

"Mm," she sniffed. "they make me think of Mother somehow. Why, I know—they were her favorite flowers, weren't they?"

"Yes," Miriam said dully. "To-day—well, you see, I thought maybe you were having me out for Mother's birthday."

Barbara looked up sharply.

"Miriam, was to-day Mother's birthday?"

Miriam nodded. Then she went forward and touched her timidly.

"Barbara," she said, "do you find it hard to remember, too?"

Barbara's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But I thought I was the only one. I thought maybe—maybe because I had Tom and everything—it was easier for me to forget."

And then a very strange thing happened. In that moment, Miriam felt closer to her Mother than she had ever been since she died.

"Do you know," she said, "I almost think she'd understand."

Barbara smiled through her tears.

"I know," she said. "Yes, I believe she would."

FUGITIVE

Margaret Brinton

The vivid mimicry of his song
Flashed too near, blinding me.
Through tortuous words
I felt that which would mean death,
That which carried the white-heat of passion.

He shouted, and from a distant rock
Below some eagle's nest
A preying lion heard, and roared to him,
Beast to beast, challenging king to king.
I listened, and my limp tongue stuck to my cheek,
Nor could I keep from trembling.

There was no God in our universe,
No Time to master us.
Darkness ruled,—and the flashing of one song;
Time was lost in the heavy silence,
In the shouting and the lion's answering roar.
No laws could we defy,
For there were no laws.

So did he sing, so did I listen to the singing,
While the sparks of comets
Stung us, passing on their way to other places.

WRITTEN IN SANDS

Margaret Brinton

Past midnight,—

And the curving horn of the wind
 Tilts, as the forlorn light flares higher
 In a lantern held tight in the trembling, thinned hands
 Of a watchman alone on the night-drowned beach.

Blow, master of the wind, blow!

Put rough lips to your strident horn again.

Watch the man slow-circling

Round and round on the sands,

Beating with his hands at your shrill emptiness.

A last sound of the horn,—so!

And his flickering, ill-smelling lamp is out.

But will you let him lie there,

Half-buried in the incoming tide,

And with death's wet breath already stirring his hair?

Near Morning,—

And the first warning fingers of the sun

Reach down and stroke a naked-breasted beach.

The tide is out, the sands smooth,

—All but near where a giant boulder stands,

Sentinel over this wide desolation.

Here, under its sheltering face,

Are footprints,

—Uncertain and worried like those of a hound in chase

Put off his scent;

Footprints leading to nowhere,—following each other

Round and round.

TRIBUTE

I envy you
 that you should have
 a trust in me
 I cannot fill;
 the muted beauty
 of your thought
 is singing in me
 still.

THE STUDIO

Helen T. Johnson

My family is in the habit of referring with a rakish grimace to our "studio." Though as a matter of fact we are extremely staid and conventional, we believe that the maintenance of this studio stamps us as modern and advanced. My grandfather was the first to sow wild oats in the field of art. He attached to our house an octagonal tower, which must have made a stir even in those days of architectural eccentricity. Here Grandmother repaired, feeling, I am sure, quite as adventurous and mystic as a captive princess in her tower, and made crayon pictures,—of a lady combing her hair, of men fishing from a rock placed, rather temperamentally, in the middle of the stream, and weeping willows.

Here in the next generation my aunt officiated, and an old photograph shows the establishment to have been quite pretentious. The room presented just such a sleek, complacent, beribboned appearance as a favorite cat. All its pristine wildness was tamed: the floor was padded with a thick straw carpet, the walls were camouflaged with brown paper surmounted with a neat border, the windows were smothered with curtains. Fresh little bib-like "tidies" graced each chair. And around the room were placed specimens of her art: ornamented vases holding bunches of dried grasses, wax fruit, oil sketches of dead birds, dead fish, piles of onions and bunches of asters.

Nowadays its appearance is radically changed. Here my professedly artistic sister expresses herself. The white plaster walls, stripped of paper, dazzle the eye, the whiteness only faintly tempered by an incomplete charcoal fresco of King Arthur and his knights,—an ambitious undertaking conceived at the age of twelve. From the windows her curtains flap like flags,—of flimsy silk batique with her entire stock of colors, each looking rather like a much used paint rag. Her easel stands proudly in the center of the room, displaying invariably a charcoal head of Hermes which her instructor once praised, and which is meant for public inspection. Over the peak of the easel is slung a wooden palette with little blobs of color all around the edge; for real work she has to use a glass palette,—this one lends atmosphere to the room. From ceiling to floor in line with her eye as she stands at the easel, is hung a background for her models—a strip of cloth portraying horizontal scenes of an Egyptian slave playing a zither and gazing at an olive tree. However humble her model the background always lends him an exotic air. One wall is flanked with a chest bearing her instruments of trade,—tubes, brushes, scrapers, cloths, a smock originally blue but now resembling Jacob's coat and so heavily saturated that it can stand alone, and unnecessarily large cans of turpentine and fixative which overpower you with their pungency.

When overcome by temperament I retreat here with my Russian novel, wearing a faded blue smock which Mother will not have in sight, my hair bound with a fillet. And when their flapping makes me look at the flag-curtains, I know that I am in Greenwich Village. Then the doorbell rings, and I go downstairs to help Mother entertain the Minister.

MOUSIE

Helen B. Lincoln

You wee, soft, sleek, gray, quivery, scooty creature, why don't you come out and play! You're supposed to, when Tabby is away. Perhaps, if I hold my breath, you will.

He's peeping from under a box—tiny old-lady-like face with a twittering, searching little nose, wiggley, silky white whiskers, and eyes just like black baby shoe buttons shining with life; each little ear, as if snipped with the scissors, jumps at a breath. He is waiting.

His little face is drawn into an expression of "Why, where, and what." He sniffs and says, "Shall I?" He sniffs and says, "No." There he goes.

Are you pulled by some unseen string, are you wound up like my mechanical beetle, or does the floor tip for you and just let you slide?

IN A FORMAL GARDEN

Margaret Brinton

You wore the gown of a marquise,
And let us babble over you
Like poets with a new idea.
Your crescent mouth scorned us
While it twisted its way into platitudes.
They said you were beautiful then:
But yours was the beauty of
An unprinted page.

POEM

Frances Dorris

Come, let us not be violent, nor lay
Rough hands upon this fragile, lovely thing;
What if it lasted but a single day?
So do the April flowers, and the winds of May
Pass carelessly above the leafy bed
Where the arbutus long is dead,
Nor heed its vanishing.
Need we be more constant than the winds of spring?
Take your leaving lightly, go without regret;
Is it not enough for you that I shall not forget?

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JOHN STUART MILL AND THOMAS CARLYLE

Harriet Lane

If we may judge by the accounts of both Mill and Carlyle of their first acquaintance and by the letters which passed between them in the first few years of their friendship, probably no two men ever entered upon that relationship with more acute perception of its difficulties in their particular case. If Carlyle was at first a little deceived by his vanity in the extent to which Mill's admiration for him affected his intellectual convictions, it did not prevent an extraordinarily keen insight into the actual characteristics of the younger man. Mill tells us that it was upon the publication of his series of articles entitled "The Spirit of the Age," in 1831, that Carlyle became interested in their author as a "new Mystic" and sought an acquaintance with him through the Austins. Carlyle writes to his wife of that first meeting: "A slender rather tall elegant youth, with small, Roman-nosed face, two small earnestly smiling eyes: rather remarkably gifted with precision of utterance; enthusiastic, yet lucid, calm; not a great, yet distinctly a gifted and amiable youth. We had almost four hours of the best talk I have mingled in for long. The youth walked home with me almost to the door; and seemed to profess as plainly as modesty would allow, that he had been converted by the 'Head of the Mystic School' to whom he testified very hearty-looking regard." And later: "At night John Mill came in, and sat talking with me till near eleven: a fine, clean enthusiast, who will one day come to something; yet to nothing Poetical, I think: his fancy is not rich; furthermore he cannot *laugh* with any compass. You will like Mill."

It is not hard to understand why Carlyle carried a warm sentiment of friendship for the young and promising man who *did* admire him, though not, so much as he thought at first, for Carlyle was, from all accounts, a genial soul with a capacity for friendship which was quite astonishing to the unsociable Mill. There is a tone of wonderment in a passage from one of Mill's letters to Carlyle where he writes: "If I had known you as well when you were in London as I do now, how many more persons should I have brought to see you! I now know that *any* human being is interesting to you. Since you were so much pleased with Emerson, I feel encouraged to try you with almost any person whatever who has any sort of good in him; I should have thought *he* was about the last person who would have interested you so much as he seems to have done." Carlyle was interested in individual people from a detached point of view, as specimens of humanity though for humanity in general he entertained the profoundest contempt. The only sort of a person he absolutely could not endure was the insincere man, the hypocrite and the sham. Mill seems to have regarded friendship as an institution valueless unless some distinct intellectual benefit was derived therefrom for himself. "A person of high intellect should never

go into unintellectual society unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects who can safely enter it at all. Persons even of intellectual aspirations had much better if they can, make their habitual associates of at least their equals, and as far as possible, their superiors in knowledge, intellect, and elevation of sentiment." An excellent rule from the unaltruistic point of view except that from its very nature it is quite unworkable! But this difference in their attitudes toward friendship did not prevent a very warm regard from springing up between them. At the same time the very emotionless nature of Mill's friendship for Carlyle which, I believe, sprang from this self-centered attitude toward friendship in general was perhaps the only thing that made such a relation between them possible. Intellectually they could respect and tolerate each other's opinions; emotionally it would have been impossible. Mill once wrote to Carlyle "You ask me to write with abandonment, it is pleasant in many ways to be asked *that*, and by you—doubt not but that I shall do so, more and more. I have not, and have never had, any voluntary or rather intentional reserve for any one whom I value, certainly not with you; but that is not enough—I am sensible in myself of a want of spontaneousness, a self-consciousness even in the art of *confiding*, which is perhaps natural enough in a *born* metaphysician, as I am in the very worst sense — —" Mill's inability to derive any emotional satisfaction from friendship, which was the result, no doubt, of both birth and training, made it all the more necessary for him to require some lively intellectual stimulation. What that stimulation was in the case of his friendship with Carlyle he is quite frank in admitting. "I have already mentioned Carlyle's earlier writings as one of the channels through which I received the influences which enlarged my earlier narrow creed; but I do not think that those writings, by themselves, would ever have had any effect in my opinions. What truths they contained, seemed a haze of poetry and German metaphysics, in which almost the only clear thing was the strong animosity to most of the opinions which were the basis of my mode of thought; religious skepticism, utilitarianism, the doctrine of circumstances, and the attaching of any importance to democracy, logic, or political economy. It was only in proportion as I came to see the same truths through media more suited to my mental constitution, that I recognized them in his writings. Then, indeed, the wonderful power with which he put them forth made a deep impression upon me, and I was during a long period one of his most fervent admirers; but the good his writings did me, was not as philosophy to instruct, but as poetry to animate. I did not, however, deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle. I felt that he was a poet and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that as such, he not only saw many things long before me, which I could only when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out."

Mill's admiration and even deference to intuition expressed here, in his letters, and in his chapters *The Subjection of Women* seem to me one of the

inconsistencies in a nature which was in most respects surprisingly "all of a piece." In philosophical thinking he followed directly upon Locke and his eighteenth century successors in the conviction that all our knowledge is derived from experience and that it is not only possible but necessary to require proof for all our beliefs and convictions. He explains his philosophical position clearly in explaining in his Autobiography why he undertook the investigation of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy. "Now the difference between these two schools of philosophy, that of Intuition and that of Experience and Association, is not a mere matter of abstract speculation; it is full of practical consequences, and lies at the foundation of all the greatest differences of practical opinion in an age of progress. The practical reformer has continually to demand that changes be made in things which are supported by powerful and widely-spread feelings. or to question the apparent necessity and indefensibility of established facts; and it is often an indispensable part of his argument to show how those powerful feelings had their origin, and how these facts came to seem necessary and indefensible. There is therefore a natural hostility between him and a philosophy which discourages the explanation of feelings and moral facts by circumstances and association and prefers to treat them as ultimate elements of human nature; a philosophy which is addicted to holding up favorite doctrines as intuitive truths, and deems intuition to be the voice of Nature and of God, speaking with an authority higher than our reason. This tendency has its source in the intuitional metaphysics which characterize the reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, and is a tendency so agreeable to human indolence, as well as conservative interests generally, that unless attacked at the very root, it is sure to be carried to even a greater length than is really justified by the more moderate forms of the intuitional philosophy."

This was written many years later and is probably more truly the expression of his real opinion than the following letter to Carlyle—"I conceive that most of the highest truths are, to persons endowed by nature in certain ways which I think I could state, intuitive; that is, they need neither explanation nor proof, but if not known before are assented to as soon as stated. Now it appears to me that the poet or artist is conversant chiefly with *such* truths and that his office in respect to truth is to declare *them* and to make them *impressive*. The artist's is the highest part, for by him alone is real *knowledge* of such truths conveyed; but it is possible to convince him who never could know the intuitive truths that they are not inconsistent with anything he *does* know. Now, this humbler part is, I think, that which is most suitable to my faculties as a man of speculation. I am not in the least a poet in any sense but I can do homage to poetry. I can to a very considerable extent feel it and understand it, and can make others who are my inferiors understand it in proportion to the measure of their capacity. I do not think myself at all fit for the one; I do for the other: your work I conceive to be the higher. Now one thing not useless to do would be to exemplify this difference itself; to make those who are not poets understand

emotions did not strike him as such a crucial lack. He could well appreciate more keenly than Carlyle the value of the destructive work which Voltaire and the encyclopedists accomplished, although he also saw with Carlyle that some new constructive work was now necessary.

What seems to me one of the most interesting differences between Carlyle and Mill is their opposite opinion regarding the merits of motive. Mill acquired from his father the austere belief, which he seems to have clung to all his life, that motive has no place in the consideration of the moral worth of an action. "Consistently carrying out the doctrine, that the object of praise and blame should be the discouragement of wrong conduct and the encouragement of right, he refused to let his praise or blame be influenced by the motive of the agent. He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers." Mill confirms this attitude later in "On Liberty": "Whoever fails in the consideration generally due to the interests and feelings of others, not being compelled by some more imperative duty, or justified by allowable self-preference, is a subject of moral disapprobation for that failure, but not for the cause of it, nor for the errors, merely personal to himself, which may have remotely led to it." From what we already know of Carlyle we can easily imagine how opposite his opinion of this question would be. Any man with genuine and honest motives commanded his sympathy. Only the hypocrite he abhorred. Whatever a man with honest effort might accomplish he would approve: "Be no longer a Chaos but a World or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it the pitifull infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then."

The diversity of opinions between them, indeed, was as wide as that breach which must exist between a mystic with the soul and vision of a poet and a logician whose imagination can only work upon sound premises. What united them was their common belief that "sincerity is better than grace." What each sought and found in the other was *strength* in that sincerity.

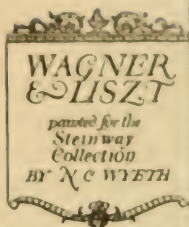
THANKSGIVING TIME

Marjorie Gaines

It is a bleak grey day in late autumn with an unfriendly chill in the gale that swoops whistling among the leaves. Now sparrows chirp disconsolately and poor people shiver and walk quickly as the wind cuts them. Now in the country the farm boy doing his early chores whistles louder than ever to help himself forget his tingling fingers, and the younger children wear warm red tippets and mittens when they start for the schoolhouse. Now early risers trap themselves into tardiness with the insidious coaxing thought of "Just five minutes more! Perhaps it will be warmer then—at any rate I'll be much braver," and invent all sorts of schemes for shutting the windows and turning on the heat without having to get out of bed.

Now in the dusk as the matinee crowd jostles down Broadway there is a cold fragrance of violets and furs, and the bright lights and blinking whirling signs seem very friendly. Now the florists' windows are filled with big chrysanthemums, and the butchers' with turkeys and hares; and the chrysanthemums go to football games with jolly people in furs, and the turkeys and hares go home to make good dinners for the people when the games are over.

Now after a long walk in the almost wintry afternoon past stores and houses out into the country, the carts of the buttered-popcorn man and the roasted chestnut vendor have an irresistible appeal; walking home in the dusk, eating popcorn or chestnuts and watching squares of soft yellow block out against the darkness gives a glow of content and comfort; and life's highest ambition is to sit in the firelight with a mellow book to read, and a nice gray cat to stroke, and the prospect of a hot tub and a flat-iron afterward for one's toes in bed.



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NOBISCUM AD PARNASSUM



The sliding scale of exchanges slides very far this time, with Princeton at one end and an entire collection of impossibilities at the other. The most vivid and finished writing in the *Nassau Lit* was done by William Mode Spackman in his "Benson and Hedges" which is the very clever result of some epigrams, some nonsense, some vulgarity and some speed. In the same issue (December, 1924), his "Four from Spoon River" is a mature reaction to the original Anthology—a discriminating imitation as well as very good poetry. "A Ride on a Street Car" by J. A. Montgomery, Jr., is successful as impressionistic analysis, and its psychology is interesting if true! "Ecclesiastes" by R. G. Griffith contains unusual, mildly humorous material which is convincing because it is effortless. "Quest" (one of five of that name, scattered through contemporary issues) is a mixture of Richard Hakluyt and Rafael Sabatini with an ending in favor of the latter. The poetry is better than the other non-professional poetry of the season. The accumulative effect of the magazine as a whole—or the moral—is that men are more universal in their choice of material, more ambitious in the matter of style, and more mature in their point of view than college girls of the same age. They are both original and creative where girls are only critical—or ineffectual. We hope that this comment is not permanent, for all our sakes, and that there may be some weak spot in the feminine psychology which Winter has put his finger on; we hope it, on the condition that Winter may remove his finger by Valentine's Day at least.

But generalizing and enthusiasm have betrayed us again. The November issue of *Goucher Kalends* contains an essay on "Music as a Revelation" by Marion E. Hall, which has poetic vocabulary and effective prose organization. "Feathers" by Anne P. Ellis shows good treatment of plot and surprising characterization for so casual a study. An example of even tone is Ruth Barrett's "Margaret Ogilvy"—in fact, nothing in the magazine is worthless, which shows a high average in material submitted or a high critical ability among the editors, either or both of which possibilities are greatly to be envied.

In the December *Tattler* from Randolph-Macon there is a well written appreciation of Conrad by Laura Loving, for those who cared for Conrad. There is an atmosphere of mysticism and death, much more energetic than it sounds. in the December *Mount Holyoke Monthly*, (we preferred "*Cuzanopin*" because

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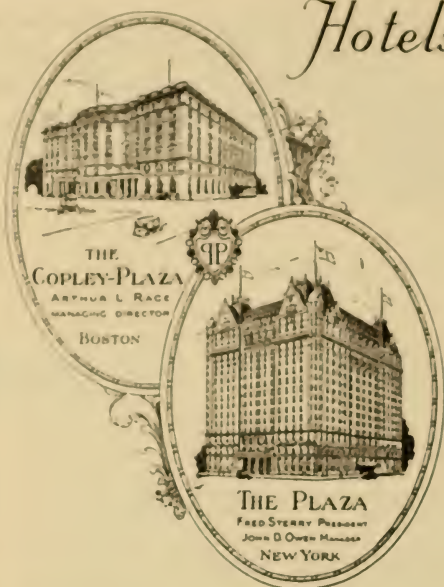
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Northampton

of its name). In the November *Wisconsin Literary Magazine* we found an episode very different from the usual going-to-Europe-on-the-boat romance to Kentucky Mountain realism, but it is realism of a Chinese sort and perhaps romantic. Its name is "White Ankles," its author is Chang Yu Sun and it is too vivid by far to be comfortably amateur, which brings us back to the beginning, that men grow up much faster than girls. And while we're about these gallant-ries, may we thank the *Fordham Monthly* (December, 1924) for its after dinner speech to Smith—as she was in October.

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SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. XXXIII

MARCH, 1925

No. 6

BOARD OF EDITORS

KATHERINE LANDON, 1926

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MARY ELIZABETH LUMAGHI, 1927

ADELE GOLDMARK, 1926

CAROL MAURER, 1927

MILDRED WHITMER, 1927

"THIS"

murmurs the Intelligentsia, "is the climax." And over their programs they become bitter.

"Harvard, Goucher, Vassar, Holyoke—fancy not introducing them until the sixth act!" They prefer their heroes with the rising of the curtain, yet wherever it is, the climax is the beginning of The End.

The stout gentleman is poking about for his rubbers, and the lady in the second row—well, you, too, have been to plays. That is why you give another glance at your program before pushing out the dents in you hat (felt, of course).

Three more acts—April, May, June. The next one is a monologue—the reappearance of Smith, the ventriloquist. Have the Intelligensia noticed the announcement that he will quite out-do himself in several new tongues? You assert your independence and settle back.

"It is all very irregular," you say, hopefully putting in another dent. "Perhaps there will be three *more* climaxes."

* * * * *

We trust so, too.

But at present be grateful, with us, for this unusual number. It is sparing you the whole course of amateur analytics with which our table is heaped. The college has turned from semi-colons to soul, with a laudable impartiality con-

cerning the possessor of the soul, but a less laudable monotony concerning its nature. We hope you will not blame the spring, which has troubles enough of its own; but we wished to take you into our confidence for sympathy's sake.

We were just beginning to be bored with semi-colons, anyway.

• • • • •

Bye the bye, if you want another issue as interesting as this one, please send us your most amusing outburst. We are beginning to believe that Smith College fiction is confined to the class-room.

The Interecollegiate Magazine has been made up with a different working purpose from that used in other years. In its past work it has been looking forward to the time when it might cease to be a yearly number of the Interecollegiate Magazine, and become instead a yearly college anthology. Conference members felt, this year, that the time to take such a step has arrived, and that next year they will be able to make up a book, put together not so much with the idea of representing every Eastern college in attendance, as of presenting the best, and most readable work brought to the conference. The magazine this year was put together with this idea in mind.

Roberta Suartz, '25, Mount Holyoke.

The following contributions were approved by our practically unanimous vote,—but because other material seemed even more valuable to us, we were obliged to omit them for lack of room.

—I. M. C. B.

OLD GEORGE AND BLACK JABEZ
THE GOD-WAKER
LA PROVIDENCE
THERE ARE MORE THINGS
GOOD KING MIDAS
THE POTTED PLANT
MONOTONE
THE PARABLE OF POETIC LICENSE
STAINED GLASS
THE OLD MILL
REMEMBRANCE
SONNET
AND PIERROT WENT LAME
THERESA AND THE DARK VALLEY

by Madge Turner Barnard
by Faith Fraser Barnard
by Edith Walton Bryn Mawr
by Barbara Ling Bryn Mawr
by Pieter F. Dominick Goucher
by Margaret Spragins Goucher
by J. P. Ludlam Harvard
by Jonathan Leonard Harvard
by Helen Davis Mount Holyoke
by Lillis Leland Mount Holyoke
by Sally Linley Smith
by Mary de Coningh Smith
by Hazel Reeve Vassar
by Mary Cooper Vassar

LIFE

Mary Virginia Heinlein, 1925

A play in many acts with a Prologue and an Epilogue.

THE PROLOGUE

The characters:

GOD.

THE BOY.

Scene: *The dividing line between this world and the last, that peculiar and mathematical place where the finite ends and the infinite begins. You can name it to suit yourself; we are determined to offend none of you so soon, and in this day and age a dramatist must be very careful about his metaphysical areas. If you belong to the nice old-fashioned school which still believes in a Heaven, you can call this the edge of that. Not the front edge however, with its pompous gate, (and glittering generalities) but the back door edge where God can walk when he wearies of the eternal music and would have a little peace.*

On the other hand, if you are a confirmed materialist, you can call it the place of decomposition. We are not particular about the name; we can be as liberal as that other great dramatist, who said,—“What’s in a—,” but you know the rest, we must hurry on to the play, (before it escapes us entirely).

A description of what the curtain discloses is a little beyond us. You can see the difficulties yourself. If the play is ever presented, it will have, in all probability, a futuristic setting, and the design will mean as much to you as my omission.

God, who is a fatherly old man (old-fashioned or not, you will have to accept that) with a white beard, and a more important stage property, a twinkle in his eye, is seen walking with the boy, who, we hope reminds you of your own. They seem more human than ethereal, and they never betray their positions by their actions.

THE FATHER: And so, when the boy found that the sun had destroyed his castle of morning mist, he trapped the sunbeams and wrought himself a palace of gold, and in it he placed all of his treasures and waited for the girl to come back. When the girl returned she stood on her tip-toes and clapped her hands for joy and said—“Now, I will live with you always.”

BOY: (*Releasing his suspense in a long ‘Oh’ of delight.*)

So, his dream came true at last.

FATHER: At last. (*Then suddenly stopping and turning.*) But come, we have walked farther than I intended.

BOY: (*The boy speaks always in the excited, stumbling, confused way of youth.*)

Wh—why is it, Father, that we always turn back when we reach here?

We've never come so far before. And look—look, Father, at the queer curved rim over there. What is it?

FATHER: Nothing, nothing at all. Don't, don't, boy. Don't go over.

(But he is too late. While the boy spoke, he ran to the edge, threw himself upon—could one say the ground?—and was now peering over.)

BOY: *(with awe.)* Father, what is it? That great silver ball that goes whirling and whirling through the clouds?

FATHER: *(A wrinkle has appeared in the serene forehead, and the humor in the eyes has changed to something else. There is a solemnity and tenderness in his answer.)* That's the world, my boy.

BOY: The World, the World. *(He repeats it slowly, feeling the sounds as though he were tasting a new fruit.)* What a pretty word, World.

FATHER: Yes, the world's pretty enough. *(With pardonable pride.)* I named it.

BOY: But what is it? Why don't we play with it, the way we play with the moon and the stars and the other bright things the sky is sprinkled with?

FATHER: Tush, let's talk no more about it. Come. I see your friends sliding down the Milky Way. They're waving to you. Run; join them.

BOY: Just a moment. I want to watch the world. Looking at it is lovelier than sliding down the milky way. Looking at it is lovelier than playing with the moon. I don't believe that any thing is lovelier than looking at the world. How it goes! See! Spinning and twisting and glittering.

FATHER: You're not very original.

BOY: Father, I want it.

Will you get it for me? Will you?

FATHER: I will get you that chain of diamond points, and you can make yourself a bracelet.

BOY: But I don't want a bracelet. I want that. Why can't I have it?

FATHER: I made it that way. Not for you, but for the living.

BOY: The living? Another strange word, but how lovely—as lovely as—the world. Father, I want to be a living.

FATHER: Don't ask for that, Boy. Believe me; I know best.

BOY: I've never wanted anything I couldn't have before. I want to live; I shall always want to live. And if I don't, I can never be happy again.

FATHER: *(You must pardon him, but I have spoken before of his human qualities.)* A case of being damned if you do, and damned if you don't.

BOY: *(With the same tone of eagerness that creeps into your own son's voice when he coaxes.)* Can I be a living, Father? Can I? Can I?

FATHER: Sooner or later comes the same cry. Here you have everything, but life—and that is all you want. None of you believe that it is for love of you that I would keep you here always. Don't ask me again. Boy. You know that I can refuse you nothing.

BOY: But I can't help myself. I would be thinking of it always, shining through all that misty blue about it, hurling itself through space like a thing

alive, free and graceful—and full of mystery. Oh, everything in me yearns toward it; my eyes strain to see the figures on its surface, my ears catch taunting whispers from it—Father, I must be a living, if only for a little while.

FATHER: Yes, I suppose you must. Having seen it, you'll never be satisfied until you've visited. A long time ago I made it, like everything else, a plaything for you all. But you took me seriously and spoiled the whole idea. You worked, and I had meant you to play; you catalogued my birds which I had given you for music,—pinned down the wings of my brilliant butterflies, and with all the colors of the flowers to pick from, you chose the yellow of gold for your favorite. You kept scrambling around, trying to find a purpose—when the only purpose I had in mind was quite apparent. And finally, you turned your love for me into a feeling of duty—and that hurt worst of all.

BOY: Can I go, now, Father?

FATHER: See! Only one idea. And my talking which you once loved only bores you with this great longing for life in your heart. Well, it's my own fault. I gave you the gift of life, and I suppose that you must have the desire for it, then. That one disadvantage of being God, there's no one to blame but myself. I should have made me an Eve.

BOY: Do I just close my eyes and jump?

FATHER: Such a hurry! Just a minute or two! What's a moment more or less to us?

BOY: Look at her go! I could catch her in my hands and fling her far, far out—

FATHER: No, no, Boy. Don't go to monkeying with the orbit of that planet. If you're going to upset my whole system of gravitation—

BOY: Gravitation? That, too, is a new word. Oh, hurry, and let me go. How she sails along, light as a silver bubble in the air. She is a silver bubble and I could crush her in my fingers.

FATHER: If you'd always feel that way, I shouldn't mind letting you go. But such queer things happen at birth, I scarcely recognize you afterward. Would you believe it, Boy, some of you, after you're born, look around, and actually think that the World is bigger than you—and stronger?

BOY: That little Ball? *(He laughs, heartily at the pure humor of the thing, and just a trifle scornfully. The laughter seems to bother God, for there is another disadvantage to his position. He knows what's coming.)*
But talk when I come back; Father, let me go now.

FATHER: Well, go if you must. But here *(and he slips something into the Boy's hand)* are three little gifts—just to remember me by. Keep them and you'll come back much the way you left. *(The Boy moves to the edge, eager to be off. He nods, closes his eyes, and leaps. God calls over the edge.)*

THE PLAY.

We are very young. You will forgive us if we don't re-tell an old story, with which, after all, you are better acquainted than we are.

THE EPILOGUE.

Scene: The same as the Prologue. It doesn't even show the effects of time—for all the many acts that have passed. God is alone for a bare second, and then, the Boy is seen listlessly walking toward him.

FATHER: It's a strange look that you come back with, boy. Didn't you enjoy life?

BOY: *(Tonelessly and expressionless.)* Life.

FATHER: Life, yes. The thing you made such a fuss about a short time ago. Remember? Right in this same place—nothing would do but you must be up and away—to be a "living." *(God is trying, patiently, to talk as though sixty or seventy years hadn't passed. There is a strained lightness in his voice, but he knows it's no use. He can't even fool himself and he becomes serious.)* Did you enjoy living?

BOY: *(Always listless, he speaks in a dead voice throughout this scene—with one exception.)* I didn't know that I was living.

FATHER: Why, Boy, not know that you were living? Didn't you waken mornings, breathless and eager for the new day? And didn't you run and sing until dusk came and wrapped you in her restful dark arms?

BOY: I—no.

FATHER: But, you surely loved my high, white mountains and my turquoise lakes? and my sunsets, Boy? I thought of you especially, as I hung out some of my choicest purples and oranges.

BOY: I didn't notice them.

FATHER: You must have been busy, not to have looked around you.

BOY: I was traveling.

FATHER: Traveling? I thought the place you landed very nice. There was a great oak in the back yard, built for a man to lie under, and count the ants that crawled up the trunk. And there was a little spring.

BOY: Yes, yes. I remember. The place was nice enough, that is, until I was about twenty. Then one morning, just as Dawn was sweeping away the night, I heard a woman's voice, the voice of Romance calling to me from over the hills, and off I set to find her. I ran up and down the hills all day, but always, she was just over the next hill. The voice stopped at nightfall. I ran on but met only an old woman with black teeth, who laughed at me when I asked her if she'd seen a golden-haired girl go by.

FATHER: Yes?

BOY: I never found Romance—but *(we suspect a hint of sheepishness in his manner—but he speaks with so little interest in his own tale)* I lost one of your gifts.

FATHER: You were growing up.

BOY: Yes, growing up and restless, for continually from then on a man's voice rang in my ears. I sailed the Seven Seas trying to find all that it promised, but all I ever found was an island of dead bones. While I was leaning over to examine it, I felt your second gift slip from me and I watched it fall into the sea, and float, sparkling in the cold waters.

FATHER: But you had a third gift, Boy—the best of all—

BOY: Yes, the best of all, and the easiest lost, for I lost it just in living with people.

FATHER: Even with the gifts gone, there is beauty in the world, had you stopped and looked about you.

BOY: Perhaps. But I knew for the first time the worth of the gifts you had given me. When I saw that I had lost them, I felt naked and ashamed. I couldn't rest, so I ran through the hills and sailed the seas and hunted into men's philosophies, into their histories, their governments, into their songs and monuments and literatures and finally their hearts, seeking, always seeking for the things I had lost. But I never found them. And now I am dead.

GOD: And now you're dead.

FATHER: You say that now, but look! Here in my hands I hold the same three things—they are never lost, but return each—

BOY: And the life was not worth the living.

BOY: (*It is here that he loses his listlessness. He is eager now, intensely so and he pleads as a man pleads who is asking for the most precious thing he knows, as a dying man begs for water, or as a woman cries for a dead child.*)

Give them to me. Oh, give them back to me. Let me have them. I swear I won't lose them, swear it, swear it. Please. It's not fair. No one knows their worth until they're gone, and then it's too late. Give them back. They are mine, mine, and you have stolen them from me. Oh—please let me have them—(*He stops, sobbing with exhaustion.*)

FATHER: You have had your life. (*Not a judgment, but with great compassion.*) You have lived. I have but a few of these and there are many like yourself desiring life. See, even now they come in a long line, crying for it. And each must have his gifts, his only protection against the hates and greeds, and cruelties which men have manufactured, and about which he has learned nothing here. No, Boy, you would lose them all over again. Even were I to chain them about your neck you would manage to lose them, I'm sorry. But there—I see your companions. Go join them, and in a thousand years or so, you will have forgotten your disappointments and will laugh again.

FINAL CURTAIN

JUDITH SPEAKS

Dorothy Joseph, 1925

Star of the morning, he is dead;
See, my hands are wet and red;
Yestereve he was my host,
Foul his jest and loud his boast;
I have felt his hot embrace,
Felt his beard against my face;
*Wind of the morning, cool and free,
Cleanse me! cleanse me!*

Star of the morning, do not shed
Any light upon that head;
Let those purple lips be hid,
Let me see not what I did;
Oh, but I shall ever feel
Yielding flesh on cleaving steel:
*Wind of the morning, cool and free,
Cleanse me! cleanse me!*

Star of the morning, I have fed
Hungry beast with bitter bread;
Oh, my people, in the night
I have fought and won your fight;
Yes, but I have lain with Death,
Heard his voice and felt his breath:
*Wind of the morning, cool and free,
Cleanse me! cleanse me!*

THE STORY OF A GARDEN

Pieter Floyd Dominick

Ida lived in our kitchen, and at the basement door. She also lived in the back yard. Mrs. Anderson, at the Intelligence Bureau, had sent her to us. I pondered many moments upon this, and upon such questions as "Why is an Intelligent Bureau, and what for?"

At this time, Ida was about fifty-seven (although I never was able to calculate it), and I was eight years old. On Monday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, Ida bought coffee-cake with cheese in it. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, she bought coffee-cake with jelly on it. On Saturdays I went to Mrs. Gray's dancing school. On Sundays, Mother, Father and I went for a walk—usually to see those new houses that were being built up on President Street.

To-day was Tuesday. Ida took a long knife and cut the jelly coffee-cake in uncertain quantities. The hand that held the knife was red and scaly. I wanted to spill some soft butter on it. I brushed up against her arm and smelt the boiled starchiness of a cotton plaid dress. It rudely interrupted the ticklish fragrance of clear coffee. She looked sidewise at the stove, over the nickle edges of her egg-shaped spectacles, to see if the spinach for supper might be boiling over. It was; so, with a wet dish-rag in hand, she bundled her squat self hurriedly to save the stove-polish.

Said I, "To-day's—Tuesday—, isn't it? Tu-s-day—Tu-s-day—Tu-s-day"—

No answer but the dragging aside of the pot, in the midst of vapor and sizzlings. When she turned around, the steam seemed to be crawling down the cracks and furrows of her face, which reminded me of nothing more than a wrinkled spinach leaf itself. She opened her mouth in a laugh that was not a laugh, and wiped her face on her apron. I always forgot Ida's teeth till she poked them out. You had to notice carefully or you missed them. There were not many. The most prominent were two eye-teeth greenish and worn down from hard service. I wondered when she had lost the others (and most secretly how).

Ida threw two spoons on the table, two cups and saucers, the milk bottle, a square of butter on a cracked plate; and brought over the coffee-pot. I watched her pour one full cup, and one-half cup which she dumped milk into and pushed over to me with her free hand.

With a long grunt Ida sat down sidewise on the chair. One leg stuck straight out, to rest the sole of a weary foot. I looked at her shuffling slippers, and enjoyed the manner which her toes had of poking from great holes at the sides, sometimes even bursting through white stocking-feet. She spilled some coffee out into her saucer and drank. It was then that I could watch most

closely the furze of long bristles fringing her upper lip; and I ever longed to see if a straw would fit into one of the dimpling pores of her nose.

The basement bell rang. Ida slip-slopped out to the door with an egg-beater in her hand. When she came back there was a red geranium in her arms. She trundled it out to the storm shed. It was a curious custom she had, this Ida, of going out to the door with, say, a meat-grinder, and coming back with, say, a tall Easter lily. Perhaps it was because she once had been hypnotized by a man who had got all her money (or so she said).

I went out to play.

Next morning in our back yard, a red geranium grew. In two days a pink one was there; in three, a young tulip; in four, a hydrangia. That day the waffle iron went.

The next day Ida went.

THE HANGING OF KRUSCOME SHANKS

Walter D. Edmonds, Jr.

Late in the afternoon three boats had come out of the fens and tied up at Ricket's dock. Big, blunt-nosed things, with stupid, square windows and moss-grown sides, they lay end for end along the shore. They had come all the way through the dismal fen country in the misty afternoon, when the sun sank red and hot upon the hills and the big, pale moon came out of the sea by Skerryssouth. Behind the boats had crawled the brown sea fog writhing over the hollows and the dank marsh and sending long, twisting feelers among the hills. After the fog and over it, the night crept upon the fens with their serpentine canal, where the bullfrogs croak hoarsely down in the mud, where the reeds shudder and die as they stand, and the rats dig endless catacombs amid the clay. When the night came in and the towpath grew black and unreal, it was best for canal folk to lie where there was company, for rumors had come that Solomon Tinkle and Gentleman Jo Calash were back on the Riscany road. Therefore, one by one the three boats had stopped and tied up at Joshua Ricket's dock and their crews had gone into the bar to drink.

The boats were heavy laden with coals in bags for Riscany and Kyle, and the crews were larger than usual. Joshua Ricket made good trading from it; for after the long, winding pull of thirty miles from Skerryssouth, both mules and men ate and drank hearty. Joshua fed both man and mule—for pay; but where he watered the mule, he liquored the man, and that paid better yet.

To-night he stood behind the bar, his bald head bobbing in the lamplight and his square spectacles riding the bridge of his nose—low down, where the up-turned tip made a pummel. Leaning far over the bar, arms working, elbows up, with a crab-like motion, he swabbed the wood with a dirty rag, and, as he surveyed the crowd, his small black eyes gleamed like pinheads before a fire.

"Any news from Skerryssouth?" he asked in a piping voice that whistled over its s's like sea wind in the reeds.

"Any news? Any news?" he repeated.

The men, nine of them, sat about the hearth; and the three cooks of the three boats, like figures in Holland chinaware, hobanobbed with Ricket's woman in a far corner. The latter was an old hag, gaunt and grey and frenzied, gone mad on gin and rum, with streaked hair that had once been yellow, and a wrinkled face, withered like the mummy of Sibyl. Her clawlike hands extended, palms downward, she whispered harshly to the others and trembled

gustily. Now and then, apparently making some important remark, she darted her head forward, and with the same motion, half-raising their hands, her hearers drew toward her until the four heads almost touched.

"A fool," whispered the old hag, savagely, "a fool—like her pa—on'y worse."

She turned to glare at Ricket, and, as if the movement had been preconcerted, the others turned as one and glared at him, too. Joshua's cook she was, without a name, the mother of his child.

"A fool," she repeated, "a fool, a nass, a——, an' now she's layin' there an' cryin' for 'im—cryin' for that bloody rascal—weepin' for 'im."

Here the three women sighed, wiped the tears from their noses and took another drink. The old hag raised her head—

"I says to 'er, I says, look here, I says, yu might have gone to cook for a man on his boat, I says, an' been a decent woman, an' no care to your ma, I says, an' some day he might've up an' married yu—just like old Coldenhog married his cook to Riscany last summer!"

"Sure an' certain," breathed the others. "That's right." And they all wished they might be like Mrs. Coldenhog, for the Mrs. to her name. "Not that it makes no real difference," they added.

"An' now she lays there npstairs," said Joshua's old woman, "an' she's goin' to have a baby—which ain't nothin' in itself. I says to 'er—but she might have done it decent, out of the house. But she don't care, she's all for 'im, just the same. . . ."

She stopped, for the men about the fire were talking as they drank; Jem Wattle was telling the news to Joshua. . . .

"There ain't much to say about," he began, "except they've went an' took Kruscome Shanks. They went after him for three days in the fens, for killin' a man in Jasper's drinkin' house in Skerry-south. They got a squad an' a sergeant off th' prison ship, an' they tracked him down. It took 'em three days to do it, it did; three days in th' fog. They fired th' guns all day, same as a man'd got off, they did."

"W'at then?" asked Joshua, more crab-like than ever, slipping sideways down the bar and peering into Wattle's run-bloated face. "I repeats, w'at then?"

Under its cud of tobacco, Wattle's underjaw swayed back and forth like a cow's.

"Why then," he continued, vacantly staring about him. "why then they went an' took him, I guess certain they did."

"How?" squeaked Joshua, fidgiting from foot to foot. "how'd they get him, eh? A big, strong man, he were, an' no mistakin' that! He didn't come easy-like, did he?"

"No, not easy-like; but they took him."

Joshua slipped back along the bar to another man and sidled up to him.

“W’at’d they done to him, eh? W’at’d they done to him? Eh, Jonas Stubble?”

“Why I dunno,” said Jonas, pulling at his long chin and closing his watery eyes under a frown, “I heard tell how he killed the sergeant an’ tried to get away. So they took him in, they did, an’ tried him into th’ town, an’ they’ll hang him there at dawn—when th’ sun comes up. That’s how I heard tell of it.”

He rinsed the rum through his teeth and swallowed loudly.

The old hag listened to him with gleaming eyes. Then she turned to the other women.

“Listen,” she said, “oh, won’t I lay this into ’er? Oh, won’t I? He! he! he! Yu wait here.”

“Oh, won’t yu?” echoed the others, and they took another drink.

The old woman ran her tongue over her gums and nodded. As she passed the bar, she took up a candle, stuck in the neck of a bottle. Her companions watched her hobble up the staircase at the rear of the room.

The steps were mouldy and smelled of grease and rotting wood. Even beneath her withered feet, they creaked now and again, and bits of moss fell from the chinks and rolled out upon the boards. She panted from the climb and leaned against the rough-hewn planks of the walls to rest. At the top, the stairs turned at right angles into a dark passage with four doors opening upon it. Still panting, the old hag made her way to the farthest, opened it quietly, and peered into the room. A single candle burned on a chair beside a small, curtained bed. Except for these two articles of furniture and a wash-stand, with a basin and two brown-smeared bottles, the room was utterly bare. The far end lay in complete darkness, so that there seemed to be no fourth wall. The air was stifling with the smell of horse liniment. A wisp of steam coiled lazily from the basin on the stand.

The old woman gazed at the figure beneath the red and yellow patch-work quilt.

“He! he! he!” she cackled. “He! he! Was yu sleepin’?”

“No,” said the girl. Her face looked white and pitifully young in the dim light. Deep furrows of pain ran from her pinched nostrils to her lips. Her wide eyes were dusky, shadowy, like the lustreless hair that rested in a mass on her shoulder.

“No,” she said, slowly. “I wasn’t sleepin’. Why?”

“Why?” repeated the old woman, “why? I thought yu was, that’s why enough for yu.”

She cast up her thin nose and sniffed.

“Liniment!” she exclaimed. “Liniment! That’s good for horses an’ mules an’ drabs like yu.”

The girl closed her eyes and lay still.

“Listen yu!” shrilled the old woman, “didn’t I tell yu y’ought to ’ve gone cookin’ fer a boater, ’stead of takin’ up with a no-good like Kruscome

Shanks? An' didn't yu say f'r me to shet up, time an' again, eh? An' didn't I says yu was wrong, and just a drivellin' fool, what'd be a ordinary——, stead of a honest man's cook, eh? 'Pride,' says yu. 'I've got pride,' yu says. Well, blast yu, I've, too. An' I was right."

The girl opened her eyes and looked fearfully at the old woman.

"For why?" she asked.

Her mother drew herself to her full height. She rapped her knuckles on her skinny breast and brandished the candle over her head until the tallow spattered on her shoulders. Through the deep shadows cast by her brows, her sunken eyes gleamed with the fulfillment of prophecy.

"For why?" she cried. "'For why!' says yu. Why they've taken 'im f'r murder, an' they've tried 'im into Skerrysouth, an' they'll hang 'im to-morrer dawn—when th' sun comes up. Jem Wattle's up from Skerrysouth, he is, with three boatload of coal, an' he tell'd it to Josh. Didn't I say? Didn't I tell? For why! . . ."

The girl gave a low cry, and her tense body went limp.

"Dishwater!" muttered the old woman. "Slops! An' all this fuss f'r a baby!"

She took a bottle of the liniment from the stand and forced some of it down the girl's throat.

"That'll fetch yu," she said.

Abruptly, without waiting to observe the result of her ministration, she left the room.

She descended the stairs and made for her three cronies to tell of her triumph; but they were all drunk and snoring. Vindictively, she banged their heads with the bottle and went behind the bar to see what Joshua might be doing.

Joshua was talking to Jem Wattle again, while the others brooded over their drink and steamed before the fire. From their clothes the combined odors of marsh mud, rum, sweat, and manure rose in a stifling combination.

"Say," said Jem, "I hear Solomon Tinkle and Gen'lman Jo Calash is workin' th' Riseany road again."

"They be," nodded Joshua, "an' they're makin' good hauls, they be, too. Shot two guards an' a passenger a'ready. Got sense enough not to shoot th' drivers. They knows th' stage 'd never come through if they did. Seems like it was all agreed between 'em. . . ."

"They're a pair, they be, all right," agreed Jem.

"That's right," said Joshua, "an' they're as bad drunk as not. They ride when they's drunk, an' they shoots just as straight. Drunk or sober, sober or drunk, they ain't any difference."

Jem Wattle's cook, who was lying under the table, came out of her stupor.

"Ark," she said, hoarsely, "I 'ears 'orses." And she dropped off to sleep again.

Joshua sidled to a window and opened it. The night fog crept into the room in thin, yellow streamers and began to dance back and forth with the wood-smoke in the maze of draughts among the rafters. The men listened. Faintly, coming down the towpath from Riscany way, they could hear the surge of hoofs running on a muddy road. The sound came and went and came again like the beat of a shower on the dry tree tops in the woods.

"She's right," said Joshua, and the others nodded.

Peering forth, he could see nothing. The fog garlanded the fens with heavy fillets that lay like gorged snakes upon the reeds and the bogs, and it had settled dank and brown over the whole length of the canal, deadening all sounds, so that the distant croaking of the frogs, the murmur of the reeds, the slide and patter of the rats, and the lap-lap-lapping of the water along the three boats came to Joshua's ears in a muffled undertone. The very smell of it was heavy, almost suffocating, a smell of rancid life and death and decay. But, after a lull, the sound of galloping grew louder, and suddenly, the mist disgorged two horses which leaped into the light of the window and slithered and stopped at the door. The riders sprang to the ground and entered the room.

They were an odd pair: one small, bow-legged, thin, with an odd, lifting voice that rose and fell in false notes like a cracked and rusty bell; he walked with a skipping motion like a lean and animated toad; and now he hopped up to Ricket and 'gormed' at him through small black eyes, as though he were regarding some priceless curiosity. His companion was tall, straight, and silent, with a long face and drowsy features that drooped in converging lines to the point of his chin. Both wore long cloaks and wide-brimmed hats, sodden with the fog, and, when they came before the fire, steam rose in small clouds and climbed up about their heads.

As they approached him, Joshua Ricket moved sideways away from them and slipped behind his bar.

"Hello," he said, "hello, gen'l'men. W'at'll yu have?"

The smaller of the two came up to the bar.

"Me," he replied, cocking his head, "me, I'll have rum. This here's my friend—yu may have heard tell of us two—he's my friend, he is, Gen'l'man Jo Calash; an' he drinks *liquoor*, not sayin' which, yu see, but any 'll do. Me, I'm on'l Solomon Tinkle, an' rum suits me fine, when th' price ain't too high."

"It ain't here," said Joshua, hastily pouring it out, "it ain't here, sure an' certain, it ain't."

The highwaymen moved two stools to the corners of the hearth and swept open their cloaks. They were slightly uncertain in their actions.

"Drunker'n mud," Joshua whispered to Wattle, as he passed.

"But they shoots just as straight," whispered Jem.

"Me an' Jo, here," said Solomon Tinkle, "we've an argyment on, we have. An' if yu'll pardon th' exclusion into yu're talk, we'll foller it up."

He reached for his mug and nodded to his companion.

"Yu'n me got to get *liquored* up—like yu'd say, Jo. Yu an' me got to get *liquored* up some."

As they drank bottoms up, little Solomon Tinkle grew redder than ever. He wiped the sweat from his eyes with the back of his hand. Drinking earnestly, Gen'l'man Jo, sat glumly silent.

"It's this way, it is," said Solomon to Joshua Ricket, "we're pretty good in our trade, good in our way, we be; but yesterday, bein' Sunday, me an' Jo, bein' kind of *liquored*, we stopped into a church, into Riscany, we did. Th' preacher, he got up—we was settin' front row—an' he points at us, he does, an' he says—what've yu done as was fine onto yu're job? What've yu done as was great, an' so on kind of personal-like, an' no ways perlite.

"Jo n' me 'gun kind of sweatin' down under our breechin', holdin' back; but right then I thinks, 'What, Solomon Tinkle, son of yu're ma an' bred up Baptist from birth, what 've YU done onto yu're job as was worthwhile an' fine?' so when I gets out, I asks Jo, an' him bein' gen'l'man, or claimin' same, answers, 'Hell!' which weren't no answer. So we figgered to come in here an' settle same."

He turned to Joshua.

"Now then, Joshua Ricket, yu knows our job's to steal, an' kill when ncess'ry—which we hopes is often, makin' things more personal an' interestin', so to say. Seems like th' Lord—if such there be, no tellin' such, an' don't yu never trust a preacher, as my pa told my ma, when th' preacher was drunk an' tried to read th' burial service into their weddin'—like th' Lord, I says, kind of pre-odored us to do bad—an' thank yu kindly, says I. That bein' our pre-odored job, the finest thing we can do is the worst thing we can think on to—ain't it so, Job?"

The tall man grumbled down in his throat.

"Allus does m' bes', gen'man like I be, allus does."

LOVE SONNET**J. A. Abbott**

Though you are lovelier than the sudden storm
 Of scented petals shaken from the bough,
 Lovelier than the rain gusts through the warm
 Stifling afternoon that stir and sough
 A moment in the trees before the rain
 Drenches our fields and woods, though you are so
 Lovely and such temptation that I strain
 My throat with heart's desire, I shall not know
 The ecstasy of swooning from your lips,
 The dream of drowning in dark eddied hair,
 The music heard at fainting when life slips
 Out of life's time and bells fail everywhere—
 You are too subtle!—like transparent glass,
 Or a cool meadow brook through leaning grass.

ANNIE AND THE GREAT GOD PAN**Whitney Cromwell**

There came along our street the Great God Pan
 As far as Annie's door, and there he stood.
 Of unembittered laughter was his mood,
 A mood which scarcely squared with that of Ann!
 He begged her for some victuals. "Lordy, man,
 You sure ain't thinking as I'll *give* you food!
 You get no pie until you split some wood!"
 She chuckled, much delighted by her plan.

So Pan, the God, split up the kindling: strike
 And strike again, with far more heavy blow
 Than men are wont to use who beg their bread.
 "Such jobs are jobs a god can really like;
 Cheap wood like this wont burn: it's green, you know.
 I love to split such living stuff," he said.

IN THE BATH TUB**A NEW COSMOGONY****Howard Doughty**

I, God, descend into the primal, white,
 And antechronal void of tub; then, slow,
 With ponderous cerebration will—and lo,
 The *Cold* spouts Chaos and the *Hot* old Night!

With gurgitant thunder through th' abyss they're hurled.
 Then I, impregnant, view the watery plain:
 Another fiat shakes th' omnipotent Brain,—
 And out of the deep floats up the Soap, a World.

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA

Howard Doughty

Satyrs of old, so feigned the poets were wont to chase the flying white feet of nymphs down the paths and leafy ways of the forest, and catching them to wanton with them in revel over the smooth underfoot of some moonlit glade. But how free, how unartificial was this. How much better is our decorous and conventionalized remembrance of it where moonlight has given away to the brighter glare of electricity, where the sparse, unimportant wild flowers of the forest dell are metamorphosed into massed banks of gorgeous chrisanthemums or orchids, and the pine flooring, planed and polished has all but forgotten its rude woodland home, and so, oh Boston, in thy gilded halls, let the gentle reader place himself, and see, instead of revelling nymphs and satyrs, a Dancee, weaving through the hours its bright and ever changing pattern.

O Boston, Boston, what charms are thine. Behold, oh *lector amabilis* here is the goddess Hedone herself. Here is the pleasant tumult of many voices, here is the sweet din of music, here is gentle laughter. Look how the multicolored Web changes and is ever in motion: see from the fair pattern how fair faces emerge for a moment and are gone—one, there, pale and finer, like a shadowy white flower under its masses of dark hair; another blooming with roses and lilies, crowned with a chevelure as golden as golden is. Oh many joyed youth, thus with color and sound and perfume dost thou tread through the night hours under thy feet.

And into this enchanted place where, oh, reader, you have in fancy taken yourself, surely Black Care has not entered. Here was no banquet skeleton to say: 'As dust, so will you return to dust and become even as I, without sweet lips and fair flesh and limbs wherewith to move graciously! No clock even, with deceitful chime to cut off the unsuspecting neck of each measured half or quarter as it hurried by. Yet why did come through the throng a certain tremor of expectancy—a pretrepidation of great events about to happen?

Even thus had the rumor of Torquatus Wayne gone before him, at that moment he was drawing nigh to this Pleasaunde of Dainty Delights. None knew him and but a few had beheld him. Yet, even unseen, so great was the power of his charm that all divined his presence, and when at last he stood upon the threshold, an instant bruit went from fair to fair: 'He is here! He is here!'

Everything stopped at once. The music snapped off short at the midpoint of a mounting glissando. Each whirling figure congealed in its place. All that was erst as an ever-moving, bright colored flux stood now armorial, fixed by the gods harmoniously and in perfect tableau, for there stood the noblest of pictures, framed in the rich gilding of the doorway. A little gasp of indrawn

breath went through the rapt throng then the secular stillness deepened again over all. With superb carriage Torquatus moved up to his hostess and host, and gravely to them said courteous words. Then turned he toward the multitude.

Only the spreading rose on the face of each betrayed, amid the awful silence, the rising tumult in her heart. Only the predatory shining of each eye bespoke the momentous question—who? who? Ah!—fluttering heart, ah bright eyes, ah flower of Bostonian maidenhood there assembled, which one would he choose?

Torquatus surveyed the throng beauteous. His heart moved within him. What manly heart could fail to beat more quickly at the sight of such loveliness? But *opoi helas chev* he saw among all those fair *jeunes filles* not one face he knew. He was the soul of Good Breeding. How could he tread the dance with a partner of no matter what transcendent beauty without the formality of an introduction? With a sigh, surpressing the instincts of his heart, he turned his majestic form, and again approaching his host and hostess, gravely and beautifully said courteous words of farewell.

With godlike carriage he proceeded toward the doorway and was gone. Far a space none could indeed believe he had departed. The throng stood marmoreal, the glamor of the vision upon all. Then, little by little the death-like silence was broken. Forced breath suspired windily, hands moved, face turned to face, the music took up its wonted burden, the dance attempted to resume some of its erstwhile gait. But for all the former pretty ring of dainty badinage that fell from sweet lips, there was only one theme of speech, one thought filled the minds of all. And that was of whom? Torquatus Wayne.

So, while the grace and beauty of his perfect air was upon all the throng, and passed not from them, Torquatus, not upon a magic carpet, but in a taxicab pursued his homeward way to that city, Cambridge hight, which besides the Charles spreads its pleasant walks.

Who then was Torquatus Wayne? An aroma of romance surrounded his person and origin. He was neither the Prince of Wales, *sub nomine incognito*, nor a hero of the cinema. He was not the scion of a marriage between an improvident French count of ancient and extremely noble lineage and *une belle americaine, riche et charmante*, nor even of the secret *liason* of a Russian duke with some *belle americaine*, even more rich and charming. The Russian duke in this case had married merely a Russian duchess. That is he had married a Russian duchess. But, as has been said, there was about Torquatus a most undoubted air of mystery and romance. Whence came his fair hair and blue eyes and sculptural grace of stature, characteristics that belong only to the Greek gods or the noblest of the Anglo-Saxon race? Why after the *debacle* of 1917 did Mr. Torquatus Wayne of Chicago always concerned on the affairs of Muscovy from the time when, twenty years old he had lived at Saint Petersburg and as a relief from the weary years of this world's business, had written his book on the music of the Slavic peasants, adopt a young Russian of noble family who had escaped the pursuing *hoi polloi* after terrible trials and hard-

ships amidst which he performed prodigies of valor and feats of strength unequalled. Torquatus could only arrive at one conclusion. Yes, without doubt he was an illegitimate, a bastard.

Ah, what an ineffably romantic fact on which to base one's life. Well mightest thou, oh fortunate youth, murmur to thyself the lines of the divine Pater on the birth of him whose hand set forth for all time the lineaments of the subtle-smiling Liza, the great Leonardo: The dishonor of illegitimacy hangs over his birth. Pierro Antonio, his father was of a noble Florentine house, of Vinei in the Val d'Arno, and Leonardo, brought up among true children of that house was the love child of his youth, with the keen puissant nature such children often have.

This was the heart and core of his existence, the very center of his scheme of things. Often to himself did he imagine the scene of the parental meeting. Some elmy field under the moonlight, with his father standing by a tree, listening to the distant music of the peasants, as they sang dolefully to the tinkling balailaika, and then his beautiful mother coming suddenly on him through the shadows. Or perhaps it was in the Holy Moscow, in the square of the great cathedral—a rush of droskies—a wild Cossack chorus—and from an upper window, two lovely eyes, watching, watching.

The picture so fascinated Torquatus that he had written his father for exact details of the affair. As for other circumstances of his birth and breeding, let the gloomy castle at Vpanished and the winters at the Winter Palace account for them.

So thinking of the Great Romantic Fact of his life, and other strange delicate and beautiful matters, came he ere long to his finely appointed lodgings. A somber mood had fallen upon him. Abstractly he wrote for a while on his little brochure in Latin, Concerning the doctrine of the ascending and descending triads: a comparison of the writings on this subject of Philo Judaeus, Josephus, Ammonius, Saccas, Dionysus the pseudo-Areopogite, and Michael Psellus, the Platonic Constantinopolitan, then bathed himself composing under the soothing influence of the caloric fluid two sonnets, one in a delicately minor key, deliberately trifling, yet breaking to keep poignancy, the laugh as it were hiding the sorrow of his youthful welschmerz, the other a delicate satire on romantic youth and precocious world-weariness, a romantic jeer, as it were, at romantic tears and laughter. Then instead of retiring to slumber, he sat himself before the hearth, whereupon the fire wove its bright crown of flame. How beautiful was the color of flame, yet how much more beautiful was it when one called it—instead of firecolored.

The hours of the night moved on with leaden feet. Over the brooding soul of Torquatus some baneful star had shed its malign influences. A deadly melancholia had seized him, weariness and doubt and depression sat like incubi upon him. What a life, he thought. A hollow mockery, a bitter, bitter waste. My bright spirit made the petty toy of every pretty talent, the puissant fire of

my genius burning itself away, unused, ungathered to its focus. Diffusion, waste ah, the ghastly mummerly, the hollow, hollow mockery of it all.

So, at nineteen, onto the beautiful head, weariness and care and heavy-heartedness had descended. Alas, unhappy boy, who should have moved through the world like a god, glad and radiant, free from sorrow and all pain. To the common eye, he did so move, godlike and unworried, but when did the vulgar discern the troubles that labor in Zeus-born hearts, and the cares and travails of celestial minds? Torquatus was much discouraged. Standing with sad mien and bowed head, like a Titan, defeated but unbroken, he let fall his silken flowered dressing gown, and murmuring the third stanza of the Ode to the Nightingale, with weary sigh, he laid himself upon his couch.

The days that followed unincreased not his pain, his distractions, his weariness of spirit. Yet solace was offered. Daily there showered in on him through the mails flock after flock of engraved cards or little notes, for the nobility and aristocracy of Boston to say nothing of the upper middle classes of that delightful spot, and certain barbarians from New York, Chicago, and other cities beyond the pale could not rest until they drew him forth to be their ornament and darling, such was the prodigious effect of his one, historic appearance before the world. Yet Torquatus declined all their artful solicitations and cajoling flatteries. Let it not be thought he ventured on this course without much precogitation and many pains. For, loved he not Pleasure, loved he not Love, had he not been enamoured in rapid succession of seven princesses of the royal blood and five *premieres danseuses* of the royal ballet, had he not been as splendid a gallant as any in the magnificent, brilliant, and dissolute court of the Romanoffs? Those things however, were of the past. *Haec prius fuere*. But, he thought, what of my great predecessors, what of Lord Byron; what of the Duke of Dorset, who in the Isis sought a watery grave for the love of the beautiful Zuleika Dobson? Were they not princes of the tribe dandaical? But, no, no. He had known all they had known, and gone beyond it. He had known the world, and he had known scorn of the world, he had mingled with cynical heart among the fleshly herd, and with hard laughter he had mocked at them and at himself. This was as a story told many times to him. Now he would turn to the joys of other-worldliness, he would leave the delights of the body for delight of the soul. The new world would begin. He put aside the insidious temptation of the Boston dances.

But alas, happiness and ease of soul were still afar off from him. The black-billed humor would not loose its grip, spleen preyed remorselessly upon his vitals. He walked abroad by daylight in wretchedness and in anguish paced his chamber at night. Ah, youth, youth, what sorrows are thine when first upon thee descend the travails of this evil and cruel world. All his powers of mind and body seemed stricken with some wasting plague. In vain he turned to the arts for consolation. Music but exacerbated the bitterness of his spirit, and in the midst of books a carking restlessness would seize him and drive him forth

to thread with aimless and troubles steps the devious ways and lanes of Cambridge.

Then fate dealt him a final, crushing blow. He received a letter from his father.

My dear Torquatus.

Your last letter surprised me very much. I never knew you harbored such romantic notions about your birth. As far as I know, you are one Sergei Vladhimir Ivan Igor Dimitri Godunuff; the regular and legitimate son of the Duke and Duchess Godunuff. I never once in Russia heard the least whisper of scandal about your birth. I know, at any rate, I am not your father. I adopted you because Duchess Godunuff was most kind and hospitable to me during my visit to the Russian capital, but our friendship was of the most platonic sort. I gave you my name to protect you from the evil machinations of certain powerful enemies of your family. I thought you understood the whole matter.

Your loving father (by adoption strictly)

Torquatus Wayne.

So he was not a bastard, only an ordinary Russian Duke. The whole fabric of his life washed down to shipwreck. For three days, wrapped in a profound stupor of brooding he never left his room or tasted food. Then, suddenly, calm descended upon him. He had taken an ineluctable and unbreakable resolve. With the idea of suicide he had trifled before. Now trifling was over. He said simply to the attendant of the press:

"I shall commit suicide a week from to-day. The exact time and place will be announced later."

Oh, Muse, inspire my pen! How can I adequately set forth the alarm, consternation, despair, and anguish that descended upon all who loved this unhappy youth (and who had not? Widowed dowagers with coiffures as perfect as their dignity and the unassailability of their position had made distinct connubial advances on him after merely seeing his picture in the illustrated magazines.) All efforts were made to turn him from his mad course, and all were unavailing. The inevitable day approached.

He had fixed the hour at noon, the place the little platform before that building, wherein the *Lampoon* maketh her abode and looketh forth with comfortable leer upon the broad expanse of Mount Auburn Street. The day was one of those autumn days of sweet air and bland sunlight that the kind gods let fall upon occasion into the precincts of boreal December. Torquatus had hoped for a snow storm. To expire a dim gigantic form half-seen amidst the flakes, to have one's soul take its flight on the mighty wings of the blast, that were to expire truly in the grand manner. He dismissed as unworthy the thought that there might be a larger plenitude of spectators on a fair day.

By nine o'clock the mob were filling the square. The vulgar had already taken their places. The Nekphytes had arrived in a body, agonized at the com-

ing loss of their bright star. Then the twice-three Masters of our fate appeared, dividing their minds between fear and hope, for the thought of the poor youth's death was bitter to them, but bitterer was the thought that Duty, all-compelling Goddess would drive them, if perchance he should be turned from his rash resolve, to place him in that Durance Vile which men name Probation, for sully-ing his fair name in the Public Prints. All the clubs marched in tears at the thought that they were about to lose a possible member of such transcendent charm, such god-like beauty, such perfect distinction. Last was heard a sound of music, uttering forth lugubriously a funeral plaint, and lo! advancing along Mount Auburn Street, led by mournful-breathing saxaphones and drums, sombre and muffled, appeared the entire maidenhood of Boston, dissolved in tears and sobs.

The church tower launched on the air its little fleet of silver chimes. With hollow boom the answering bell beat out its twelve strokes. Torquatus raised the cup of hemlock to his lips. There arose from the flower of Bostonian maidenhood such plangations, such lachrymatory ululations that for a moment he faltered. But no, drawing himself to his full height and planting one foot before him firmly, he drained the cup to its depths. . . . Woe, woe for Adonis, Adonis the beautiful has fallen.

What more can be said? The crowd dispersed. Desolate winter came upon the land. For the fair the pursuit of pleasure was but a hollow posturing after that calamity, and they fled for assuagement of its sorrow to changed lands and new scenes. But in vain, in vain. There was no solace anywhere in the world. On the sands of Egypt the Sphinx said "He is gone." The blue sky above the Alps mourned his loss.

SONNET

Helen Howard

All things at last are in imprisonment :
The errant ships that sweep the ocean's crest
One day grow weary of their own unrest,
And in a narrow harbor are content.
The man whose spirit burns most vehement,
Whose ardent course no mortal can arrest,
Feels something quench the fire within his breast,
And in a small six feet of ground is pent.

So I, who would be free as smoke is free,
And look on you by day with willful face,
At evening shun perversity's gay charms ;
And caring only that you care for me,
Shut all my stubborn life into a space
No larger than the compass of your arms.

GLUMMY DUNKEL

Roberta Swartz

Frau Balke and her man were on the outs again. Glummy knew it from the look of them. They went about with a determined heaviness, avoiding so much as a word with each other. Frau Balke looked after the housework with a gray expression of remembered injury, a kind of pout around the mouth; sullen, indifferent eyes. Still she dished soup for Pieter and the farm-boys when they came in from the fields; she slammed the board of blackbread down on the table beside them, she fetched them a full pitcher of milk. The three farm-boys laughed among themselves and nudged each other. They looked at Pieter from the tail-ends of their eyes. "Hum! Frau Balke and her man on the outs again!" They expected this. They enjoyed it. Pieter wore his mood with a difference. He kept it all in the hinge of his jaw among his back teeth. When he smoked, it seemed he would snap the pipe-stem; his eyes were half-closed in the tobacco cloud. Finally he would say a rough word or two without moving his lips. Then they must be off to the field again, the whole lot of them.

Glummy wondered what was the matter now. Married people are always fighting—saying hard words to each other or none at all, she decided as she scraped the field-mud off the men's boots one Mittag when they left them outside their doors to be cleaned. "My father and my mother never had any peace either," she said to herself. "It was always one thing or another with them. Mother nearly knifed my father that time about the cows; and he didn't speak to her for three weeks once, when she wanted to name my little brother Heino. Well, there wasn't any christening after all, so they might have spared their trouble. And well, they are all dead now." It was hard even to think of them as they were lying now, next to each other in the ground, nothing to find fault with, nothing to shout about. It seemed as if their stillness must be again the product of that dark unforgiving mood that Glummy had observed so often. They had quarrelled, had they? And now they had decided not to speak. There they might lie without speaking, till the last day.

Glummy ran the rag over Pieter's boots till she brought a dull shine. Look at the Staufels down in the store, too. Always fussing about something. And they only young. There had been a mistake in the supplies-counting, and Glummy was there when Fritz kicked Frau Staufel, lightly, and told her to get home to her father. Well, it was no more than to be expected, with married people! Ogla shook her curls and her red face and uttered bad names, and went out, slamming the door. "I have married the devil, believe it," thundered Fritz.

The next pair of boots were not so dirty nor so big. They belonged to

In the spring, after early planting, Pieter's business was with the farm-roads. He sent the men up there to work, and make a broad path to the highway. Checo went up in the hills with them every day. The cuckoo began to sing and the days were warmer. Glummy took great pleasure when she drove the geese up the road a little way. The air was so sweet after weeks spent in the house.

Everyone seemed happier, younger, now. Frau Balke was busy about fresh curtains—Pieter was in good humor enough—Frau Balke, putting the starched farm curtains out on the frames in the yard, to stiffen and dry, sang:

"Du, du liegst mir im Herze," through her nose—"Why are you so mean to Checo, these days?" she said to Glummy. "There's a good chance for you, on my word! Checo will likely come into a farm of his own, one of these days. I can see he's dead in love with you—but *you*—" she chuckled, and shook Glummy a little by the shoulder, she was in such good spirits. "I don't see what makes you so simple, for my part," she said. "Every girl wants to make a good marriage! And there's your Koffer, ready,—Oh, you'll come around! Wait a bit—" Glummy went off, biting her lip. Such inconsistency disgusted her.

But one evening when she was driving the geese down again, she passed Checo. She had known this would happen—She could have come an hour ago—a half hour later,—but—The soft sandy road gave her a new thrill. The cool air was full of a very vibrant light. Glummy swung down the path with a switch, the geese trundling noisily beside her, scattering, and hissing. Then

"Guten Aben, Konigskind!" said Checo. "What you've never heard that story before?" He strode away into the dusk. And Glummy, half bitterly, half happily, reflected upon the goose-girl and her lover. "This is the moment," she thought—"of being deceived"—A great yearning came over her—an assurance of mystery and a delight of fairy-tales. "What a pity," she thought, drawing a deep breath of the fragrant earth—"What a pity—"

MRS. CRAVEN

Helen Phillips

Mrs. Craven was the guest of honor. It was her seventy-fifth birthday and her friend Mrs. Lloyd was entertaining at tea for her. The guests were all members of the Cardus Sunday School Class of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and just like one big family, as Mrs. Lloyd put it. The minister was the only man there, and "he'd better behave himself alone with so many pretty young girls," pealed little Mrs. McQuatters, shaking her finger and cocking her head. Everyone laughed excitedly. What a way Cora McQuatters had with her! Mrs. Craven sat in the biggest chair, her black silk lap without a wrinkle, her acousticon pinned to her left side, hidden under a corsage of stern cotton violets, her shoe buttons twinkling on a little green hassock. What a fool Cora McQuatters was—a good worker in the church, though, but no better than she herself. She had worked for the Lord for sixty years, and she had been prospered. Now she was in the midst of friends. The hot, deep orange tea, the little square bites of bread, the yellow round cakes with their pale pink sugar tops, were for her, the minister in his shining white and heavy black was for her, the little pile of packages in white tissue paper and pink and white ribbons was for her. Her eyes were suddenly hazed and red with tears. She fumbled to unpin her acousticon and hold it to her ear. "Dr. Burnet," she supplicated, "would you offer a word of prayer? I want the Lord to know he has rewarded me." Dr. Burnet raised his right hand as he bowed his head, and speaking very loudly into Mrs. Craven's acousticon, he reminded God of her splendid faith and many goodnesses, while Mrs. Craven wept quietly.

LET MYSTERY NO MORE GO BY**Roberta Swartz**

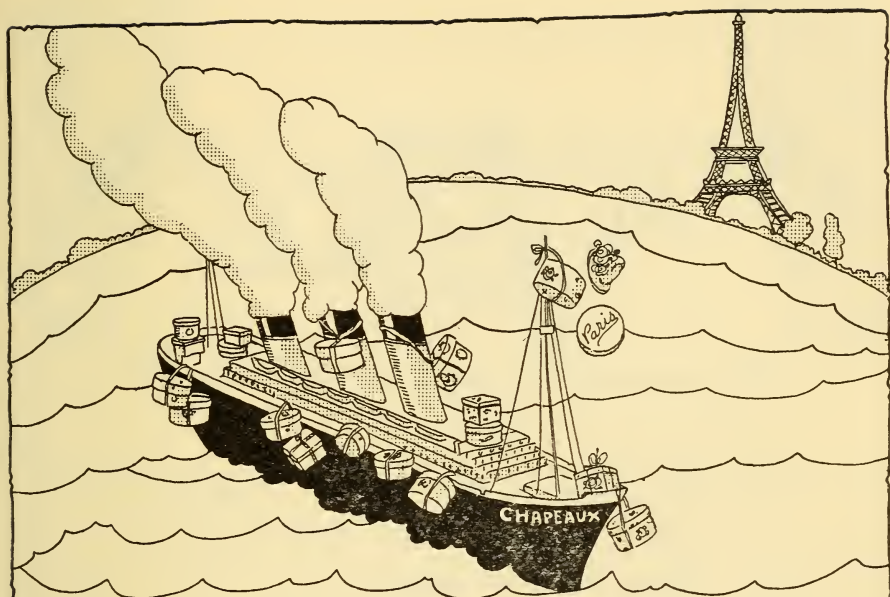
Let mystery no more go by
And leave me wearying,
So that I hear her festival
But cannot sing
The hymns that gather from the soil
In silence her loud holy tune—
That lift and shake the steepled air
And are vanished soon.

Let mystery no more go by
And leave me wearying, unless
I have slammed my door and run from home,
And given my heart to bitterness.

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All manuscript must be typewritten and in the Monthly Box by the fifteenth of the month to be considered for the issue of the following month.

Manuscript will be disposed of unless marked "Return."

The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Margaret Barnes, Northrop House.

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass., as second class matter.

Metcalf Printing & Publishing Company, Northampton, Mass.

"Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized October 31, 1918."



FRONTISPIECE



You asked for daffodils when the snow was growing gray.
When the mud ran deep you asked for daffodils.
But they only had geraniums across the way,
(Scrawny yellow stalks in pots of red clay),
And outside there wasn't even any grass upon the hills.
How could you ask me twenty times a day for daffodils?

You said, if I loved you—and I do, God knows—
I would hunt through the gardens of every house in town.
I wouldn't mind, evenings, if a cold wind froze
The water in the ridges where the cart wheel goes.
You said "Who cares if the sun goes down?
You'll find some daffodills on the other side of town."

We wondered, I remember—you there, I here—
That there hadn't been any since we forced them in the fall.
I thought of bringing roses. Then I thought, my love is
queer.
"It's unusually bitter for this time of year—"
That's what I said when I brought you none at all,
And "How odd they have not got them at the florist's
stall."

They only had geraniums in little earthen pots
So I didn't come to see you till the sun rose high;
Till spring came to market with her green grass plots
And the daffodils followed in half hundred lots.
But you hardly even noticed that my arms were piled high.
Fiddling with roses. God knows why.



SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY



THE CONFESSION

MANY strange experiences have come to me in the course of my peregrinations, yet strangest of all is the confession which I have heard in these days when white hairs and stiffness of joint slightly lessen the lure of adventure. Now it is scarcely likely that you will accept this tale for the truth, for mankind is adverse to attributing a great catastrophe to an infinitesimal cause; but I shall tell you the story that you may recognize the greatest events as products of that which is insignificant in man. Perhaps I tell you also because I have learned silence is bad.

In the course of my travels I have been twice to Cuba. The first trip was in 1895. I was then thirty years old but had never been upon the island which once my great grandfather governed. This time business took me there and I remained several years on a plantation three miles from El Caney on the road to Guantanamo. When I first took up my residence the country was restless under Spanish rule, and led by Maximo Gomez, was beginning the terrible guerilla warfare. From the first, however, I was left unmolested in spite of my incriminating name and ancestry by reason of a lucky encounter which yielded me a firm friend.

It occurred during the first week of my stay in Hav-

ana, when I was doing some sight-seeing. One day, accompanied by a guide, I went into the famous underground cave. It was very hot there so I took off my coat and rolled up my sleeves. Now you, my friend, know that on my forearm there is tattooed the mystic square and compass. My guide saw this. He grabbed my hand and whispered,—“Senor, Senor, you are a Mason!” Then with a dramatic gesture, he tore open his dirty shirt and showed me similar symbols tattooed upon his chest. He dragged me down on the rock beside him and told me how great was the Spanish hatred of the Masons and how he had lain in the dungeon under Morro castle five years for the crime of being a member of the order.

To his protection I owed my safety and the prosperity of the plantation; he joined Gomez shortly afterwards and always came to see me when the course of war brought him thither. He would sit in my dark wainscotted dining room, his swarthy little figure lost in the big chair. The candles on the table sent flickering gleams over his furrowed, bearded face and were reflected in his shiny bead-like eyes that darted all about. Well that was Jose as I knew him in those days, intense, suspicious, faithful and withal, amusing company.

Moreover, I had protection from the other side.—Don Esteban Palacio Elorza, captain of the garrison at El Caney, a good-looking, well-born Spanish lad of twenty or so. He and Jose often came to my house at the same time and then we had some fine discussions over the wine, regarding the freedom of Cuba. You remember, it was freedom that Gomez's troops were really desiring, while the Spaniards were just as eager to keep Cuba for themselves forever. We often discussed the possible entry of United States into the war, Jose desiring it and Don Esteban loftily assuring us Spain could whip the invaders' troops as well as the Insurrectos of Gomez. Then I would retort that for twenty years Spain had unsuccessfully striven to put down the Insurrectos, what hope did Don Esteban have for his men against a disciplined army? This united the two enemies and directed their animus against me; we would argue until morning when we parted the best of friends. So much of this warfare was amusing to me!

On New Year's day, 1898, Don Esteban was ordered to Havana. When he came to say goodbye he was much

disturbed and advised me to take passage to the States. I could never convince myself that war in earnest was pending and laughed at him. "Do you really believe the United States will interfere in your petty quarrel?" I asked.

"Spain will defend her honor," was the terse retort.

A few days later, Jose brought the information that United States was sending a battleship to Havana. I did not believe him but I told him what I knew of Esteban's departure. I liked to fancy myself an Olympian god and help first one side then the other in the struggle.

The first of February I went up to pay a visit to Esteban. I found that the U. S. S. "Maine" was at an assigned anchorage in the harbor. At this time, the outlying districts, where I lived, were in a seething ferment. For, outside the towns, was the territory of the Insurrectos who hoped that the arrival of the battleship betokened aid from the United States and hence were disturbed that none had been forthcoming. On the other hand, in Havana itself, the mere presence of the ship had worked the sensitive Spaniards up to a fever pitch. Their dignity was highly affronted.

Two weeks later, on the night of February 15th, I dined at the fort. There was a strange tenseness in the atmosphere of the mess-hall. All the younger officers were unusually silent, but this I attributed to the presence of the Generalissimo, who was cordially disliked. Esteban himself was in a black mood. He volunteered only a few grumbling remarks about countermanded orders, being outranked and the like.

The evening was warm for that time of year and the windows were open toward the harbor. Suddenly, from out there came a dull boom. Another, louder. The window-panes rattled, the dishes danced on the table. The mess was in an uproar, each man jumping up from the table and crowding to the windows. "Senor el Capitan!" thundered General Weyler. I ran from the mess-hall to the street. There I heard the news. The U. S. S. "Maine" was sinking in the harbor.

I returned to the states at once. I have since wondered what was the whole of that drama of which I had seen only part. Opinion at home blamed Spanish treachery for the loss of the battleship. I was not sure—it was to the advantage of the Insurrectos for U. S. to enter the war—yet where among the Insurrectos was a man with daring to conceive

the bold scheme of sinking the "Maine" to get support from the states?

Exactly twenty-nine years from the day I first landed in Cuba, I returned. After I had transacted my business, I started out to see if I could find trace of Jose. The Masonic Lodge quickly put me on his trail, but they warned me that Jose was a queer character, shunning human contact and possibly a little crazy.

I rode out to a poor little cottage with a thick roof of straw thatching. There I found Jose on the steps. The twenty-nine years had withered him. At first he did not know me. I reminded him of some of our adventures together but even so I think he would never have admitted he knew me had I not mentioned our first meeting in the cave. He stuttered badly when I finally got him talking. I inquired for Esteban and after he told me that Esteban had been sent home to Spain in disgrace at the end of the war, he said no more. I left soon feeling my old friend Jose was hopelessly lost to me.

What was my surprise then when almost at the end of my stay in Cuba, a messenger came from Jose. I went again to the cottage and found Jose dying. It was then he made to me, in face of the priest, his final confession. His voice was clear and distinct to the last. I translate for you, but my friend, I do not vouch for the old man's sanity. The story deals with the events that preceeded the dinner at the Havana fort, of which I have already told you.

"On February 14th, 1898, Don Esteban Palacio Elorza, gave orders to explode an old mine that was placed in the harbor. It was to be a grand gesture of Spanish pride, insulted by the presence of an alien battleship. The mine itself was a clumsy affair moored far enough from the shipping so that the whole thing would amount to no more than fireworks. But you know the Spanish pride, Senor. Then, after the order was given, the Generalissimo suddenly countermanded it. All this Esteban told me, the following afternoon. We still used to see each other for the quarrels of our countries did not affect our friendship since we first met in your house.

"I laughed to myself at the story. If Esteban could not utilize the opportunity,—well then, we could. It was easy to cut the mine loose. Then I was going to rush out on the "Maine", lay bare the nefarious plot, show the drift-

ing mine and—The aid of the United States was ours. But I delayed—Ah, Senor I wished to do it as was fitting to the occasion. I would wait until dinner was over, the evening guards posted. Then with one dash I would gain the ward-room and cry aloud my message. Alas! The conceit of man. The harbor current, the old mine made better than we dreamed—the dead, the disgrace of Esteban who was believed guilty.”

That is the end. The desire for the dramatic on the part of one Insurrecto brought on war. You do not believe the story. Well, my friend, on more slender basis than that have great events taken root and flowered.


POEM

R. T.

I saw an old, bent man
Raking up autumn leaves.
But the wind, the mischievous wind,
Would twirl his long fingers in each finger of the rake
And whirl the leaves away,
Away and back again!
What could he do, poor old man,
If the wind and the rake would shake hands?

PEACOCKS IN OUR CELLAR

Cecile O. Phillips

 HERE is no spot on earth as gilded with beauty as Alida's cellar. I have thought of her often, a pale little girl with transparent skin and purple shadows beneath her eyes as she stood defiantly watching our fountain spouting in the sunlight and our peacock, arrogant and greedy, cropping crumbs of devil's food from the smooth pebbles down our garden walk. The color of him resplendently shining, mad-blue flirting with green and gold and purple held her spell bound. "We have a peacock too," she murmured. "Have you really," said I. "In our cellar," she added very dreamily.

Quantities of the most amazing things grew in Alida's cellar. How she beguiled yellow roses into clambering over its walls and decoyed a stout white horse with a sweeping tail to graze among the roses was difficult to explain. And wisely Alida never attempted an explanation.

The fabric of Alida's dreaming had a soft sheen about it that was quite different from the ordinary mortal's silken quibbling. Someone mentioned that Cousin Edith was a very precocious child; she was reading Pater. And presently Alida was to be seen curled up on the window seat in the library with "Marius, The Epicurean" propped conspicuously up on her knees, hoping in a plaintive way that someone would notice and think her even more precocious.

As Alida grew older she toyed with her peacocks more and more adroitly. She went about with her ears attuned to every sibilant whisper which seemed to betoken new desirable delights. She became mildly intoxicated and occasionally rare poetry of people and places and things effervesced in her conversation. Champagne and sherry and good red burgundy sparkled lightly; she was perhaps nothing more than a fragile imitation of the real Venetian glass yet she had a charm of her own.

One did not greatly care to find her out when she talked of Russian Samovars and the Intelligenza or scoffed at the quaint dirtiness of Rouen. The riotous beauty of the gardens in southern France high on the cliffs of the Mediterranean were exquisitely fragrant for an instant, one break-

fasted gleefully in retrospect on enormous strawberries deluged with Devonshire cream in a cottage at Ravel Stoke and sniffed the salt of the sea. It was enough to imagine that such things existed.

There was nothing chagrining in her vicarious intimacies with Pennell, a standoffish sort of a man who eyed you down the nose. His etching, *The Ugliest Bridge In The World*, looked like the skeleton of a dinosaur with its knees bent. Some of his water colors were blue and white dreams, New York as it is in brief moments in the presence of yawning sunshine; a blurred opalescent quality he gave them. And again she would incline her head archly to make a momentous decision from the recesses of her impudent wisdom: "You will see. Pennell and Childe Hassam are going to be two of the greatest American artists. People are only beginning to discover them."


Did it matter that all her knowledge was a shallow diving, that she came up laughing as the crystal drops sluiced from her and left her strangely free and refreshed, and left the pool shimmering clear without so much as a ripple behind her? She was always eager to plunge again.

But think of all she has missed; well, who shall say. She can prattle on about *Du Cote de Chez Swann* and the melded quality of Proust's style. It drips in the sun like honey, each thought spun out into a single globule suspended by a slender golden thread from the thought preceding; sensuous man and clever. But if Alida has not trembled ridiculously in anticipation of seeing Gilberte she has uttered mere painted syllables. At least the argument that actual experience is necessary to the fullest enjoyment of life should hold true for Alida, but perversely it does not. She was evidently meant to flutter about the truth butterfly fashion.

Alida minces through life with a gay unconcern. There is much about her which verges narrowly on complacency. She prides herself on being "in the know" and is therefore voraciously interested in everything. And she is never at a loss, even the unassuming great smile with faint amusement when Alida draws herself up regally and makes a deprecating gesture which says plainly, "Really, a mere peccadillo; if I remember rightly we have one too,—in our cellar."

THE ANGELUS

Marian Keiley

HE big room was silent except for an occasional scrape of chair, or a pencil dropped on the floor. Sister Stephen, seated on a platform, was reading from a prayer-book; from time to time, she looked up, glancing over the room mechanically; then she would drop her head again to her book. The electric light overhead blazed down on the neatly braided heads of the girls curled over their books; it made the darkness outside seem colder and blacker by contrast. A few snowflakes strayed down unseen except when they came near the window.

The girls sat in order of age, from the youngest, a child about six, who was asleep over her Aldine Speller, to the oldest, a half-witted girl about fifteen, who sat nodding her head, and copying inscriptions from "holy pictures" in a shaking hand. The rest of the girls were studying half-audibly, and not without some apparent effort.

Suddenly, from the back of the room, came the sound of sobbing. A look of annoyance crossed the face of Sister Stephen; she rang the bell, and rose, sniffing. Everyone looked up, a trifle scared by Sister's "mad" face. Each one wondered if "Steve" had found out.

"You may all go down to the recreation room now, except Mary, who is to remain after the others have left," said the nun.

Mary, a lanky girl about twelve, whose braids always turned inside out halfway down, looked up in amazement. Her expression of woefulness changed to one of surprise. What had she done? Surely she wasn't going to be punished because she was homesick. She sat quietly in her seat while the other twenty-five girls left in order, each one dropping a curtsy at the door, and receiving a formal nod from Sister Stephen. Then she walked down the aisle to her desk, beginning again to cry.

Sister Stephen rapped her desk briskly. "Mary, you've been here two weeks, and you're still crying. Even the babies have stopped crying at night, and yet you go on, day after day. Its ridiculous. You think your Mother will take you home if you cry; she has, however, assured

me that she won't. So you had better stop. In fact, if you do not, I shall have to punish you."

Mary, used to having her tears dried by an indulgent mother, was nonplussed at this cruel treatment of a sacred woe. Punished because she was homesick! Decidedly a new idea. And her own mother. . .

Sister Stephen interrupted Mary's thoughts. "If you wouldn't mope by yourself all the time, but go play with some nice girl like Olga. . . don't you like Olga?" She stopped at an expression of disgust in Mary's face. Olga! That awkward girl, who never even paid any attention to her! Why—

"Oh, and by the way, Mary," said the nun, "did you write this?" She held a note out to Mary, who recognized it with a blush. "I see you did. Well, please read it aloud to me, and tell me what you think of it."

Mary hesitated, looked as if she were about to refuse stubbornly; but becoming conscious of Sister Stephen's tapping foot, and her hand pulling the end of her still shapely nose—all bad signs—began to read:

"Dear Mary Rose—I am so lonesome. I think you are darling. I wish you would stop talking to those girls and come over to my desk and talk to me. Will you kiss me goodnight? Do you thing I am very silly? I am not. I like you very much. Love, Mary." She finished almost inaudibly, her face scarlet.

"We don't allow things like that here. Please don't let it happen again. That is all."

"Yes, sister." Mary curtseyed, and left the room. On the way downstairs, she wondered furiously how Sister Stephen had got the note. Mary Rose must have lost it. Well, she knew one thing: Steve wasn't going to make her friends for her! Olga indeed!

By this time she was downstairs. She found Mary Rose, a girl pretty in an ordinary way, eating Jean's candy. She flew up to her.

"Mary Rose! How did Steve get that note I wrote you?"

"How should I know? Don't bother me. Here, have some of Jean's candy,—she's gone to bed. She said I could have all I wanted. I'll bet Olga gave Steve that note—I showed it to her, so she knew I had it."

"You did!" Mary cried; "What did you do that for?"

She felt annoyed and ashamed that Olga should know she had written such a letter. No wonder she was so disdainful! She turned away from Mary Rose, suddenly repelled by her hands covered with marshmallow. She sat down on a bench running along the wall, and watched the girls swinging on the rings that stretched across the empty "recreation room"—a convent gymnasium. Some girls were playing jacks with a tennis ball, which frequently escaped; she watched Olga's ungainly legs as she made a leap for the ball. She grew sleepy. At nine o'clock Sister Leonilda's bent form crept through the door. She called the girls into instant order in a harsh voice. "Form lines to brush your teeth," she said. She always made washing doubly unpleasant.

Later, as the girls were climbing the six flights of stairs to the dormitory, Mary Rose, out of sight of the head of the line, dropped back to Mary's place in the line. Just then they saw some girls from the Senior Hall straggling up to bed. "Look," said Mary Rose, "there's my crush Luz Lombard—she smokes, I heard." Mary looked at her in horror. "But I think she's darling," continued Mary Rose; then catching Luz' eye, she smiled, and blew a kiss. Luz paid no attention. Mary laughed. "Pooh! That shows how much you know about it!" She doesn't pay any attention to me because she thinks I'm making a fool of her; but if I keep it up long enough, then she'll know I mean it." Mary listened, fascinated.

"Look out! There's Sister Joseph! Don't look, you booby! pretend you weren't talking!" All this said without moving her lips: an art Mary had not yet learned. The novice, Sister Joseph, had seen them, however, and came up to them immediately.

"Kindly report yourselves to Sister Stephen in the morning, both of you," she said, tapping them on the shoulder.

They waited until she was out of sight, then Mary Rose said: "We don't need to report ourselves at all. She doesn't know our names, and can't tell on us."

The next morning, as the girls were folding their veils after mass, Sister Stephen came down from the platform, and went up to Mary's desk.

"Mary, you were asked to report to me this morning, and I can see you have no intention of doing so. May I

ask why you not being as honest as your friend Mary Rose?"

"Did she tell you?" Mary stammered. "Why—but—the damn fool!" she exploded.

Sister Stephen turned pale with anger. Her thin nostrils quivered with fury. "Do you realize," she said in shaking tones, "that if you were to die now, you would go straight to hell? You are a sinner in the face of the Lord. Go over there and kneel down before the Blessed Virgin, and pray for forgiveness for that vile sin. You stay there until I say you may leave."

Twisting the corners of her little black apron, Mary obeyed. She knelt in the corner, holding her head up proudly, her shoulders shaking with repressed sobs.

Just then the girls came in from breakfast. In awed silence they watched Mary on her knees, furtively crying. It was an uncomfortable hour for all; at last the bell rang, and the girls trooped out. Sister Stephen turned to Mary.

"You may go now," she said rather more kindly than usual. Mary left without speaking, nor did she curtsy at the door. Sister Stephen ignored the omission.

She crept miserably down stairs to the court yard whence she heard the sound of roller skates on concrete, and shouts re-echoing from wall to wall. The bright sunlight in the yard hurt her eyes, sore from weeping. She stood in the shelter of the storm door, watching the girls. A group of them near by looked curiously at her long body leaning against the half opened door; they whispered together, and moved off, giggling. Mary looked away, her eyes smarting from fresh tears. Dimly she saw Olga walking towards her with some other girls.

"Come on up here and play 'Run, Sheep, Run,' with us, Mary," she called.

Mary started up towards her. It all seemed very natural, she thought. As she reached the top of the hill, the Angelus began to ring. They waited a moment for it to stop; then Mary, suddenly very happy, darted at Olga. "I'm it," she screamed.

HILL HUNGER

Cecile O. Phillips

Scath watches sheep upon the hills;
He feeds his soul a feast of stars
Chary of earthy avatars,
He crouches where the cascade spills
In sheets of shining water-glass
Splintering what they call "the Pass."

Scath has a wildness in his eyes;
Wary, like one who sees through lies.
Hour on hour he will gaze
In a clumsy, shaking sort of daze
At the wonder of lavender and coral
Of hills as they surge in a sea of laurel.

When he brings down his sheep for shearing
He has a deadened look. And hearing
The queasy hoarseness of his voice
I shudder, and with relief rejoice
When he clumps back to the hills once more.

One evening when the sun like blood
Spurled and stained the clouds in bands,
I saw Scath groping with upstretched hands,
An ape-man sloughing off primal mud,
His shadow beetling against the sky.
I heard his hideous gull-like cry
Yet next day at the village store
Scath seemed much as he had before.



EDITORIALS



ORIGINALITY is a word we had thought obsolete; but since we have seen "Processional" and "The Last Laugh" we have found that it is being revived rapidly in all places but Smith College. This stage has discovered a new use for the chorus of ancient Greece: Jazz is the interpreter of American Life and the solution of its greatest problem, bunk. The screen has discovered a new method in which the audience is deluged not with words but with ideas—a bit of German flattery that American producers frankly withhold. In both of these achievements originality springs from daring and enthusiasm, and a certain self-confidence that underlies both. That we, who have youth and all sorts of qualities for which we are praised at vespers, attempt so modestly and produce so timidly, is a tribute to our inviolable common sense. We are rational, irreproachable, correct. Possibly the creation of "Processional" is not an advance; nor the dazzling photography of "The Last Laugh" productive of more than headaches from eyestrain. It is unreasonable to seek an originality which has no guarantee of equalling time-tried familiarities. Yet Monthly is absurd enough to wish that there were accessible a little less evidence that the Smith student is capable of retaining such and such an amount of facts, and a little more that she is a human being, presumably alive. "Ridiculous, isn't it?"

* * * *

Between bad prose and bad poetry it has been suggested that Monthly print the prose. Draw your own conclusions.

* * * *

Art for our sake is also for yours. To that end that we may beautify ourselves we are offering staggering sums in prizes and an amount of glory which is falling this month entirely upon the head of Josephine Stein, who is responsible for our cover. Yet, had we the material, we would bedeck ourselver with small cuts and large cuts of every

description, and eventually reward you richly for the privilege. Furthermore our eloquent enthusiasm is confirmed,—for the benefit of all those in whose breasts may stir that key of knowledge, curiosity, by a detailed explanation gloriously enriching the note room in Seelye Hall.

* * * *

There is a popular illusion that these pages must resemble the *Philologic Review* crossed with one minute sermons and a choice selection from Stedman's anthology. This is called *Monthly* style by every one but *Monthly* itself—a further instance of our naivete and charming faith that we can be otherwise than as you make us. At this point we are moved to quote a fable about a poet of parts.


"I am tired of my nonsense," cried the poet.

"Just as I suspected!" exclaimed the devil. "You never had anything to do with nonsense," (R. L. T.)

We are so much further from having anything to do with nonsense that we can not restrain our envy for the poet's hypocrisy. Though we can not pretend we are tired of nonsense, we still hope delightfully that the little box in the note room will some day be overflowing with humor. Then we can say to each other, "This college must take life more seriously," and with a smile upon our lips, we will have a new subject for an editorial.

THIS YEAR'S CROP OF STARS

Jenny Nathan

HE well-read college girl is now writing her essays after Katherine Mansfield. Brevity is still the last word. The once-popular Fitzgerald has been discarded; commas are quite *passé*. The tendency is toward simplicity with a touch of imagination. Similes are everywhere in favour, and a charming naïveté is being employed with excellent effect.

Taken from Vanity Fair: "What the well-read College Girl is Writing."

Strange how this Katherine Mansfield found for her books an immediate and prominent place in the college girl's literary affections. Strange, because "Bliss" and the "Garden Party" are uncompromising in their artistry, and are obviously not touched by the demands of current taste.

However, optimism about the sudden upward turn taken in college standards is not in order. The cause of Katherine Mansfield's popularity lies less in her genius than it does in a faculty she happens to possess of interesting and at the same time flattering the intelligence of the most ordinary kind of reader. That very faculty I believe she would have outgrown had she lived longer—perhaps had outgrown, in fact, before she died. At any rate there is evidence in her last stories that she was ashamed of it, felt it as a fault. In "A Married Man's Story" she pauses suddenly to point out weakness in an expression that at first struck one as being peculiarly apt. She had spoken of "fleet grey wolves" and then condemned the word "fleet" as smelling of falseness.

"Tell me! Tell me! Why is it so difficult to write simply—and not only simply, but sotto voce, if you know what I mean? That is how I long to write. No fine effects, no bravura. But just the plain truth.—"

Her particular kind of plain truth, had she lived to probe it deeply enough, would have given her a more complete artistic success. But it is to her particular kind of "fine effects" and "bravura" that she owes her popular success, assuming that her charming delicacy and finely drawn metaphor are what she considers as bravura.

While easy to enjoy, Mansfield always gives the subtle impression that she is difficult to appreciate. Overcoming by this unconscious ruse an old vague distrust of the easily enjoyed book, she permits one to admire her as an artist in spite of the fact that one heartily enjoys her stories.

Her style combines lofty purity with a singular nearness of perspective. It is as though she easily plucks a star out of the sky and brings it down where all can see. One begins to take an interest in the stars—they are not so distant or so intangible as one had always been led to suppose.

"Why don't more people show us the stars? We appreciate them—at least I do—and no doubt there are others, too—"

Conrad for years has been concerned with stars, and yet his place in the college library is somewhere between Ralph Waldo Emerson and last year's Latin trot. That is because he merely points skyward and tells of the wonders he can see there. College girls are astonishingly nearsighted.


Arlen and Cabell have a way of telling about the stars without ever having seen them at all. College girls admire them, but the style is too ornate to admit of successful counterfeit.

Once Mansfield has set them a pattern, college girls are quick and apt at imitation. For it is not Mansfield's long reach and easy flow of metaphor that are rare or inimitable—rather the clarity of her mind, her true genius—but that is beside the subject.

So then, this year the college style is after Mansfield, and there has been a plentiful harvest of stars—so plentiful, in fact, that one wonders how there are any left to shine.

MISS BECK

Eleanor Golden

 HE library was almost deserted this afternoon. Only a few men were reading the papers and magazines. Miss Beck sat at the librarian's desk, reading, but not intently, for she glanced sideways at her two assistants, whispering over the card index. They had not looked at her, but she felt their conversation. Irritably, she pushed her chair back from the desk where the thick, mote-filled sunlight fell now from a high window in the small, boxlike building. Miss Morton and Miss Gill were giggling like school girls. There couldn't be anything in a card index for them to laugh at. She thought that little Miss Gill would not be so spiteful if Miss Morton did not influence her.

A woman came in and went to the shelf of "Recent Fiction," (carefully printed with flourishes by Miss Gill). She brought "Beverley of Graustark" to be stamped at the desk. Her small pointed face smiled agreeably. She wore a close hat with a sleek, curved wing on one side, soft furs, with a glimpse of frothy white lace at her throat. Miss Beck watched her go. She seemed comfortable and loved. "Smug" thought Miss Beck, "Probably the wife of a fat, rich man, not like my Tebbie." She had not noticed a ring. Maybe she wasn't married. Well, for that matter, no one would know that she, herself, was engaged. She had forbidden Tebbie such an extravagance as a ring but was almost sorry now. Morton and Gill (she thought of them always as a firm) spoke of "her gentleman friend" even after she had told them of her engagement, and everything was almost as bad at home. Aunt Millie was so curious. Tebbie didn't seem even to her, like a man about to be married. He was unsteady and impulsive, like a boy. She was sick with dread whenever he talked to young girls with high heels and bright, little hats.

She thought of the well remembered day of the picnic. It was just luck that Tebbie had come in the first place. How dreary the first part of it had been, with many, munching relatives! In the woods Tebbie played wildly with the children in their strenuous games. The clean sunlight seemed to have gone to his head. He was very handsome.

Later, she was shocked with joy when he said he loved her. He was flushed and seemed so very young to her, yet they were practically the same age, within the same year anyhow. She wondered where he was now and hoped that this business trip would be successful because everything counted now.

Milly, her cousin, hurried in on her way to school, bringing the twelve o'clock mail. She reached for it, deliberately unhurried. A bill and a letter! Oh, from Ethel Hoyt—all about school days. Ethel was inclined to be silly, with her reminiscences. She stuck the letter in her book. Tebbie must be very busy now and probably had little time for writing. She couldn't expect a busy man to spend all his time writing letters. Morton and Gill were laughing again. Was it because they thought he wrote on pink paper or because they knew this wasn't his letter? For a moment she was afraid she was going to cry. Morton came to the desk, still smiling and nodded toward a man and woman in the doorway, saying, "Isn't there something queer about them?" "No," said Miss Beck.

"Oh, I mean just something—different about their clothes; kind of foreign."

"I don't think so," she said thinking, "Hypocrite."

Miss Morton shrugged her shoulder and went away with an armful of books.

Miss Beck sighed and looked down at her hands and her neat, paper cuff protectors. Her hands were so very pretty—long and white. Tebbie had called them "hands of ivory" that day. She wondered, if she had not had pretty hands—well there was no use bothering now about ifs.

She looked up suddenly, to see her Aunt Millie, red-faced and breathless, waving a telegram, "Emma dear, Tebbie's killed in St. Louis. This is from a Mr. Abbott. I don't know who he is. I just opened it to see whether it was important enough to bring over here. It's awfully long. He was run over and gave your address and talked and Mr. Abbott said there was a letter following. Oh, Emma, don't look like that!"

At the first words Miss Beck felt suddenly chilled. Then she saw Teddie—like an actor with his hair ruffled, and sagging between two men. It wasn't real. Tebbie didn't seem like a real person. She wondered what he had said when he "talked." Morton and Gill were chirping with

sympathy and excitement. A man stood at the desk with a book, and looked at her curiously. The sunlight behind him showed his ears a bright red.

Miss Morton put her arm around her saying, "Come now, dear, and lie down in here for a little while, and just be quiet." Little Miss Gill was crying and whispered, "She must be alone with her sorrow." They walked, carefully supporting her, to the couch in the next room. She heard Aunt Millie telling the strange man the whole story.

She lay there alone, crying quietly, without sobbing. Her head ached and she closed her eyes. She thought, "How funny; they always talk in stories about your heart feeling like a stone, and it's so queer—it really does. Really heavy—and heavy like a stone." After awhile she felt a last, slow tear run out of the corner of her eye and down, and quickly put up her finger and caught it. She opened her eyes and thought, nothing definitely, just things about Tebbie and herself. Someone opened the door a little and looked in for a moment. She closed her eyes and heard a whispered conversation.

"Just think, must have been almost his last words," and, in Miss Gill's muffled voice, "She was brave, but stricken, you know, absolutely stricken."

She thought, "Gill reads so many novels all the time."

Stricken was a queer word with a queer sound. She was stricken, and it was all tragic like a story. "The Tragic Lovers," "The Sorrowful Bride." She saw herself a slender drooping figure in black with a glimpse of frothy white lace at her throat, and long, ivory hands. She would walk down the street and people who knew her would look after her.

The room was very still and pleasantly warm. She turned and relaxed her tense body realizing only then how tired she was. The last few months had been a strain. It would be in the morning paper, about her engagement to Tebbie—and all. Awfully tired. She lay back and stared out of the window with a luxurious feeling of softly enveloping peace.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Margaret A. Buell

“What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had na mae,
And wow! but I was vogie!”

WHAT indeed? For if you're in love with your hoggie, no other hoggie will do. The men we love! And how we grieve for them when they are dead. Not dead, perhaps, like hoggies, all stiffly pitiful and silent, but dead in the sense of being gone beyond our power of calling them back. They exact so much, those beloved hoggies; they grunt and whifle with emotion; they take what we give them, and always ask for more. They come running when we call and crowd together with their noses pressed against the fence of convention. We do not mind the mud they live in, because they seem to think it necessary to their happiness; and when they wallow, we turn away, because they are only being men together.

And then there comes one who seems to know us better than the others; to grunt a little louder when we whistle, to trot a little faster on his masculine legs. He comes to the fence, not shovingly but lonesomely, he looks up at us with such pathetic humor in his eyes that we almost forget—he is a pig. His tail wiggles, and he breathes softly and decently to himself. When he sighs, there are almost tears in his funny eyes; he seems to be lonely and to want so little. We take to comforting this hoggie, perhaps—listening to his inarticulate sorrows. We admire his bristles, rising so independently that we fancy them the convictions of his own originality, the obstinate opinions of a firm integrity. We love his honest voice; we think him natural; his manners are the beautiful lack of affectation.

Dear hoggie! We let him out one day, through a hole in the trampled fence. He pushes through and snorts with pleasure. He scampers, and we admire. He pricks his ears and flirts his tail—but he has lost the gift of looking at us. We are no longer the Universe beyond the fence, for he too is beyond the fence, and a Universe is infinite. . . And

then, another day, he runs away, dear hoggie, in that old familiar gait. We watch him bobbing off, nose to the ground on the track of a new idea.

Perhaps he will come back, we say. And perhaps he does, without his frisk, a contrite, muddy—pig. We may wonder where he has been, but he can not tell us, so we scold him a little and take him back—for our thoughts amount to this—

What will I do gin my hoggie die?

POEM

Margaret W. Brinton

Not for all the tortured gold dripping from the sun
Would I kiss your pallid finger-tips again,
Nor lie across your chamber door at nights
Watchful of each pale shadow that crept abroad,
—Night when your dreaming fancy kept you from me.
Nor would I sing to you again, with heart as open
As the darkened balcony window I stood beneath,
Lost in the jewelry of shadow in your garden.

If I had not stumbled against him that wet night
In the jasmine garden, under your balcony,
If my hand had not brushed the strong flesh of his hand,
If I had not seen,—oh, you might hold me yet,
Your toy, your trinket,—sometimes, perhaps, your lover.

No! Not for twisted gold would I come to you now.—

MUTATION

Frances Dorris



It is an autumn night and the wind is blowing. Come out on the hillsides, out among the flying leaves. Leave the quiet pool of lamplight and your staid books, standing row on row; leave the soft firelight and the comfort of your easy chair. They will not change, tomorrow they will be the same; the firelight will leap, the lamplight glow upon the opened page; come out, the wind is shaking at the shutters and the leaves fly fast.

The moon is behind grey clouds; this light seems that of neither day nor night. The wind is hushed, and there is silence for a moment. The night is a swept and garnished hall, unlighted, wide and empty. Now comes the wind, and a rush of leaves fall clattering, dry on the arid earth. It is the wind of change. Shake down the leaves, shake down the leaves, O wind! See, I will hold my skirt for you to fill; look, I will dance among the falling leaves, dance while the leaves fall fast!


Follow the wind! Out, over the hillsides, fast and far. Purple asters fade in the fading light; goldenrod leans out from dusty hedges. The wind bends down the long grey grass, and the leafless bushes shiver. Yesterday this maple made a golden shadow on the grass, this beech was a scarlet flame—but what of that? Fling down the leaves; make carnival tonight!

Here is a little secret pool, dark and deep. (Why has the wind grown suddenly so still?) Two dead leaves float upon the water. (Do not listen to the stillness; the wind will rise again.) I will blow upon them; I will make a little tempest with my breath; see, they are tossing, tossing upon the water! Two little withered leaves on a pool, deep in the wood in the midst of the great grey night! Blow harder! How they toss! A pebble from the bank is too much freight. The smaller one is sinking, down, down in the dark—but the wind is rising, let us be away.

Follow the wind! Break through the hedges; scatter the pebbles on the hillside as you run, fleet as the wind that knows no weariness! Climb up, up over rocky cliffs with the wind. Walk, run, shout! Come with the mighty wind that rocks the world!

“HAVING GIVEN US LOVE”

Helen M. Spaidal

HE first match spurted blindly and went out without more ado. What could he do if the whole box had gotten soaked? But no matter, the second caught and in the minute that it lit up the room he saw a lamp on a table in the corner. Mercifully it was full of oil, and almost burning his fingers on the last bit of the match, he lit the wick and turned it up until the cheerful yellow light flooded the room.

John Duncan had never been so curious to see any room in all his twenty-five years. When the sudden blinding sheets of rain had driven him to gather up his paints and canvas and run for shelter, he had been faced with the necessity of breaking into one of the row of boarded up summer homes that stood facing the ocean, just back of the rocks. Somehow this low green cottage had seemed more attractive than the late Victorian atrocity or the pseudo Italian villa which flanked it on either side, and the lock on the door had broken so easily that it almost seemed that fate had been guiding him. And now he was to discover what she had brought him to.

The room had a more intensely masculine personality than any inanimate object has a right to have. There was something almost indecent in the intimacy with which it spoke to you of its owner, for even though he were absent he had left so much of himself behind that anyone, seeing this room, could reconstruct him at will. John knew at once that he loved the sea. The room told you so in a dozen ways, the old ship's wheel hanging above the mantel piece, the festoons of nets draping one corner of the room, the oars propped up against the wall. He must have been extraordinarily fond of pictures too. The walls were covered with them and John, with professional interest aroused, lifted the lamp higher to have a better light on one large one. It was a picture of the sea, of long waves breaking on a rocky coast, waves so real that you caught yourself waiting for the next one to break, waves that only one man could have painted.—

Then in a flash John understood it all. This was Winslow Homer's studio, this was the house where he had lived and painted the sea until his death. That explained it all, the pictures, the sea things, the personality which the room gave back to you. Nothing had been touched since his death. An easel near the window held a half-finished painting and on a table lay his palette and brushes just as he had left them. On a chair by the fire place lay an open copy of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, with his name written across the title page. By some strange miracle the room was as much his as when he had left it five years before, almost as though a part of him had escaped death and had taken refuge here, in these inanimate things he had loved.

As John wandered about the room, his eye fell upon his own canvas, the picture he had been finishing when the storm drove him in. He had worked all day with the sickening feeling that he was doing it badly, that the thing he was trying so hard to capture was always just beyond his reach. He knew from experience that it might turn out better than he imagined, and he had kept at it. But now he knew it was bad. There was no one place to which you could point and say, "That's not right," but you knew that those waves would never break and that the storm which was threatening would never come. It was too obviously painted, it was not the sea but a picture of it.

John would not have minded it so much if he had not loved the sea so madly. It was his one great passion, and he had taken the thing he loved best in all the world and had caricatured it. He had made the greatest beauty in the world something mean, petty, polite; something that ladies would want to hang on their drawing room walls to carry out a blue colour scheme. Yet he had done his best. He had put his whole soul into his work and this was what he had produced. This was his art, and he called himself an artist.

Outside the rain lashed against the panes of the big north window. The tide was high, and the waves dashed almost to the foundations of the little house as though they were looking for the man who had made a mockery of them. With the bitterness of heartbreak John Duncan flung himself down on a couch and prepared to pass a sleepless night, but he was tired and his eyes grew heavy in spite of himself.

It must have been just after dawn when he awakened with a sudden start that comes to one waking in a strange

place. The rain had stopped, and the sun, streaming in, fell across the table upon the picture he had tried to paint and failed. And yet, could he have been mistaken the night before or was it the light? With an exclamation he ran to the table. The picture was just as he had left it; no one could see any change in the least detail; and yet the thing which had been lacking was there. It was the sea, the sea itself.

He caught it up for a closer look, and as he did he saw beside it on the table Winslow Homer's palette and brushes. For an instant the blood seemed to stand still in his veins, the colour which the excitement had brought to his cheeks drained away, and he stood transfixed. The brushes were covered with wet paint.

* * * * *

The strange career of John Duncan is still the one inexhaustible subject of art critics. Whenever two or three of them are together, the talk is bound to turn, sooner or later, to the man who painted one great picture and never another worthy of his name. Men still wonder what could have happened to the splendid talent that first picture showed, as one critic said, "almost as great as Winslow Homer's." Probably it is doomed to be one of the great unsettled questions of American art, for John Duncan will never tell his secret. He was drowned off the rocks at Prout's Neck five years after his great success.

For what else could the sea do? He would paint her and he did it so badly. What would a woman do to a lover who maligned and defamed her? She had managed to save her pride once, but at such trouble and expense, that it was impossible to repeat it again and again. And he painted so many pictures. It was all she could do to save herself, and after all, she was not too unkind to him. He loved her best of all the world, and she had taken him to be with her always.



Fashion's Demands

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BOOK REVIEWS



"MARTHA"

by Percy Marks, *The Century*

MARTHA, by Percy Marks, is melodrama not too flagrantly done. The story of an Indian half-breed with white ambitions and Indian emotions should have presented a problem—but it is only a movie, and one is thankful that it is no worse.

Martha is almost a well-drawn character; she is certainly well-painted but the technique which should precede the laying on of color, Mr. Marks either is incapable of or did not think necessary. It is disappointing and rather dramatically conventional that she ends a type rather than a person. Some of the description is vivid and the book gains by having no other pretensions than that of being a simple narrative. This statement might seem inconsistent with the opinion that "Martha" should have been a problem and not a movie—unless one stops to realize that Mr. Marks is not a master of problems, psychological or otherwise, while he does excell in scenarios. The inadequacy of the book lies in the author's choice of subject matter.

Speaking of the author, which after all, is rather necessary in reviews, there are a few errors which would immediately lessen his prestige in the reader's eyes (if he had not already read "The Plastic Age"), errors such as making Martha's very noble English father speak in American cowboy idiom; and another, the mention of Shakespeare as having lived chiefly in the seventeenth century. These may be pedantic criticisms in the opinion of the average reader, but such carelessnesses only prove that "Martha" is an average

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book for the average thirsty consumer. So be it. The consumer gets his money's worth of Zane Grey situations without the ignominy of reading Zane Grey. But the book has imaginative reality enough (if we are sentimental) to make us say, upon laying it down, "Poor Martha!"— and this is tribute of a sort.

M. A. B., '26.



"WILD BERRY WINE"

by Joanna Cannon, Stokes

WILD Berry Wine is the essence of a life one lives in beauty. It is like gypsies, and long white roads; it is full of sunshine and that elusive music over the hill which may turn out to be only a tinker's whistle, but which is good to follow, anyway. It is a book like the poems one thinks and never writes, it is like horses coming home through the rain from a hunt. It is entirely English.

Rosalind is an English child, the daughter of ancestors rather than of parents; she grows up thinking the poems one never writes and riding her horses home through the rain. She knows nothing about life apart from its outward expressions of beauty, and the inner content which comes from lack of contrasts. She promises to marry a sophisticated Londoner because her family know him, and because, in her brother's words, he has fought "a great war." She loves him as long as he rides with her and thinks with her, but when she discovers the rest of a mind which has not always been joyous or good, her disillusionment is no less tragic because it is logical. She goes into a convent, then, in the horrible blackness that comes of believing, for the first time, that the world's beauty is only a semblance of things.

There has been, of course, another man, a brilliant, courageous boy who had loved her since she had danced a night away with him at Oxford. Unfortunately, he is the

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son of the village publican—and she is the daughter of ancestors.

Whether she has mistaken disillusion for religion, whether love is a matter of democracy or taste, whether life is, and should be, the pursuit of a happy Beauty, are the questions Rosalind answers. Rosalind is a child—but perhaps life is a childish thing—for how else could she have answered them?

M. A. B., '26.



ORPHAN ISLAND

by Rose Macaulay



HIS is a book that the author obviously enjoyed writing. There is a peculiar thrill of joy that comes from doing a certain kind of imaginative writing; the same thrill that you enjoyed as a child when inventing stories of which an imaginary country was the scene and in which incredible people could be made to do anything that the exigencies of your child's fancy demanded. In stories of that kind no one could possibly contradict anything you said for for no one knew half as much about your imagined country or your imagined people as you did, and you could let yourself go in a creative orgy.

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She has wrecked a Victorian old maid with forty orphans, a ship's doctor and a Scotch nurse on a South Sea Island in 1850 and then had them rediscovered seventy years later by a modern English family. There is no other "plot" to speak of; only two hundred pages of gulliver-travel-description of the kingdom that had developed on the island; two hundred pages in which Miss Macaulay has a wonderful time inventing all sorts of things that might have happened under those highly unusual circumstances.

The deliberately Victorian style is not always successful and the humorous is frequently forced; but it must have been great fun to write, and it is, really great fun to read.

—E. H., '26.

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The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Janet Eaton, Wesley House.

Advertising Manager, Adele Goldmark, Chapin House

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass., as second class matter.

Metcalf Printing & Publishing Company, Northampton, Mass.

"Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized October 31, 1918."



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FRONTISPIECE



NIGHT CONCEIT

I swaggered down the Milky Way,
Paved with stars, a giant's street,
Gleaming and neat
As if celestial sprinklers had just passed
With rain-carts hitched to balky Pegasus.
Unseen houses dark on either side
Except for bobbing candle lights, far off and faint.
And not a soul in sight.

No one near to ask where God's house was
Which I had hoped to see,
Since I'd not likely be this way again.
I saw the Devil's yesterday. It wasn't bad—
A few too many chimneys for good style.

He couldn't help that.
Hardly any traffic round
And what there was seemed mostly westward bound,
Down toward the Styx, where things were livelier.
Leo staggered by, a little tight
And not a cop in sight.

To start things some I pried with just a kick
Of hob-nailed boot, a star brick
Which I shied at window panes
Those lights were coming through
But not with much success.
You'll see the holes up there where some folks say
Neit's milk ran out. Those people don't know me
Or what that street is made of.
They'll have to close it for repairs.
And build a detour, I'm afraid.

But I got tired,
For no one came or seemed to mind—and then
The last big one I curved, unflatteringly slow,
Hit my sleeping body here below—
And I awoke.



SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY



THE END GIRL

Janice H. Paine

THEY were standing in the alluring, fabulously significant portal marked "Stage Entrance." His hand was importunate where it lay on her arm, and her small head framed in chunky blonde ringlets and his dark rakish one were enveloped in a haze of golden sunshine and heavy scent that was, somehow, very warm and very young.

"Aw, kid, give me a kiss. Just one?" His voice was husky with emotion and cigarettes.

She flopped the curls with a self-conscious little gesture. "Right here in the alley? Not me! Honest, Len, I gotta go in. This is the fourth rehearsal I been late to this week, and Katz is spinning around in circles on his tin ear. Honest!"

He tightened his grasp on her arm. "Say, girl, you've fairly got me going. I'm getting so jealous of that old Jew that I'm considering a take-off on Othello."

She laughed frankly, almost maternally, down at him. "Katz? You needn't lose no sleep over him! Believe me, Len, you can't kid him along one little bit. He'd have chewed the head off of Cleo herself, if she turned up with a stiff knee." She gave him a little pat on the cheek, and disengaged her arm.

Len smiled sheepishly. "Aw, I know it, Babe, you're on the level, all right. Well, so long. Meet you for dinner in a' hour."

"U-huh. Oh, say, Len! The mayor called me up this morning to say that the statue of Liberty would turn her

annual handspring at four-thirty, so mind your cartoonin'." And she turned and ran into the draughty cavern that is "back stage."

It was as she had mistrusted; the rehearsal was well on. She flew to the dressing room, fell into her rompers, and reappeared on the floor, all in one breath, faint with misgivings. As the chorus pranced by, she tried unobtrusively to attach herself to the end of the line, for she held the enviable position of end girl, and not only led in and disappeared last, but in the second act stepped out and did a little number all her own. It was not much, to be sure, yet to be on the end was to be near to higher things.

But today—there must be a muddle somewhere—the thin, dark little "new girl" was on Babe's end next to Min. She drew back in confusion, a sting of tears in her round eyes.

"Hi, you Babe, get in between Madge and Dora, and make it snappy! You've acted like you owned this show about long enough." Katz's voice rose above the clamorous piano, its thin nasality cutting her like a knife. Dumbly she stepped into line and took the step, lifting her round knees high, and clicked her heels.

She felt sick, sicker than any stage fright, and once she lost a step, calling Katz's wrathful, querulous attention to herself. She got in again, however, just before the signal for her little solo "stunt." What was she to do, she wondered numbly? Let that bony little cat of a newcomer cut her out?—her, who had been with the show since it opened over a year ago? Not she! Somewhere out of her desperate heart Babe pulled a defiant grin, and stepped out in front. So did the little black thing,—Maida, her name was.

Babe's mouth felt dry, and her forehead hot and damp, as she went through the steps. Every muscle was straining nor could she relax, although she was painfully conscious of the ease with which Maida was doing them beside her. She realized dizzily that the too-rich lunches and dinners with Len were telling against her, and her lightness had imperceptibly oozed away under stress of too-frequent late parties and too little sleep.

Only four more measures now. "My God, my God," she panted, "don't let me go under!" And there was need of prayer, for a black film was creeping before her eyes, and the stage rocked under her feet. She would not faint, of course not; she never did. With clinched teeth, she essayed the last high kick. But just as her heel flew up to her head, the stage gave a mighty lurch beneath her, and down she went, a panting, sprawling heap of blue rompers and fat, taffy-colored curls.

She did not even try to sit up for a minute, because she could not believe that she had actually gone down. Katz came toward her menacingly, laying a hairy hand on Maida's shoulder as he passed her. The pianist stopped his playing, and swung round on his stool, while the girls unconsciously huddled together in a hostile little clump, leaving Maida alone up in front. Babe was one of them, an old-timer in the sisterhood, and they knew too well the fury of men like Katz.

Brutally, Katz stood over her, his little eyes so close together that through the mist of her impending tears they seemed to be but one. She wished miserably that she had fainted. One of the girls nervously pulled her gum into a tenuous thread, another giggled faintly, but Maida only stood and stared with deep eyes. Then the storm broke.

"What the hell's the matter with you? Think you can pull that fainting lily business and get away with it?" He prodded her sharply with one foot, at which Maida gasped. "Get up, you—you rag. You're cluttering up the floor, and you done it once too often."

Mutely, Babe sat up and looked at him. An outraged murmur ran among the girls; Babe had never been known to go under before. Where was the pertness that always sprang spontaneously to her aid? His torrent of abuse was enveloping her, stifling her. She pulled herself to her knees but was powerless to do any more than stare piteously with her round blue eyes.

"Get up, damn you," he snarled, "get up and get out! And you needn't come whining back either. Get that?"

Babe rose stumbling to her feet and moved off to the dressing room in a black cloud of imprecations. Once there she sank onto the bench and looked at herself curiously. Her quivering mouth was reflected as a scarlet gash in her pallor, and the plump, jolly ringlets seemed to hang heavily like dragging curtains about her face. It was not a baby face, to be sure, but it belied its twenty-four years.

Suddenly the months and years of choruses strung out before her like grinning skulls hung in a row. There were months in the back rows of show after show, then months in the front ranks, for after all her legs were faultless, and she was not stupid, and finally, after five years of "step-pin'," there was a position on the end. Well, she was through; she would never begin all over again. She glowered at the pale, tear-streaked image before her. "Fool! Soft, fat fool, to throw it all away, just for the sake of play-in' around—" Then she thought of Len, with his steady eyes, and his up-standing hair, and his eternal, boyish adventurings after funny things for his cartoons. He was the only one who had ever tempted her to neglect her work; the others she had withstood. It almost seemed as though he mattered more than the show itself! Oh, well—

She rose with a little shrug, humming "When you come to the end of a perfect day" as she dressed. Just as she had finished collecting her make-up and extra tights and such, the girls came clattering in, all indignation at her dismissal. One after another, they told her so, hiding their very real feeling under a mask of flippancy, as they stuck their gum on the mirrors, and attached their curling irons. Babe was equal to the occasion; indeed, she felt curiously untouched by the events of the last hour, and there was the old jauntiness in her bantering message to each of them.

When Babe, strangely light-hearted, closed the dressing room door, amid kisses and chorused farewells, Maida stepped up, and spoke to her. There were tears in the girl's strange, deep eyes, and they seemed to overflow into her voice. "Honest, Babe, I never meant to hurt you. You see it is this way,—my mother's got to have an operation, and—you know what that means. And anyway, you never

seemed to care." She broke off unhappily, and brushed a hand across her eyes.

Suddenly, inexplicably, Babe was looking down from a great height. "Don't you mind me, dearie," she said simply. "I opened the gate for myself, an' it's up to me to walk out." Then, very softly, she added, "And anyway, I-I got a friend." With that she turned and went out to meet Len.



LOVE ITALIAN STYLE

Hope Palmer



HED a tear for Angelina, all maidens who have loved and lost and are yet unconvinced that "'Tis better - - - -"

Angelina of the wide, dark eyes, the entreating small red mouth, the Italian ancestry, and the desire to be kissed against her will—excellent but unachievable ambition for a girl who wanted every kiss that was ever given her before it came her way!

What chance for Angelina on the "Dante Alghieri," one night out from San Migeul, bound for Palermo or Heaven, she was not sure which, with moon and phosphorescence so intoxicating she had taken three drinks of Strega to try to stay sober. . .

And Italo Amore in a white uniform saying, "Girl—You know the stars? Look—Marta!"

"No. Where?"

"There." Pointing.

"Where?"

"There."

One has to be very close to be on line with some one else's perspective of the stars.

"Oh—is that a star? I thought it was a light on the mast."

"No—Marta."

"Marta."

"When you look up there are two more in your eyes. I do not like the God of War in your eyes. Look at Venus—Girl."

"Where?"

"I am looking at it. Look in my eyes and you will see it twice. And in my heart—if you could see that—more times than I can tell."

"I am looking in your eyes and I only see myself."

"—And in my heart again—you and the star of love."

Then he took her in his arms. She closed her eyes and stopped looking for stars. There was no need for the supercialities and adornments of Romance. But she raised languorous lids after a moment to look up at him. His lashes made a heavy shadow beneath his eyes. She laughed softly, huskily and touched them with her finger. Then she crept closer. This was Love!

He went with her to the door of her cabin. Just outside he said, "Will you give me your photograph when you leave me at Palermo? Girl?"

And she, because it was the thing to say, said, "Oh, I've only some awful passport pictures with me—and you don't really want one, anyway."

"Girl—I do."

"Why?" She wanted to hear him say again that he loved her. She hoped he'd speak in Italian. Of the five languages he had used to say it that evening, Italian was the best.

"I would like to show my wife what a pretty girl was on the ship this cruise."

Shed a tear for Angelina!

But not more than one. At Palermo when she went ashore she gave him the passport picture. She wrote upon it "To the darling boy who made my trip amusing, Love, Angelina." It nearly covered the picture.

A month later, while she was in the midst of a harmless affair with an Austrian—the kiss still hanging fire—she received a Post Card from Naples;

"Girl my dear—

I am with my wife. We are very happy. We will have another baby soon. That will be six. I remember you every day. Girl.

Italo."

That night the Austrian kissed her.

The next day a letter came from her aunt in Florence. Her first husband's nephew—"Such a darling boy— Just out of Cambridge"—was stopping with her.

Angelina bought a rose colored organdie and went to Florence.

THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT

Norma Olsterlund



INTELLECTUAL Edinburgh of 1817 awoke one morning entirely unaware of the literary storm that had been brewing for over a week and which broke about the middle of the day with an electric shock. Communication ran rife, like severed currents. Society, furious, mortified, amused at its plight, was trying to recover itself. Fuming old gentlemen muttered over their coffee. Piqued young ladies bustled to their about his drawing-room, having grasped the hilt of his sword. Later in the day flagrant criticism flitted back and forth behind fans of the fortunately unscathed. Messengers, teeming with excitement ran down the street with the cause of all the disturbance—worn and tattered small brown brochures. Critics knotted about last copies. Bookstands were swept bare of their copious supply. It was the fourth number of Blackwood's magazine, and the beginning of a new editorial policy which was quite as necessary as it was alarming.

William Blackwood, sagacious, experienced, master printer and owner of a shop, had published three issues of a magazine that each time had been a total failure. The venturesome pamphlet was politely snubbed by the intelligentsia of Edinburgh. Its curious and clumsy makeup was due largely to its incompetent and almost indifferent editors, Cleghorne and Pringle. As literary captains they were impostors. Consider the appeal of birth, death and marriage records, treatises on animal magnetism, chronicles of border fairs and markets, or an occasional fine criticism of Greek drama opposite the records of village wonders, like the case of the country girl who slept for six weeks. Consider especially the appeal of this kind of magazine as one of the newer projections competing with several periodicals of recognized dignity. The policy of early Blackwoods was not well oriented, and its diffused efforts spread into a col-

lapse, which was not only a heavy financial loss to its publisher but a moral disgrace which he could not bear. The tone of the subject matter which Cleghorne and Pringle selected had greatly disappointed Blackwood who rather idealized a nimbleness of thought and expression, more of the *jeu d'esprit* element in writing. So he cast about for a new staff preparatory to making a new trial.

During the time of the first three issues of the magazine, Blackwood had been maintaining an establishment over his shop in 17 Princess Street for the encouragement of a literary coterie. Among the promising young writers who had assembled there were Lockart, Hogg, free lances and eager for action, and Wilson, later a professor at the university, but at that time also awaiting some definite opportunity to exercise his violent satirical powers. All three were wits of the first class, possessed of volumes of energy, and peculiarly haunted by a desire to satisfy their own vindictive spirits or to write something that would appease other people's grudges. Blackwood considered his support of two imbecile editors and his allowing the ideal talent for his magazine to remain at hand unemployed. Then he promptly dismissed Cleghorne and Pringle and presented his situation to Lockart, Wilson and Hogg. "Dull and inoffensive—which is of all criticism the most dreadful" was a remark most applicable to Blackwood's at that time. A short conference between editor and new writers decided that a startling manuscript was expedient, and the united talents of those three authors promised success.

The task was launched by Hogg, the man from a remote spot in the Scotch hills, and one of the favorites at 17 Princess Street where he was known as the "Ettrick Shepherd." Hogg's experience in his native district had steeped him with Biblical phraseology, and had not left him unacquainted with many of its corruptions and profane extractions. Hogg realized the extreme power of a satire written in Scriptural language, and conceived the specific idea of subjecting Edinburgh society to this treatment. When the first rapturous excitement of Wilson, Lockart and himself over the trial verses had ceased, Hogg surrendered the pen

to the other two. In the ecstasy of creating such delightful and stinging matter Lockart and Wilson stayed up during the most of two nights exhorting each other to speak with as much venom as possible. Blackwood sat off a little way, chuckling, approving each section as it was accomplished—"the sober charioteer who had that wild young plunging team in hand." Thus was the Chaldee manuscript composed.

The manuscript featured particularly the two failures of editors, and Blackwood's chief rival in the publishing business, Constable. Blackwood, the only good and fair spirit was represented as "A man clothed in plain apparel—and his name was as it had been the colour of ebony." Constable, the Crafty, had a notable horn in his forehead, and was cunning in all manner of working. He says, "Why stand I idle here. This Book (Blackwood's) will become a devouring sword in the hand of mine enemy." And so it did afterward. Cleghorne and Pringle, the "beasts," one a lion, the other a bear, appealed to the man in Plain Apparel. He gave them a piece of money, "and they went away rejoicing in their hearts. And I heard a great noise as if it had been the noise of many chariots and horsemen upon their horses." This last sentence is perhaps the most malicious of any, as both Cleghorne and Pringle were so lame that they used crutches when they walked. They are elsewhere described as "skipping on staves." But the satire extends to the authors of the MSS. who were called down to defend the man clothed in Plain Apparel when the "beasts" put no words into the Book and said, "What is that to us? See thou to that." Lockart and Wilson represent themselves as the beautiful leopard, "comely as the grey-hound and his eyes like the lightning of fiery flame," and the scorpion "which delighteth to sting the faces of men, that he might sting sorely the countenance of the man that is crafty, and the two beasts." And after them all the high lights of Edinburgh received a severe drubbing.

During the counter criticism which immediately followed the release of the magazine, Blackwood was confronted with a public that threatened, and challenged him to mortal combat on the sod. The anonymous authors calmly

wrote to the editor, "All you have to do is keep your mind in good fighting condition." He was not even spared domestic reproof, for Mrs. Blackwood had always considered Lockart and Wilson, "broken reeds." Further than an attachment with the magazine the origin of the Chaldee Manuscript was a mystery. The lines of "Maga" had more than attained the "nimbleness" Blackwood idealized. And it is well for nimbleness that it is elusive. Lockart and Wilson fled to the Lake country, where, secured in the temporary safety of Wilson's house, they wrote messages to Blackwood, exhorting his utmost precaution in circumlocuting the threats, especially the legal ones, so that later the magazine might be received without violence, and its two editors also.

Blackwood keenly appreciated the risk he was taking. He looked ahead of the public's first reaction, and dreamed of a surge of popularity, yet trembled for fear of the opposite result.

But the Chaldee Manuscript had accomplished its purpose—to arouse Edinburgh's active interest in Blackwood's, not restrained and moderate applause, but a vital concern on the part of its reading public. The Chaldee Manuscript launched Blackwood's on its successful career, and perhaps the later universal fame of Blackwood's has remembered its early local impetus. However it was the Chaldee Manuscript which caused "the shout from the cold ashes" when Blackwood's leapt into the public eye.

BITTERSWEET**Elizabeth Grierson**

My lover was plowing
Low-bent his dark hair—
I sensed the pressure
Of his foot on the share,
Of his plunging shoulders
And his arms, burnt brown.
His forehead was a-pucker,
His mouth a-frown.

I saw the years slip on—
Counters on a rod—
So I knelt in the field
And I said to God,
“Will it ever be thus
Great God above?
Is work all that comes
Rewarding love?”

My love turned his horse
With a cocky nod.
I didn't need an answer,
I didn't need God.
I needed two blue eyes
And his two lips red
And to work for my love
Until I shall be dead.

JIMMY A'HEARN

Margaret A. Buell

JIMMY A'hearn sat reflectively on a soap box in the sun. In her former existence she had been named Anne Condict, but that was neither here nor there, names like love affairs, can be got over. Everything, now-a-days, she likened to love affairs: a boring simile, but elastic, since there are as many different sorts of love affairs as there are things to be likened. And a love affair was her reason for being. She interrupted herself long enough to decide that this need not be taken in a jurgen-sense. Simply, what she meant in these conversations with herself, was that she was absorbed in recovering from a broken heart. She had no time to consider the possible emotions of her parents or whether, in the biological sense, they were responsible for her being.

The afternoon sun was creeping past Jimmy and her soap box. She looked down with detachment upon the dirty white knees of her breeches, and further, to where the soft black boots ended almost below the calf of her leg. Then she spit on the toes of both of them and estimated that they would last about a week longer before they had to be lined with card board. Racing boots were like that—but then, so were love affairs. She marvelled at the persistency of her mind, it returned like a dog to its bone; then she wondered if it were her mind which was being persistent, and decided it was only her feelings. This was a relief; feelings are notably untrustworthy, but one should have a dependable pride in one's mind. She sighed lazily and tried to think about Bacon's Essays; they had been a great help. She read them alternately with "Marius, The Epicurean," and Chesterton's "Orthodoxy"—but she was rather annoyed with Chesterton for setting off so many fire-crackers to the glory of God. His sentences were like scallops, always the point in the middle—or like the artificial sea waves on a cover of Vanity fair. She felt that it was "Marius" who had

brought her here, but that it was Bacon who would get her out. The search for beauty is an antidote to the search for love; but in returning to a world not exclusively beautiful, it is wise to have sterner stuff in mind than Pater; of such was Bacon; one could almost become a ward politician on the strength of Bacon. Perhaps she would become a ward politician—if it weren't like love affairs, she reminded herself. The old, old ending again. It was becoming wearisome. To be a sentimentalist is horrible, but to know that one is a sentimentalist is beyond bearing. "If thy heart offend thee—" murmured Jimmy slowly to herself. But she did not pluck it out, she only grunted and postponed the operation. It would be atrophy to go through life without the pleasure of self-pity.

Men, horses, books, music—they and their perquisites filled all of life. They were the outward and visible sign, and they were not such material devotions as to be inconsistent with idealism; that was the spiritual grace. Jimmy had selected the means to be cured for the extremes. She had fallen in love, after the manner of her weakness, and to the tune of music. Music is a disorganizing thing unless one is already in love. Adorable Boy! She had loved him quite faithfully, most of the time, for two years. He had great beauty and personal charm; they had had a very funny and romantic time together, everything from Coney Island to the most arrant sentimentalism. Arrant, Jimmy insisted violently. If it had not been allowed to flourish into an arrant—and errant—state, she could have felt more successfully like the ladies in Maurice Hewlett, who had a way of making their attachments temporary. Disgusting, not to be stronger minded than the ladies in Maurice Hewlett. But then—they were mostly fee, except Mary Stuart, and she belonged more to history than to Maurice Hewlett. (But let me not be side tracked by Jimmy's quarrel with a mere author; the love affair is the important thing.)

So they had gone on, Jimmy and the adorable boy, until one day he told her joyously that he had never loved her. "But," she had remonstrated, "being in love is the only excuse for such concentration." No; he was firm. Being in love was worshipping the object, he had never felt the pro-

per awe for Jimmy; the necessary pedestal had never entered into it. "Pooh," Jimmy had refuted this. "You aren't capable of such idealism. You're a very unanalythical sort of person. I've never loved you that way, either—but I don't consider that love." He had shrugged, looking very gleefully at her. His eyes and hair crinkled: he had looked rather like a toasted corn flake.

Jimmy had decided that such a person had no right to time which might be spent on the other three-fourths of life. She would renounce him and music and all his works—and go to ride horses in a racing stable. Perhaps the other swipes could lead her into the necessary realistic conception of living. She would learn to play poker, and she would read thoughtful books at night. Life would be more halcyon than ever—the sky, and the smell of leather, adventures, speed—all the things which had carried her through her childhood like a strong wind. Perhaps she could even learn to believe in knights again. . . .

Meditating upon this positively last appearance of her to-be-cauterized romance, Jimmy sat on, in the sun. Her hair was short and black against the white-washed door behind her; her sleeves were torn and her arms brown. She approved inwardly of this picturesque desolation, and remembered that Barrie was a sentimentalist too, or he would never have added his rowan berries to the coincidence of brown arms and tattered sleeves. Jimmy's mouth was sulky, and she had a long scratch across one cheek. The scratch was not permanent. It was only symbolic, and the result of a poker game. The tan dust lay soddenly about her feet, a horse's head looked out over the half-door behind her shoulder. There was nothing to do.

Jimmy did not have to clean straps or buckles ordinarily: she only rode the two-year-olds and yearlings on the short track, but when there were not enough boys to go around, she sometimes helped do things with Sloan's Lini-ment and dirty woolen strips and rubber caps for hooves. The boys were very much friends with her, most of them were younger, and the boss had told them to treat her like a lady. Her riding and her desire to play poker had con-

vinced them that the boss was right. In their reflected admiration, Jimmy saw herself as a Kipling hero, and this was even more satisfaction than the torn shirt or the symbolic scratch.

There was pleasure in smoking, in being slovenly and feeling warm; there was pleasure in early cups of coffee and the always new fear of mounting those feverish, fickle yearlings that slithered sideways down the track like crabs. There was pleasure in their nervous straining to look and whirl in the direction they wanted to go, and when they went there was no pleasure like the feel of that compact running, that concentrated speed which gathered them up and shot them on as if it were a force behind them. In moments like those, Jimmy's exaltation was deeper than any she had ever felt in beautiful places—or even in love affairs. She was no longer a girl, or a person, or even a mind—she was a free thing, without a thought or a regret. She wished that running might last forever; it was the most wonderful dedication of power in the world. It was truer than words or music or love—

But it could not last forever. And when it was finished, its haze hung over her spirit like an October day, its beauty and strength fading slowly until they were quite gone. It was then that her humor and her bitterness were farthest away. It was then her passion for beauty and for love made her forget the indignity of having been told that she had never been loved in the way that she loved all of life. These were her hardest moments; to stop her imagination when it was delighting her, to stop this intensity of feeling by calling it coldly "Sentimentalism"—was the thing which had daily to be achieved. She had prescribed poker for the first few hours of reaction, and after the calmness of reality had returned, it was time for the thoughtful books. "A clever program with which to outwit oneself."

Thinking upon this last jibe, Jimmy stretched her legs and rose from the soap box. She looked down the half-alley made by the projecting eaves of the stable roof, and noticed a crap game going on rather secretively below the last stall. She smiled when she remembered that her wages were not

due for ten days, and that she was quite dependent on them since her family had worked itself into a fury about this, her way of living. Too bad. It would have been an added glamor if she had been able to think of herself as a "remittance man." She scuffled along lazily toward the crap game, occasionally speaking to the horses as she went past their stalls. Some of them looked disillusioned, she imagined, and that was a pity; they were far too young.

The morning's stimulation had worn away and left her singularly depressed. She had been thinking on the soap box, that her progress toward emotional indifference was becoming slower and slower, if it had not already stopped. More constantly, she thought, her love was becoming associated with her love of beauty and of all good things in an enjoyable existence; it seemed more necessary to the whole than ever before. She wondered suddenly what she would do if the boy she thought of so steadily, should appear on the spot, like an evil, taunting genii, with his crinkled hair and eyes, his tan face that made her think of a toasted cornflake. The reaction to this new brand of torture was a great surge of bitter affection, so insistent that Jimmy stopped and stamped her soft boot in the soft sand with a sense of futility. There was no coming to blows with such a feeling; it yielded like the sand when one stamped determinedly but it rose softly again in another spot. It was bitter to lose a fight; to be beaten day after day by that unagination—that thing she knew and could not prove to be a delusion. She walked on in torment. . . .

Suddenly, she was aware of a figure coming toward her; it was one of the stable boys with a letter in his hand. "Of course," she thought, with a feeling that this scene had been rehearsed before. He handed it to her at last, and she noticed that he held an ace of clubs in his other hand—before he touched his cap and walked away. She waited calmly until her senses could appreciate the fullness of that minute; here it was, in her hand, a letter from the person she loved best in all the world, whom she had wanted so abjectly day after day that her life had become a disorganized struggle

between feeling and mind—who had made her aware of the sorrow of beauty.

She opened the letter and read it quickly. It was, as she had known it would be, a plea that she come back; it was a violently aggrieved protestation of love.

Jimmy smiled, what in less absorbed moments, she would have called a "fine" smile. Love. And then she laughed aloud, with no bitterness at all. What a pleasant, sunny day it was. The exhilaration that always came to her when she rode, seemed suddenly to fill her whole being—which was no longer a heart and a mind divided against themselves. She was free. She flipped the letter into dramatic pieces and laughed once more as she started back toward the crap game. Love! What did a cornflake know of love?

Mentally, she shook hands with herself and Lord Bacon.

UPON AN OLD PLATEAU

Lucia Jordan

I remember heaven
Upon an old plateau;
I remember heaven
A hundred years ago.

There long grasses gleamed,
There blue skies
Shone down on ponies
With mountain-clear eyes.

While ribbon-bright birds
Vibrated full in song,
And a rock-cool river
Trickled along;
Trickled along
As if fearing the air
Till it came to a cliff
And slipped off there,
Where its droplets sprayed
On the up-pushing air.

Once a week or so
We rode across the pass,
Through fever ragged weeds
And yellow burnt grass.
The pathway dark
Beneath low-dragging trees;
The ponies were maddened
By harsh buzzing bees.
Under the mask
Of its silvery gleam
Quicksand would suck

In the tiniest stream;
And the screeching of crows
Ripped the silence to shreds:
Till, we would turn
Our weary ponies' heads,—
Trot across the pass again
Back to the plateau,
And then we would let
Our miseries flow
Down the rock-cool river
That trickled below,
That trickled along
As if it feared the air
Till it came to a cliff
And slipped off there.—

I remember heaven
Upon an old plateau;
I remember heaven
A hundred years ago.

“WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG”

Anne Morrow

AND what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversation?” I do not venture to discuss this question in “Alice in Wonderland” but it might be used as a recommendation for A. A. Milne’s book “When We Were Young.” Pictures are as frequent as conversations and delicately witty. The most delightful ones are those illustrating, “The Royal Slice of Bread.” I cannot help thinking of the capricious figures of the king and queen of Paflagonia in “The Rose and the Ring.”

But conversation, especially when “Christopher Robin” speaks is the most enjoyable. Poems for children are so often patronizing, urging them to hold their spoons correctly or not to ask for second helpings. But Milne, instead of saying, as did Robert Louis Stevenson that

“A child should always say what’s true

And speak when he is spoken to.”

explains in a sympathetic manner,

“If people ask me,

I always tell them:

‘Quite well, thank you. I’m very glad to say

If people ask me,

I always tell them,

If they ask me

Politely - - - -

But sometimes

I wish—

That they wouldn’t.”

The most obvious difference between these two books of children’s rhymes is that Robert Louis Stevenson does not take the child’s point of view. He does, it is true, write in the words of children and about the things that children love, piles of dead leaves and holes in the sand and that ap-

peeling personage, the gardener, but he is seeing things as an older person. No child ever said

"And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood
And I am very happy for I know that I've been good."

or

"Up into the cherry tree

Who should climb but little me."

what child thinks of himself as "little me?" He probably thinks "big me." Certainly this attitude is taken in "When We Were Very Young:"

"I'm a great big lion in my cage

And I often frighten nanny with a roar."

He scorns the king, "busy a-signing things," and men and women going on errands to the village, and salesmen with sauce pans and mackerel. Puppies and rabbits and little mice and Christopher Robin are the biggest things to Christopher Robin. And yet his words are not selfconscious. The boy in "A Child's Garden of Verses" says primly

"Every night my prayers I say,

And eat my dinner every day

And every day that I've been good

I get an orange after food."

But the verses of Milne tumble informally through the pages. There lies between them and the verses of Stevenson all the difference between the familiar, planned games of children and those original ones that grow up by themselves. Milne's poems express sensations and reactions of children rather than their thoughts and moral feelings. The child of the older book gives thanks to "the friendly cow all red and white" while Christopher Robin gives buns to the elephant at the zoo.

The happiness of children does not lie in the thought that

"The world is so full of a number of things

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

but in "great big waterproof boots" and "new brown laces;" in leaving one's hair unbrushed for aunts and one's button gloves undone.

But the informality of Milne's verses is most striking in the rhythm which hops, skips and jumps in a catching sing song manner. It reminds me of the steps of the polka I struggled to learn for the cotillion, "slid-glide-and-a-one-two-three-hop."

But the differences between the two books may not be in the authors but in the children written about or in the generations in which they lived. The child in the older book knows buggys, lamp lighters and haylofts, while Christopher Robin knows a world of suburban streets and trolley cars and city pavements. He will not eat his rice-pudding complacently or consent mildly to washing his hands before every meal but asserts defiantly,

"I never did, I never did, I never did like 'Now, take care, dear'.

I never did, I never did, I never did want 'Hold my hand.'

I never did, I never did, I never did think much of 'not up there dear'

It's no good saying it, they don't understand."

Perhaps A. A. Milne does.



EDITORIALS



MONTHLY this time represents the ten o'clock scholar who now comes at noon; we ought of course to come in May, instead we come in June. (An unintentional rhyme which indicates better than pages of prose our iridescent state of mind.) We will not damn ourselves with faint apologies but instead point with elaborate carelessness to the very azure blue sky, the stretches of greensward that Herrick would go mad about, and the Maxfield Parrish masses of flowers at every turn. What we ask, (in a purely rhetorical way, for we know, alas, that there is an obvious answer) can one do in these circumstances? How can one resign one's self to second hand, not to say second rate, manuscript descriptions of spring when spring herself is dancing her traditional way across the campus, and when the college looks like a series of those improbably brilliant shiny five cent postcards? The smell of the lilac came in through the window in Students' Building and we were powerless to resist. In fact, we didn't even try to.

And we are sure that, after all, Monthly has chosen the better part. We are likely, in Northampton, to develop the attitude of mind of those peasants who live at the foot of the most beautiful mountains in the world and have never climbed them. Having spent years in the Middle West or in the South hearing about Beautiful New England, or perhaps even spending admiring weeks motoring through it, we come to college in the heart of Massachusetts and spend wistful weeks thinking about the Sunny South or the Marvelous West. It is, of course, perfectly natural; no one can preserve their fresh young enthusiasm for anything they see too much of. The most ideal marriages grow dull at times, and intellectual marriages are no exception to the rule. We look upon Northampton with the dull eye of


domesticity; with annoyance, or with a condescending affection born of comon memories and necessity. We see the Holyoke range, smoke blue or peacock colored in the distance, the apple blossoms against the sky like pink and blue baby ribbon, the low roofed white houses under their arch of trees, the colored print of houses across Paradise, and we take up our Harper's Bazar and plunge into longing reveries over advertisements of England and Southern France.

If we were sure that the idea would be received as seriously as it is made, we would suggest a Student's Tour of Northampton. At any rate, we would suggest rubbing our eyes and pretending that we have at last realized our long felt wish to see New England. We intend to do it ourselves, to begin with.

E. H.

BRONZE ASH TRAYS

Marion Keiley

HEY had been married a week; the most beautiful week in his life, Jim thought, and Mary agreed with him, as she always did, with a little burst of enthusiasm, as though she had just had the same thought herself. It was like two people walking beside a river, and hearing sounds from the other side. One says: "That dog barking sounds like a cork popping from a large bottle."

"Why, so it does!" exclaims the other person.

Only the other day, when Jim and Mary were talking about Nantucket, where they were staying, Mary said, in a rather disparaging tone:

"It's queer, there not being any trees on the island."

Jim said: "But trees would spoil it. This island belongs to the sea, and is nourished by the sea-wind, which needs to seek out every cranny, so that it won't neglect any little scrub oak, or pine."

Mary considered this, then said quickly: "Of course," and smiled understandingly. She was an adorable child, and although Jim knew she idolized him, he loved her very much, and respected her more than another person in the same position would have done. He vowed to himself that she would always think he was perfect.

Jim was a very nice boy, thoroughly unspoiled by Mary's blind adoration. He knew most of his faults, and credited them to his youth, reserving some future time to correct them. He had high ideals, and congratulated himself that he lived up to them. And, in logical sequence, he believed himself to be quite sincere. On the boat from New Bedford to Nantucket, some boys were rough-housing on the upper deck, near the railing where Mary and Jim were sitting. During the fracas, a camp chair was knocked overboard, and the boys, aghast at what they had done, scuttled to the other end of the boat. Jim was quick to condemn

their cowardice. "Little rats! Not one of them brave enough to own up to it!" Mary thought he was unnecessarily hard on them, but, nevertheless, a pleasant feeling of comfort and safety came over her.

From the moment she landed on Nantucket, she had had a beautiful time. She loved the fishermen's cottages: low, ramshackle affairs; the lighthouse half hidden in the fog; the cobbled streets, paved long ago; and the indescribable moors.

This morning they had hired a dory, and Jim rowed Mary round the harbor. They rowed among the fishing schooners and talked to the fishermen: Portugese, Swedish and Yankee, all smelling of tar and flounder. Then they rowed out farther where white-caps smacked the nose of the dory, splashing water on their faces, which the sun dried, then their faces burned, and their lips tasted salty. They drifted in again with the tide to the landing-stage, and had lunch in an old schooner made into a tea-room.

After lunch, they started browsing around the many "Old Curiosity Shops" populating the wharves, which were full of queer junk from all kinds of places, picked up by whalers for souvenirs.

"I'd like to find an old brass bowl that we could use for an ash tray," Jim said as they were wandering around among the shops, picking things up and laying them down with the usual gestures of people who have no intention of buying. Consequently, they were not bothered by the shop-keepers. In one of the shops, a tumbled-down place on the end of a coaling jetty, very crowded with dingy looking knick-knacks, they found several bronze ash trays bunked in with bright-colored china birds. Jim picked one up, and while he was examining it, dropped it; it broke the head off a china parrot when it fell.

"Oh Lord," Jim said, "Look what I've done!"

"Never mind," Mary comforted, "I don't believe it cost much. Let's see." She picked it up, and turned it over and over, but could find no mark on it, so she turned to ask the proprietor how much it cost. As she turned, she saw Jim go out the front door, so she put the bird down

quickly, and followed him. When she caught up with him, his face was flushed like a scared school-boy's.

"I thought you'd never come, Mary. Did that old sailor in the corner see me?"


"I don't know; I came right out after you," said Mary, feeling embarrassed; she could not for her life tell why.

"Well, a narrow escape! What a clumsy boob I am. I'll bet that old owl, or whatever it was, cost about five dollars. Those senseless things always do. Say, we've only got ten minutes to get that bus!" He started out more briskly. "I keep expecting to see that fat policeman come out to nab me," he laughed.

Silently, Mary quickened her steps to suit his.

LE GRAND AMOUR

Pauline Winchester

 HERE was something in the early spring air which set old Tom's heart beating in a ridiculous fashion. Going about the farm tasks he tingled to the tips of his rough knotted fingers. He swung along the muddy path on the way to the barns, his corduroy trousers very baggy, and his stride exceedingly bowlegged from so much riding. The gleaming milk-pails he carried in a manner almost jaunty. He clucked to the hens in his fatherly middle-aged way, and his expression, as he went the rounds, was one of utter complacency and satisfaction. A saucy robin flew down, alighting right before him, and cocked his head in a way that made him think of Miss Mary; she had a gesture like that. Irresistible.

"I've got half a notion," thought old Tom, slowly, "I've got half a notion—to."

His elderly sister's high-pitched nasal voice interrupted his train of thought. Suddenly he felt very foolish and self-conscious, and returned to the house.

"Well, Tom," said Emily, "Guess you'd better get the things at the store now so I can get the baking done."

Tom acquiesced in the way he had done when as a little boy his sister had sent him to do the marketing. Always it had been Emily who had given the orders, and he who had followed unprotestingly.

"Pretty day to-day," he said in his characteristic drawl, knocking the mud from his shoes on the edge of the step. "I don't know but I've got half a notion to go to see Miss Mary tonight if it's fine."

"Well?" Emily raised her eyebrows.

"Think we could have supper a little mite earlier?"

"Well."

Taking the list of groceries, Tom saddled the old plough horse and went off up the road. Miss Edie, the gentle spinster who kept the village store, heard the clatter

as she sat before the cash drawer. She climbed down from her three-legged stool and peered out the window over her glasses, watching the horse and rider approach.

"How he does kite around the countryside on that fool horse!" she mused. "Aha, Wednesday night." And she made a mental note.

After a great deal of scraping of feet Tom entered a trifle hesitant but with his usual polite smile. In his obsequious manner he bade Miss Edie good-day. It was this manner of his, and his gray hair, and fine profile that made strangers sometimes mistake him for one of the aristocrats of the village when they saw him in church of a Sunday. And it was this manner of his, of extreme almost irritable affability, and distant politeness, even toward Miss Edie whom he had known all his life, since the days of Sunday-school picnics, that the village people resented. It gave them that annoying feeling that perhaps he thought himself a little too superior to discuss with them their neighbors' affairs, not to mention his own. Thus he had become the subject of much village talk and the butt of many a joke.

And now he came creaking into the store, with that pleasant, impersonal expression of his. But business is business, and Miss Edie's welcome was effusive and enthusiastic.

The list of groceries was long. After tiptoeing around and gathering up his various goods, old Tom stopped before the candy case and selected a large and gaudy box of Apollo chocolates, in a manner of feigned indifference which suggested that buying boxes of chocolates was not as usual a thing as he would have it seem. With evident relief he put everything into his gunny sack which he slung over his shoulder and went galloping madly down the hill.

Getting ready to go calling on Miss Mary, the vivacious young school-teacher, was a long and arduous task for old Tom. It was an undertaking that kept him busy most of an afternoon. The candy was an important, yet relatively simple part of it. That being now secured he could devote his attention to further details.

One of the things which worried Tom most in his courting was that his hair had suddenly turned so gray. It was noticeably gray. He was really beginning to look like an old man. Not that he felt like one; he proudly told himself while he shaved that he felt as young as the first time he had ever been calling on a lady. He was, indeed, as self-conscious. Tonight, however, he made an effort to look younger. He tried the experiment of dyeing his hair,—just putting on a little color to make it look less gray. His sister was quite worried when he made his appearance at supper, for the color seemed more red than brown, but Tom cheerfully reassured her. Anything was better than gray hair. That was a fact no one could deny.

At last he was ready to go. He sidled into the room where Emily sat, anxious for her commendation. He always edged into a room with his hands in his coat pockets and his thumb on the outside. His light red hair was smooth and gleaming in the early twilight. His polite smile was almost a leer, so perpetual it was, and so unchanging. Emily gave a brusque word of approval as she tucked a sprig of forsythia in his buttonhole.


Properly accoutred with the box of chocolates in his pocket he made his way up the hill on the back of his trusty steed. He beamed on the meadows, on the land roundabout. These early spring evenings were so delightful. He had been able to go earlier than he had dared to hope. It was hardly seven o'clock, but this was not too early. It was certainly the finest part of the evening, and made his visit just so much longer into the bargain.

The store was closed with the shutters drawn as he passed it; but Miss Edie saw him go from her kitchen window behind the vines, and nodded to herself significantly. Miss Brooks saw him as she rocked on her piazza. The minister's wife across the way caught sight of disappearing hooves and drew her own conclusions. The children, who lived next door to Miss Mary, catching the derisive spirit of their elders giggled when he went down the road, without knowing why.

While up and down the street the neighbors were chattering and speculating, as neighbors will, old Tom alighted from his horse, and tied him fast to the gate-post. First assuring himself that the chocolates were there, and quickly running his hand through his immaculate hair, he went to the door. Twice he rang the bell. Three times. Miss Mary was not at home.

CORAL SEAS

Hope Palmer

 HE closed her eyes, heavy with langour, to feel more fully; soft warm waves cradled her. Now and then, light caressing foam, scented faintly—perhaps by the tropical breeze rippled across her face as she lay floating, only her hands moving, slowly, rhythmically, at her sides.

She knew she had but to turn and stare down through the blue, translucent waters of the lagoon to see the slope of the coral reef and mark how it grew fainter and vanished far below. Perhaps there would be bright little fishes, glimmering and disappearing as they swam in and out of the shadows. Could she but see enough she might spy the wreck of some old galleon, rotting on the reef edge—its rusted treasure chests spilling palely gleaming coins, diamonds, sapphires bluer than the impersonal, oblivious sea that tossed them ceaselessly, roughly about, jewels that had felt the delicate rise and fall of fair ladies' breasts.

If she looked towards the shore there was the tranquillity and dark, cool greenness of the palm trees that were so restful when the vivid, breath-taking glory of long, white beaches, blue seas and bluer skies turned one faint.

She shivered slightly. She had lain thus floating for a long, long time. It was growing chilly. She opened her eyes, and sat up hurriedly, reaching toward the faucet where an "H" and "C" were still distinguishable in spite of the considerable defacement of the nickel plating. An icy sluice flooded into the tub as she twisted the knob. She scrambled hastily out and stood dripping, prickling with goose-flesh. She set a wet foot on the pictured face of "Mrs. H. Clifford Hammond—and others of Society's Favorites wintering in Bermuda." Opening the bathroom door a cautious crack, she shrieked into the hall. "Hey, somebody light that gas heater up again, can't they?"

FABRICATIONS

Hope Palmer

I'd dress my thoughts in party clothes for you.
A ruffled adjective should edge each noun
I used to tell my fancies. The drab-brown,
Commonplace events my small life knew
Adorned in rose and gold should dance for you,
In gliding figures moving up and down,
To charm your smile, and drive away your frown,
That, if I could, is what I'd like to do.

The dull checked gingham of monotony,
The unembroidered garb of prosey days,
Transformed by gay designs I'd have you see
A richly shimmering, iridescent blaze.
Oh, Gods above, to you I lift my eyes.
Grant me the art of telling lovely lies.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

Elizabeth Chandler

OUT of the noise and tumult of the city of Bombay rise five great towers. Still and white against the bright sky they stand; and around and over them flap great, dark birds, now alight, now lazily passing and repassing. Even from a distance there is something arresting about these towers, something mysterious, which makes people stop their gay chatter as they look at them. The busy crowd with its bright colors and its noisy bargainings may eddy and surge around their feet, but when eyes are turned upward, voices cease. They are shrines of the mystery of India—they are the Towers of Silence.

A garden enclosed by a high wall, surrounds the base of these towers; and at its one gate, an ancient priest of the Parsees keeps inscrutable vigil. Living always at their feet, he seems the embodiment of the silence of the towers. Moving with deliberate dignity, he opens the gate. Two more priests are passing slowly out, carrying between them an empty stretcher. There is lamentation in the house of Ali—the little daughter lies very cold and still—and these grave, white-robed men have come to bear her away. Yes, weeping mother and wide-eyed brothers and sisters, you may follow her to the gate, but no further. You must stand without and beat your breast as she passes in, as you yourselves will pass in your time; but go with her now you may not, for she belongs to the Towers of Silence.

But what is this disturbance at the gate. A little British soldier, on leave and “seeing the sight,” is expostulating with its guardian. He wants to know what’s inside the bally towers. “Why in hell can’t a feller go in? Oh well, if that’s the way you feel about it!” For that low snarl from the crowd is not to be trifled with. The gate has clanged sternly shut, and the tall priest is looking down at him wondering, a bit contemptuously. What can this bit of Western scum, this product of a new and a mechanical

civilization know of the immutable laws of the Parsees? Tommy Atkins returns the scrutiny with a quizzical expression; a slow grin overspreads his impudent face, and he hurries off at a jog trot. Queer lot, these Indian beggars! But he'd show them.

The wife of Ali sits before the gate, silently watching the great birds on the tower tops. None but certain priests, members of a consecrated family, may enter the garden, yet she well knows what is there. They are carrying her daughter now, slowly, slowly, up the long, white steps that lead to the tower door; now that, too, has clanged shut. There is agitation among the birds; they have risen, and are sailing about, hovering, waiting. The wife of Ali closes her eyes and rocks gently to and fro. The priests are inside the tower now. A wide circular space is before them. The floor slopes downward toward the middle, like a cone, at the apex of which a black hole plunges into the earth. Low, concentric fences divide the floor into three parts. On all sides rise the white walls of the tower—up, up, up, to a round disc of blue, across which flaps the greatest and darkest of the birds. Silently, the priests are uncovering their light burden; silently, placing it in the inmost space, and in silence, withdrawing. Not even they may see what is to follow.

The wife of Ali opens her eyes, and watches, fascinated. Around and around soar the vultures, faster and faster; and then—down dives one, down into the depths of the tower, swift as an arrow; and another, and another until they have all disappeared. The watcher bows her head. Well she knows that ere long they will return lazily upward to their high perches; that the white priests will silently sweep the little white bones of her darling into the central pit; but she does not shudder. For this is the law of the Parsees. These are the Towers of Silence, into which even the faithful may not come—alive. The wife of Ali takes her way homeward quietly, wearily. The tall priest at the gate stands silently steadfast. In his eyes are deep, still dreams. He is guarding the mystery of ages.

A persistent and increasing whirr beats its way into his consciousness. Why this commotion among the vultures? The usual sweep of their motions is broken into violent flappings; they are flying wildly from tower to tower, dipping, swooping, circling in the utmost perturbation. Great, feathered high priests that they are, their sacred realm is being invaded. The priest at the gate is watching in amazement the approach of a strange, stiff bird, which sails with wings outstretched, and lets forth a deafening roar. Nearer and nearer it comes, flying perilously low; and now the dreamy eyes of the priest fill with horror, and he shrieks aloud; for this is not a bird, but a hideous machine. Over the side, waving a jeering greeting, leans Tommy Atkins, come to show those Indian beggars that a British citizen goes where he pleases. Straight for the nearest tower he steers. The bargainings in the bazaars have stopped; every eye is upon him; and now from the throats of a hundred Parsees goes up a cry—a long, anguished cry of helpless hatred; the desperate cry of those who see their most sacred shrine about to be desecrated. It rises, dins through Tommy's ears and sends a small shiver down his spine. But his stubborn chin only sets more firmly. In another instant, he will be over the tower, looking down, seeing what no one, unconsecrated, has ever seen.

There is a frantic beating of wings. The white priest, straining to watch, throws both arms high, and whirls toward the crowd with a wild cry full of hope. Tommy, you are a good fighting man; why does your face grow suddenly white and distorted? Panic reigns among the vultures; great wings flap in frantic helplessness, and a great, blundering body is swept into the whirling arms of the propeller. It is the unconscious martyrdom of a high priest of the tower, paying with life for the sanctity of his holy of holies. Black feathers shot aloft for an instant; then an ominous snap, and the splintering of thin wood. Tommy, foolish and imprudent! You have bred your own destruction! Your powerless machine is plunging downward. A dizzy minute—a thundering crash—and your Western impudence lies shattered, buried deep under smoking ruins.

The disturbance has passed. The wreck is cleared away. The crowd has returned to its peaceful activity. The great birds sit placidly on the tops of the towers, brooding, waiting. The eyes of the white priest at the gate are dreamy and far away. The mystery of the Towers of Silence is unprofaned.

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Marian Keiley

It is right that we shut the door
Keeping out
Sounds of trolleys, automobiles;
Light a candle
Though the switch is by your hand.
Be careful not to let tallow drip on the title page
While trying to decipher what some aimless student
scratched

A hundred years ago.
Lest we let them know we're spying back
We whisper . . .
Old silks rustle together
Their faded colors glowing in the candle light.
Dust drifts towards the ceiling . . .
Grey powder sifting down from Chesterfield's wig
Lavender scented.

YOU MAY THINK WHAT YOU LIKE

Hope Palmer

 WO not quite middle-aged men in noticeably well-fitted dinner jackets were sitting before a hearth-fire smoking. It was the sort of scene with which playwrights love to begin an act: "Library of Clarence Manning, dilettante author, well-to-do clubman, and bachelor." The room was long and low-ceilinged. Book cases, solidly filled, covered all the available wall space, and the literary overflow, standing between book-ends on the great dark oak table threatened to tumble to the floor at the addition of another volume. There were red curtains at the leaded windows, warmth glowed from the shaded table-lamp, and a decanter of Maderia on a stand between the two men gave a final touch of color and cheer.

The men had a look of rare bliss; they had just finished dining. Fame and Fortune may have their charms, Love its raptures, but for rich contentment and well-being men have found no equal for a hearth-fire, gastronomic repletion, old wine, and a pipe at the close of the day.

"By George, Bert, it's great to see you again—Six years, isn't it? Have a drink."

"Thanks, I will. Yes it's been a long time. I've been on the point of running up to see you any number of times. But—When you're married—" Bert smiled the whimsical smile and heaved the humorous sigh that tradition requires of husbands, however loving, when they speak to other men of their wives.

Clarence chuckled and brought in the appropriate quip. "Pretty well tied to the old apron strings, yes?"

"You bet. I'm glad to break loose for a while. Tell me everything that's happened since I went away."

"Oh, Lord. That's like those dumb-founding questions: 'what did you like best in Europe?' and 'what's your

favorite poem?" Well—let's see—Joe Scott's married—"

"Yes, I know, he sent me a card and a picture of his kid two years ago Christmas."

"There's another one now. Boy. Well—I suppose you heard about the Natalie Burroughs affair, though."

"Natalie Burroughs? I've heard the name but I don't seem to remember very distinctly—. She came to town just before I left, I know. That was when I was engaged, though, and girls other than Mary weren't making much of an impression on me then."

"You're the only man Natalie didn't make an impression on in that case. Lord, What a girl! There was something about her eyes—and the light little way she walked—". Clarence fell into a reminescent and mildly sentimental silence as middle-aged men are wont to do, particularly in stories or on the stage.

"What happened to her?" Bert prompted.

"Oh, she disappeared at the same time Jeff Townley did—"

"I remember him, all right. He always looked as if his thoughts were way off somewhere else, even when he discussed the most matter of fact things with you. Disconcerting sort of chap. He only came to Oakhurst the month before I went away."

"Yes—the same week Natalie did."

"Ah—the long arm of coincidence, eh? Sounds as if there might be a story; is there?"

"There's a story all right. Fill up your pipe and promise not to interrupt me if you want to hear it. Have a drink."

"Thanks, I will."

* * * * *

In these post war days when reaction has put Common Sense at such a premium, when poor old Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle are ridiculed out of all countenance for their harmless adventurings into the realms of spiritism and fantasy, when dreams, our last-resort evidence in proof of a world of unreality, are explained away by a scientific minded German doctor on a prosaic basis of cause and effect, it

is consolation for the few remaining believers in the supernatural that Natalie Burroughs and Jeffrey Townley should have come to Oakhurst and disappeared from it as they did, suddenly, inexplicably.

It was early in the spring—that spring that meant so much more than an ordinary spring—the spring that followed the ending of the war. About the middle of March Natalie Burroughs moved into the old Lockwood House, out at the north end of the Oakhurst Road, with all her family portraits and silver, and settled down as if she meant to stay. As she engaged a whole new flock of servants after she came to town, Oakhurst, to its great disappointment, could learn nothing of her past by back-yard gossip. But “Horace Brown, Real Estate and Insurance,” had sold her the place and somehow in the various business transactions involved had acquired the information that she had a husband in an insane asylum somewhere up state.

Joe Hastings, the baggage master, was the first to see her as she stepped from the train to the station platform. By the time the evening mail had come in every man in town had heard something of her beauty and the vague melancholy of her grey green eyes.

Partly in response to the tactfully worded suggestions of their husbands, partly at the urge of their own curiosity to see what the huge motor vans had been unloading for days at the old house, the ladies of Oakhurst called. They were enchanted—Such lovely reticence, such poised and charming quietness, and that haunting air of unreality, and mystery, and sadness. It was as if she stood apart from life, disembodied, dream-like, a shadow. When they spoke to her, across a tea table, they felt they spoke to someone miles away. Often she did not seem to hear. Oakhurst’s ladies found this intriguing. With a speed unprecedented those usually aloof and formidable Leaders of its Social Life, Gertrude Emery and Louise Morgan, took her to their hearts.

Jeff Townley came upon the scene a few days later—at least, it was less than a week after Natalie’s arrival that he took rooms in the apartment house on Center Street and

Lincoln Avenue. Orton Black was in the Oakhurst Trust talking to Jim Sykes about the new pavement on Walnut Street and how the hell was Germany to pay her reparations fee and so on, when a man with weary gray eyes spoke to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind witnessing a paper for me? I'm just opening an account here and I'm a stranger in town, otherwise I wouldn't trouble you."

Orton went into the office with him. Joe Turner, the Trust's President, was fixing up the account business. "Hello Orton. Sign here please. This is Mr. Townley. Mr. Townley—, Mr. Black.

The witnessing was attended to. "How shall I know your signature on checks, Mr. Townley?" Turner asked.

"Why, I'll use my seal." Townley showed them a curious old ring on the little finger of his left hand. It bore a crest carved into lapis lazuli. He pressed it on an ink pad and showed the stamp on a sheet of paper—a beast with the heads of a lion and lioness, and beneath, "*Les deux seront un.*"

They talked then together for a while, then Orton took Townley away to lunch at the club. The men there all liked him immediately. They put him up for membership later.

So Natalie and Townley became practically at once members of Oakhurst's most exclusive elect. It was odd how they both became connected with the same little group of people yet never met. In spite of their reticence they liked to be with people. They seemed to want to avoid being alone, in fact. But whenever one of them appeared the other stayed away.

In a little sea-side New England town like Oakhurst such conduct arouses a lot of curiosity—that doesn't take much to be aroused, at any rate. But neither of them ever said anything to explain, and each of them looked distressed and embarrassed when the other's name was mentioned. Oakhurst decided there must have been an **AFFAIR**. Still, if that was so, it seemed odd they should have chosen the same town to hide in.

Oakhurst was essentially kind-hearted. It let the matter drop and turned its attention to trying to cheer these two melancholy souls. But Oakhurst was as essentially fond of scandal. So Gertrude Emery and Louise Morgan discussed the circumstances of the case one day, late in January, over their tea.

"They ought to meet," said Gertrude, "They'd be the biggest help to each other. I never knew two people with more utterly similar tastes. They're always expressing the same ideas. They have the same way of looking at things. She's getting restless and morbid. It isn't right or natural for a beautiful young creature like her to be tied to a wreck off somewhere in an institution. Of course we do all we can to give her companionship, but, frankly, I think she needs a man. It's enough to tear your heart out to see her sitting, looking at nothing with those great, sad, unwinking eyes, twisting that queer old blue ring of hers. . . She wears it on the middle finger of her right hand, you know. Such a strange place to wear a ring. I wonder she doesn't have it made smaller. . . If there's something between them I wish they'd run off together, and not dally around breaking each others hearts. I suppose she has too much conscience to do that while her husband lives."

"Yes. It might be that. Or it might be the fact that Jeff's getting along awfully well in Law and such a course would ruin his chances. Or it may be we're all wrong and there's nothing between them at all."

It was about six months later that Joe Turner met Jeff coming down the steps of the club and asked about the chances for a poker party that evening.

"Sorry—not a chance." Jeff stood looking unseeingly before him for a moment. His face was drawn and white, and there was that queer, unnatural vacancy in his gaze. "I have an engagement for nine o'clock—to meet your friend Natalie Burroughs," he said and walked rapidly away.

Gertrude called Natalie on the phone about half past eight that evening and the old nurse who answered said "Miss Natalie" had gone for a drive in the car alone.

Oakhurst never saw them again. Next morning they found her car, overturned, on a narrow ledge of beach at the foot of a cliff on the Fair Haven Road. They didn't find anything else. There wasn't any way they could have gone away by the beach, for the cliffs run for a mile along the shore either way. And the chances were only one in a thousand for surviving a fall like that. They seemed to have vanished like ghosts into thin air.

* * * * *

There was silence for a moment in the Library, then a spark snapped on the hearth and broke the hush.

"You say they didn't find anything else?"

"Oh, yes, the clock on the dash-board had got a bit smashed up; it wasn't running, rather naturally; the dial said nine o'clock, and there was a bent and twisted lapis lazuli ring with the motto: "Les deux seront un."

"Did you ever look up its history?"

Yes. It seems the man who designed it—somebody way back in the Townley line—committed suicide because his soul existed part of the time in a girl and he was convinced he could never be happy till he joined her. He used to appear and disappear all the time. Drove his wife crazy before he died."

"Lord. How fantastic!"

"I think it's pretty good myself. That's the way I wrote it up for 'Uncanny Tales'—Got a check for two hundred and fifty for it."

"Then none of it is true?"

"Oh, Yes. I gave you all the facts straight. It's just a matter of emphasis."

"How do you explain it then, really?"

"Well, they were driving to Fair Haven—probably not paying enough attention to the road—and ran off the cliff, which really isn't so very high you know. Only about twenty feet. I guess they weren't much hurt. No doubt when they found they couldn't climb up they swam along shore to the nearest beach—athletics was one of the things they liked in common. The supernatural's all right. It pays well. But its place is emphatically not in the twentieth

century."

"But that business about the ring—I don't know—
Even in the twentieth century—"

"Come on, let's turn in about now. There's golf to-
morrow morning with Henry and Ted."

"Yes. Well, thanks. It was a good story. I don't
know—"

"Have a drink before you go up?"

"Thanks, I will."





BOOK REVIEWS



O'MALLEY OF SHANGANAGH

by Donn Byrne (The Century Company)




It is a fantastic story, this latest book of Donn Byrne: The tale of an Irishman who having returned from his regiment at Malta to the coolness, beauty and romance of his home in the hills outside of Dublin, falls in love with a beautiful nun in a Protestant Convent on a neighboring estate. They elope and wander over the Midi and the Riviera through Monte Carlo where de Bourke O'Malley's acquaintances shun the run-away nun and her husband, down to Venice where the silent reproach of the churches draws from her the confession of a lie: She had been no novice when she left Ireland with him but a sister deliberately forsaking her vows, betraying the Christ she had wedded in the ceremony of her order. They return to Shanganagh where the glory of the spring they left has faded to a desolate and fate-for-boding fall. Joan, his wife, shuns him and thinks to make peace with her soul by the illusion of retribution she thus cultivates. She returns to her Convent after having changed de Bourke into a lonely, drink-stunned recluse.

The book is written with a beauty that is startling. It has that objective tragedy about it that brings sadness without self-pity. Its tragedy is not relieved but made more poignant by the minor-keyed humor that infrequently occurs in it. In its incidental material and particularly in its descriptions of Ireland and Italy there is an appreciation of the bitterness of beauty that is utterly lovely and completely Irish.

H. P. '26

THOSE BARREN LEAVES

by Aldous Huxley, Doran Company

HOSE Barren Leaves" are barren or not according to how much one gets out of reading life-like descriptions of the obvious. By "obvious," I mean that Mr. Huxley has done remarkably clever cartooning, but he has wasted it on types which have become more than familiar to every reader of semi-realistic literature. "Mrs. Aldwinkle" is as recognizable as the *miles gloriosus* before 1642. It does not endear her to us that we know beforehand exactly how she will react to every new find. After a few pages of her we are ready to admit that she and many others like her have too long infested a free and potentially romantic world. She is deadly, and her atmosphere and friends are deadly, so what is the use of making a book about them? That is a complaint, not a criticism, but it is a complaint which rises irrationally and spontaneously in spite of our knowledge that the book is more than worth while as regards style, psychology and description.

Our chief reaction to these sketches is a sense of futility rising from the fact that "Mrs. Aldwinkle" and her friends simply exist without getting anywhere. If they had co-operated in making a good story of themselves, we might have been convinced of their mission in literature. As it is, they make dull reading and a brilliant opportunity for the author to be satiric.

M. A. B. '26





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THE CONSTANT NYMPH

by Margaret Kennedy, Doubleday, Page & Co.

 S Dr. Sam Johnson remarked, "a second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience." This witticism comes strangely from that tower of solid opinions, but I am convinced it was an inspiration meant to be hoarded by succeeding generations as something of an enigma, until its great moment should arrive and it should at last be understood by the help of a book called "The Constant Nymph." For this volume a proof of the triumph of hope over experience, not once but many times; Sanger's Circus can have no other explanation than that it was created in optimism, regardless of the laws of probability.

"Sanger's Circus" for the unenlightened—if any—is the stage name of a highly emotional, highly disorganized and very highly promiscuous family belonging to a great musician and his many wives. When the story falls into the author's hands—it has begun long before without her aid—Sanger and his circus are picnicing in a house full of music and disorder among the Austrian Alps. They have guests; perhaps we had better say at once to avoid confusion that the guests are composers also, worshipping at the shrine of Sanger who descends but rarely to the horrible realities of his children and the dinner table. The children are stranger, even, than truth, from Tony, who at sixteen, has eloped for a week, to Soosan, who at seven, has the consistency of warm taffy and not the slightest taste about music—a crime unspeakable. Linda, the other parent of the vile Soosan, is a blond, fat person in a hammock; chronologically, she is the last of Sanger's help-mates. Lewis Dodd, one of the guests is an Englishman with a fondness for Tessa Sanger, a weary, sophisticated soul of fourteen who must be the Constant Nymph, since she is the only constant thing in the book.

Sanger dies, in the midst of an unfinished opera, a young lady cousin arrives from England, (after post cards



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from the guests), Lewis Dodd stops thinking of the child Tessa as a person and marries the lady cousin, most of the family removing with them to England—and there the ghost of Sanger walks again—in Tessa. The rest of the story is almost conventional, but it has to be watched on the corners. Music and Tessa's love for Lewis Dodd make up the wild, sustaining motif of a tragedy which is funny and bitter and true.


Perhaps this is the best book of the season. It is so well written and so originally conceived that it sweeps us along like a wind, even while we shake our heads and plant our feet and cry, "It can't be true!" Its characterization and dialogue would intoxicate the most abstemious until he loathed the return to his graham crackers dipped in water, for that is how, after this book, other books will taste to him.

M. A. B. '26



THE RECTOR OF WYCK

by May Sinclair, Macmillan Co., New York, 1925

 O have this book as genuinely interesting as it is, is as startling as to become absorbed in a photograph of rather homely, uninteresting, people in an ordinary landscape, who are completely unknown to us. Nothing about John, *The Rector of Wyck* is in the least interesting; Mattie is a nice, agreeable, hardworking little woman; Millie, the daughter is the typical objectionable character of any novel; the son is too reminiscent of Steerforth in *David Copperfield*. And yet the book has that mysterious quality of personality about it, that makes it very real and absorbing.

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The clear, limpid, unhurried style of May Sinclair helps that. She never drags; she never wishes. She announces a death in the same tone of impersonal interest in which she announces that John took another cup of coffee. She is French, a follower of the Flaubert of *Madame Bovary* in that.

Nothing dramatic happens in the book; or rather, a great deal that is dramatic happens, but it happens in such a natural way that we hardly notice it. People that have passed through melodramas in their own life, say that this is very realistic; that one is really hardly aware of the excitement while it is going on, and that it is only in looking back at it that one realizes what a wonderful movie it would have made. The Rector of Wyck is full of deaths, births and marriages, but they never bring with them a start of surprise or what the Victorians call a fear of sentiment.

Miss Sinclair has the delightful English habit of introducing characters from the novels into the current one. 'Tis a nice custom, and always gives one the happy Mr. Babbitt feeling of triumph in finding someone one knows in a strange city—a sort of “How small the world is after all!”

The Rector of Wyck is not amusing but, it is interesting, and well written, and very real.

E. H. 1926



COLLEGE

by John Palmer Gairt, Harcourt, Brace & Herve,
New York, 1925



IKE everything else in the twentieth century, education has become intensely self-conscious. People used to be able to write poetry or symphonies without be-



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ing quite sure how or why they did it; they used to get educated somehow in a practical and unimaginative way. Nowadays a symphony is explained in terms of suppressed desires and a poem as a series of psychological reactions; and we spend a great deal of our education in wandering just why and how we are doing it. A boy used to go to college to learn Horace, Greek, the English language and mathematics. Today he goes to "broaden his appreciation of the finer values of life" or to "become a better, more valuable member of the community in which he lives.

This book, by Mr. Gairt, is another attempt to analyze the reasons for an education, and to decide how far they are carried out in the educational systems of today. It is very interesting. Parts of it are particularly interesting to us—those parts dealing with Smith—and parts of it should, but probably won't interest us. Those parts dealing with extra-curriculum activities and the relation of professor to student.

It is largely statistical, being full of comparisons between a great many different colleges; but they are not dull statistics. In fact they are more interesting than the anecdotes which so few journalists can escape trying to liven their books with in a vain pursuit of "human interest."

Only a few points in college are debatable; such as the author's idealistic statement that women are more conscientious than men—a theory that it would be interesting to hear discussed by Judicial Board and President Neilson. Another possible fallacy, is Mr. Gairt's feeling that Chapel at Smith is a great success because the girls make chapel dates two months ahead, and the hum of their happy chatter, rising before the service, is instantly hushed when the organ begins—or something like that.

In any case, the book is very interesting and should be read by what the newspapers call college women. It has for us the curious interest that a scientific book on white rats and their mental capacity must have for the rats studied.

E. H. 1926

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THE MUSIC COUNCIL

by John Drinkwater, Houghton Mifflin Co., New York,
1925



HE old taunt of the French King to his general—"we have fought the battle and you were not there,"—has been applied too literally lately. We all of us live in a state of dread; we are all of us very much afraid that some battle, somewhere, will be fought and we will not be there. We are afraid that a play will appear in New York, a shocking book will be written in London, a bridge game will go on down the hall, about which we know nothing. We are afraid not to take something of everything in college; we are afraid not to have all the experiences one can have in life. We are afraid not to be able to identify any author with an epigram. We are not afraid of being unable to describe him in an essay.

And we carry this nervous eagerness to know and do a little of everything into criticism. We all read Robert Benchley's tabloid reviews of the theatre; we read half a column about a new book in the New York Times; we read a paragraph about Shelly in some synthetic text book. But few of us, unfortunately, will have the courage to forget the many things we might be doing and read that long, heavy, compact book the Muse in Council.

It contains no tabloid criticisms or easy summaries, it contains only enquiries into the theory of art, followed by scholarly essays on various practical appliers of art. But it is written in a beautiful English style, and a style that is anything but heavy or monotonous. You may not agree with his criticism or like it, but it is interesting and even if not interesting very valuable, for it forces you away from the Summaries and cheap culture of the newspapers to the study—and—easy-chair atmosphere of the nineteenth century. And after office chairs and movies that is something.

It is also refreshing to have for once the modern school of criticism (to which we confess, Monthly perforce belongs) which consists in filtering a book through a glass of



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personal reactions and daily experiences; the kind in which any book is reviewed by describing the reviewers, having dined badly, could hardly get through the third chapter; but how he would probably have liked it if it had been sunny; and that he recommended it to anyone taking Re 5:15 to Montclair from Hoboken; and how as a final paragraph of padding, it reminded them of what Bob Sherwood said to Heywood Broun the other day, when they were lunching at the Lambs Club. At least Mr. Drinkwater brings to this book, the background of an excellent education, an intelligent appraisal of backgrounds and influences, and a genuine interest in the authors he studies. And what a relief it is to be objective after all the New York subjectivities of the last decade!

E. H. 1926



SOUNDINGS

by A. Hamilton Gibbs

THE youngest brother of two novelists has produced his first novel with an equal aptitude for skillful plot and unskillful phraseology. We could have believed the book written by anyone of half a dozen second-rate propagators of the best seller if the heroine had not turned out to be, after all, a human being. Despite the blatant opportunities Soundings offers to an enterprising moving picture producer, Nancy lives. True she will register with versatile excellence on the wind-swept links, in the smokes filled studio (Paris), and in domestic scenes with a father whom she meets with unflinching eyes, in the newer frankness. Pals. But she is a true person, of the type invariably called unusual and as invariably quite commonplace. Her modesty is

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an unobtrusive fact which she can discard when some such importunacy arises as it does in the last seven pages; and we congratulate Mr. Gibbs that he has made her neither stupidly frank nor startlingly maidenly. There is a consistency in her character that almost makes us forgive ourselves for reading the book word for word.

K.G. L.



OESIRE Under the Elms is a success on the stage for many reasons, one of which is undeniably the questionable character of that success. You go, presumably, because you know or have heard that O'Neil is O'Neil, and you come out either "cleansed by pity and terror" or with the dreadful certainty that the climax was unintentional burlesque. In either case you have plenty of subject matter to support your contentions at a dinner table, and enough opponents to make the success of any play.

We have been led to believe the piling up of horror after horror requires absolute control over the sympathies of the audience to ring true. Carried away at first by sheer excellence of acting, we realize that the horrid heroine was actually smothering her infant on the top floor right, and we woke up with an uncertain feeling that something was wrong. When for the deed she and her lover strolled off to the gallows, we were sure of it.

Reading the book, however, proved a reversal of our feeling. At first the dubiously New England dialect produces, on the printed page, an absurd sense of mannered, unmastered style. But the characters are so consistently carried out to their logical exits, with gnashings of teeth precisely when they should be gnashed and desire blossoming just when it should blossom, that the absurdity goes and

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truth takes its place. Why it is logical to murder one's child in print and quite otherwise on the stage is a curious but evident fact. *Desire Under the Elms* requires to be acted in its first half to get the dialect across, whereupon we would advise the audience to leave the theatre and finish the play at home.

K. G. L.

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All manuscript must be typewritten and in the Monthly Box by the fifteenth of the month to be considered for the issue of the following month.

Manuscript will be disposed of unless marked "Return."



“14 Pairs of Shoes?”

“My dear, you’re not going to the Sahara.
You can buy shoes when you arrive.”

“Maybe I can, but not Ped-e-modes, and
I’ve spent too many years looking for
smart shoes that are comfortable to
change now that I’ve found them.”

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The Smith College Monthly is published at Northampton, Mass., each month from October to June, inclusive. Terms \$1.75 a year. Single copies 25c.

Subscriptions may be sent to Janet Eaton, Wesley House.

Advertising Manager, Adele Goldmark, Chapin House

Contributions may be left in the Monthly box in the Note Room.

Entered at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass., as second class matter.

Metcalf Printing & Publishing Company, Northampton, Mass.

“Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized October 31, 1918.”



MEDEA

by Alice Morgan Wright

A representative statue chosen from the 1925 alumnae exhibit of painting and sculpture at the Hillyer Art Gallery, Smith College




Smith College Monthly



TRILOGY

GRIEF

Sally Linley

HEY were waiting for Father to die. The house was very full of people, waiting. It had suddenly become a public place where people came, not to show their anxiety, but their ability to surmount it.

"Why doesn't something hurry up and happen?" Harriet thought.

She felt very giddy, afraid she would cry, but much more afraid she was going to laugh.

"Why doesn't what happen?"

It came as a dreadful shock:

"You mean 'why doesn't Father hurry up and die'?"

Cousin Betty's baby was whining in the hall, and Harriet took it into the pantry for a drink. She wondered why she didn't mind its moist stickiness, and the irremediable blob of all its features. On the contrary, she felt very benevolent about the baby. Giving it a drink was getting one more thing out of the way, helping. Helping what? Helping Father die? She throttled her desire to smile at this absurdity.

When Harriet returned she found still more people moving vaguely about, smiling wanly at her and at each other, talking of inanities in low, hushed voices.

She simply could not stop wondering why they were there. And why did she worry about this, and the baby's drink, when she should be thinking only of Father? It seemed that she had never been more completely absorbed

in herself, or more interested in analyzing her own sensations. It was as though someone had said:

"Watch yourself closely to-day. Your experiences will be immensely valuable."

Was this sorrow—calm and analytical? While she had watched it approaching, she had grown cold with fear for what she might do—of how she might sob, cry out, or faint. And now she merely sat still and thought, more coolly, more keenly than she had ever thought before. There was only a dull, cold ache, that throbbed like a quickened pulse whenever a door opened or closed upstairs, and which must be the anxiety she had for Father. Now and again she let her mind go in to that upstairs room, but the poor thing sickened and pled with her to let it out almost immediately.

"What did you see there?" she asked it—and then realized that it could not be questioned.

Harriet pushed the leather humidor across the table.

"Don't you want to smoke, Arthur?" she asked.

Their very stupid cousin Arthur was wiping around and around his neck with a handkerchief. Harriet saw how he suffered; how anxious he was to do and say all the things that one should while waiting for someone to die. Relieved to find that smoking was one of them, he smiled sickly, snatched a cigarette, and lapsed back into uneasy silence.

And suddenly the murmur in the hall hushed.

Harriet stood up and went toward the door. She knew what she would see, she knew what she would hear, as though a vivid dream were coming true.

Mother was coming down the stairs, the doctor walking beside her. He had his arm about her as though afraid that she might faint, and Harriet, who could see her face when he could not, thought this strangely absurd. She was pink and white, and her eyes were soft and slightly bewildered, like the eyes of a baby who has just awakened from its nap.

"How young she does look!" Harriet thought.

She was enveloped in a white apron, and beside the doctor's spare height she seemed pathetically little.

"Poor little Mother!" thought Harriet.

She went up to her and put her arms about her: Jack

and Marian came too; they all three held Mother, steadying her, protecting her.

"Poor little Mother!" Jack was saying.

About Father no one said a word.


They clung together very closely; none of them cried, none of them spoke. Harriet knew that all the others were behind them; moved themselves, but curious as to how they endured their sorrow.

Suddenly she felt emotion, crushing and irresistible. Still it was not sorrow; it was a mighty impotence, and a great crying need. She had need of someone calm and strong to comfort her, morally and physically. She wanted to rest her tired head on someone's shoulder and her tired body in someone's arms.

"Oh, if Father were only here," thought Harriet. "How he would understand!"

CONDOLENCE

Sally Linley

 He door bell again! I jumble the cards into a troubled heap and lay down my pen. Selma is letting someone in. Who is it this time? I cast a look at myself in the mirror as I cross to the door. I have never seemed more composed.

The door opens.

"Mrs. Mason," says Selma, handing me the card.

"Oh yes, Selma. Bring her in, please."

I am frightened again. And Mrs. Mason—is she frightened too? Suddenly I remember a little long-legged, stiffly starched me, going with Mother to call on Mrs. Handyside, who has just lost her husband.

"Lost, Mother? Where?"

Where, indeed! In the wood behind their home? Or one day shopping in the city? I picture Mrs. Handyside, wandering up one street and down another, through parks, looking for Mr. Handyside. (Maybe even under benches and in trash cans!)

"Oh, darling, he's dead. Mr. Handyside has gone to heaven."

"Oh."

And then:

"Will she be crying, Mother?"

"I don't know, dear. But she will be very sad."

"Yes. What shall we say to her—"

* * * * *

Mrs. Mason comes in. Her lips are very tight, sucked in, so that one sees the strange deep dimples in her thin face. She does not want to, but she looks straight into my eyes. Our hands find each other.

"Sit down, Mrs. Mason," I say. "It was good of you to come."

"I wanted to."

She is very afraid.

"And how have you been?" I ask. "And Sarah, and Dorothy?"

"All well, thank you. You—you look well, Mrs. Trench."

"I am," I tell her, "very well."

It is strange, how sorry I feel for Mrs. Mason! This pause, now, must be troubling her so. I try hard to fill it.

"You should see my girls, Mrs. Mason. I'm so sorry that they're out this afternoon. They are shopping for our black things, you see. But I hope they'll come in before you leave. They're—really they're rather splendid—I think."

"Of course they are," she hastens to relieve me. "I wish I might see them, too."

Will she say what all the others have said about them? Probably. And suddenly I am not afraid that my lips will quiver and tears come when she says it. It has become a stock phrase.

"They are going to be such a comfort to you, Mrs. Trench," like, "Yes, Mrs. Trench, blue is certainly your color."

She says it. And,

"Yes, Mrs. Mason," I acquiesce.

Does she think me cold? Surely she has every right to. I sit here, with my hands lying lightly spread before

me in my lap, looking quietly at her, wondering if I can bear to hear her running through the usual phrases of condolence.

"I never knew," she goes on, "just how much children mean to us until I lost Mr. Mason." She picks up a glove by the fingers and draws it to the wrist between her thumb and finger. "You will realize it more and more, I'm sure. And it has brought out the girls as nothing else has ever done."

I see her eyes flinching in the white glare of the sun, and I rise and draw the blind across the offending pane. Brazenly, I have refused to darken my house as other mourners do.

"I am sure of it, Mrs. Mason," I say.

"Mrs. Trench—I realize how useless anyone is at such a time—but I came to-day to tell you that if there were anything that I, or Sarah, or Dorothy could do, we would be only too glad—"

"Mrs. Mason," I assure her, "it is very good of you I'm sure we all thank you—so much. I hardly think there's anything—and yet if there ever is, it is good to know that one has friends to whom one can turn. And you must know yourself that even knowing friends are thinking of us at times like this is a comfort—a great comfort."

How many hundreds of times I have said this! And yet I do mean it.

We sit in silence.

She is speaking again—and now the taut sound has suddenly left her voice.

"Mrs. Trench—I know it is strange to speak of this now. I have been thinking so strongly of it all day. Do you remember the Fourth of July when we all went motoring and stopped in that little temperance town for our lunch?"

"Yes," I say, "and the beer?"

"Yes, Oh, poor Mr. Trench! He had given us all ours and was standing there, just pouring out his own glass. . ."

I see him! Standing in the hot glare of the sun on the little common, laughing, talking. . . .

" . . . and the town constable came up and made him pour his out on the ground."

"Oh, poor David. So hot and thirsty! And do you

remember—Sylvia and Dorothy fell into the pond, and David and Mr. Mason had to go in after them?"

We laughed together at the spectacle of two frenzied, white-pantied little girls, dripping at every point, borne aloft in the arms of the red faced men.


Suddenly my grandfather's clock booms out.

"Oh, I must go!" cries Mrs. Mason. "I wish I might have seen Margaret and Sylvia. Please remember me to them." (She has become once more, the polite comforter.) "Oh, Mrs. Trench, I have said so little—there is so little one can say—but remember, if there's the least little thing we can do. . . ."

Formally, she gives me her hand. And, through its correct black glove, I squeeze it.

REMEMBRANCE

Sally Linley

T was with a shock that Miriam drew her mother's amethyst brooch from her jewel box and realized that for the first time it brought no pang of painful memory. It was no longer Mother's brooch, but her own; slightly out of date yet still one of the prettiest things she had. She caught herself visualizing the warm glowing purple in a new setting, whereas heretofore the mental picture of the pin nestling among the faintly quivering ruchings at Mother's throat, had always deterred her. And it was barely two years since Mother died.

She jabbed it into her stock and finished dressing. While she got breakfast the thought of her waning memories tortured her. To be sure, Mother had often said:

"When I go out, I hope none of you will think it necessary to mope and mourn for me. Oh!—" she would wave her frail hands in a gesture of disgust—"don't even wear black." And then her shy, childish giggle—"I'm afraid of people in mourning!"

But still she'd hardly meant this. Had she ever supposed that her youngest, Miriam, would go for days without giving her a thought—that within two years her own

most personal belongings would have completely lost their identity?

Of course not! She, Miriam, was hard, unfeeling. What would the others think—Barbara, meticulously observant of all that was correct, and Bill, always a little inclined to be sentimental? Suppose at their next “get-togethering” she sprung it on them defiantly:

“Do you know, I don’t believe I even miss Mother any more!”

She could see their expressions of shocked, unsympathetic surprise.

She cleared away the breakfast things and went to the one window that overlooked the park. Spring was just beginning to come true. The trees had noticeably more leaves than last week and the sun turned their thin green to thinner gold. There was in the air a half-sweet, half newly-washed smell. She saw, delicate as a breath, the half-suggested white of a plum tree, flickering into bloom on the far side of the pond.

“Disgusting how conventional spring makes one!” She observed a tiny rebel who, breaking away from its nurse, staggered across the dandelion-spattered lawn, and flopped down in a little pink cheese. Suddenly her arms were full of that pink baby in the park and she felt its little wiggling weight against her lap.

“I want six!” said Miriam and went back to the piano.

Over and over again she played at “*Les Poissons d’Or*” till waterlike, the notes purred from her fingers. Waterlike, she washed the room with the shimmering cadences. Through them darted the two metallic little fishes, swirling, plunging, flashing light. She laughed when she came to the place where one flips completely over, churning water with his tiny tail. With all her heart and soul she threw herself into the mad, thrashing, fish fight at the end.

But this was too enjoyable for work. Soberly she set at scales and marched her fingers methodically up and down, up and down—C sharp, F sharp, E flat minor.

The telephone rang sharply.

“Mimsy?” It was Barbara. “Listen, kidlet. You’re coming over to dinner tonight.”

“Yes? Why, how nice!”

"All right?"

"Yes, thank you. I'd love to."

"Good. Dinner at seven. Got to go now, Mim. Gelatin ready to pour out—"

She clashed down the receiver.

Miriam felt a warm thrill of pleasure. Dinner at Barbara's would make to-day what it seemed—a sort of gala occasion. What were they celebrating, anyway? Barbara's birthday? She picked up a little leather-covered calendar and flipped through its pages. No; here it was marked for September 15th. Not Tom's either; that was in June. Their anniversary? They'd just had that. She scanned the calendar. May 10th, May 10th—Why, it was Mother's birthday!

All the spring madness went out like a candle. She saw the last birthday before Mother had died, gray and sodden with rain. Mother lay, pallid and frail, wrapped up like a faintly lavender cocoon on the chaise longue before the fire. Her face was rosy from the light of little candles, burning stilly on the pink and white cake. Above it hovered her hands, so thin and brittle that the light seemed to shine through them as it does through eggshells.

Miriam could have sobbed.

"To think of forgetting a pathetic little thing like that!"

Foolishly, she took off the pin and set it in the sun, where it lay and glowed like a pool of warm, purple wine. She studied it and studied it till it went back and nestled among the ruchings on Mother's neck.

"Beast!" she said.

At four o'clock she went down town to the station, and just as she was going in, decided to buy flowers at the shop on the corner. She would get the kind Mother had liked best, and Bob could have them for the table.

A clerk met her just within.

"Now what do you wish, lady?"

She cast about, over the glowing fragrant masses.

"Why—why—. Well, I don't really know." (What was it, what was it?) "Oh, yes; I think I would like some lilies-of-the-valley."

He brought out the wet-smelling, waxy flowers and put them into a box.

She saw the starry blossoms gleaming dimly through the jewel-like green of the paper, and their fragrance reassured her.

Oh, yes, surely these were Mother's favorites. She felt that they had been part of that gray day.

She went up the walk to Barbara's, clutching her box almost smugly. They'd never know she had forgotten.

A maid let her in. Barbara, in a green chiffon dress, stood just outside the living room door, talking to a young man. There were numerous hats and coats on the rack.

"Hello, Miriam," Barbara called, and came forward.

"Barbara—you didn't tell me this was to be a real party!"

"Oh, it isn't dear, really. Just a few of our neighbors in to dinner. And I wanted you to meet them."

Almost apologetically, Miriam offered her flowers.

At ten o'clock, all of the guests had gone. Barbara took Miriam into the dining room to show her new linens. The table, not yet cleared, displayed departed glory. In their glasses the ices stood and melted; Miriam's valley lilies drooped their waxen cups away from the light.

"Ducky, it was sweet of you to bring me the flowers."

Lovely Barbara, her shoulders shining against the dusk of the room, took them up and layed their freshness against her cheek.

"Mm," she sniffed. "they make me think of Mother somehow. Why I know—they were her favorite flowers, weren't they?"

"Yes," Miriam said dully. "To-day—well, you see, I thought maybe you were having me out for Mother's birthday."

Barbara looked up sharply.

"Miriam, was to-day Mother's birthday?"

Miriam nodded. Then she went forward and touched her timidly.

"Barbara," she said, "do you find it hard to remember too?"

Barbara's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But I thought I was the only

one. I thought maybe—maybe because I had Tom and everything—it was easier for me to forget.”

And then a very strange thing happened. In that moment, Miriam felt closer to her Mother than she had ever been since she died.

“Do you know,” she said, “I almost think she’d understand.”

Barbara smiled through her tears.

“I know,” she said. “Yes, I believe she would.”

FLOWER-BOWL

Margaret W. Brinton

From a bowl,—half color, half shadow,—

Stared well-bred flowers. Moon-rise had stolen the bowl
Out of a Devonshire potter's hands,

Pinched and moulded

Till it curved into shape,

Like the smoke from a fakir's fire.

Moonrise had lent it shadows,

But it held the color

Of a thousand Chinese sails

Magenta, beryl-green, sand, mother-of-pearl.

The sun poked his fingers through its peacock colors,

Licked its rims till they shone

Like spun sugar.

Someone had set the bowl

In a window, next a geranium pot and a sewing-basket

Someone had put in it

Stiff, well-bred flowers.

VALUES

A Play in One Act

Ruth Seinfel

Time—the present.

Place—An apartment in Park Avenue, New York. The scene is the living room, which is luxuriously and somewhat theatrically furnished. The outer door opens into an alcove, left center upstage, which is flooded with yellow light from a low-hanging Chinese lamp. Green and gold hangings divide the alcove from the room, and frame also another doorway, right downstage, which leads to inner rooms. The right upstage corner is occupied by a tall screen, black, with gold dragons and warriors embroidered on it. Before it and to the right stands a low stool. Next it a standing lamp leans over a deep armchair large enough to seat two. Another chair stands left down stage, and beside it, a black table with smoking things on it. The chairs are deep, and covered with tapestry in the motif of the room, except for a straight chair beside the door on the right. At the entrance to the alcove a bronze Japanese dog stands guard on a low teakwood table.

Characters—Thais Westerly: Young and very much alive; she has dark hair and deep-set eyes and is beautiful in an intense way. She wears an unadorned black satin gown, with long sleeves.

Louise Westerly: Her mother, who does not appear.

The Baron: Short, wiry and excitable; he speaks with a Russian accent and gives Thais the French pronunciation.

Nigel Blenham: In his late thirties, with weary good looks, faultlessly dressed.

Dr. Morgan Bannister: Very young, nordically good looking.

Marthe: The maid.

(The curtain rises on an empty stage, the only light coming from the lamp in the alcove. The doorbell tinkles. Marthe enters door right, lights the standing lamp as she

passes, and opens the door, letting in the Baron and Blenham. She takes their hats, coats and sticks. They are in dinner clothes.)

Baron—(in the alcove) Ah, Marthe! We wait many minutes for you to perform the Open Sesame. You are getting old, eh?

Marthe—Pardon, monsieur. We are all so fatigued with attending Madame.

Baron—Is Madame not better, then?

Marthe—Oh, no, monsieur. Tonight she is very low. All last night she talked, and today she has not moved. One has to look very closely to see that she still breathes.

Blenham—(enters from the alcove, goes to the smoking stand and lights a cigarette in a long holder) Who is the doctor in the case?

Baron—(also enters) This—how does he call himself—Willis. Is it not, Marthe? Dr. Willis?

Marthe—(entering) Yes, monsieur. And the young man who helps the great doctor attends Madame day and night.

Blenham—Young man?

Marthe—Yes, monsieur, Dr. Bannister. He and Mademoiselle never leave poor Madame for a single moment.

Baron—But perhaps you can persuade Mademoiselle to leave the patient for a very few moments, to see two old friends who have something to tell her which is of utmost importance?

Blenham—(sits) Surely the young doctor can be left to do his work alone for a short while?

Marthe—Yes, monsieur. Yes, monsieur. (Goes out by the door right.)

Baron—(stands before the screen right) So Louise Westerly is going. Ah, it saddens me that the footlights will know her no more. What a Lady Macbeth that was! incomparable! superb!

Blenham—Thais will wear herself out with these all-night vigils.

Baron—Yes! yes! that must not be. We must tell her. She has work to do in the world. What a heritage! Beauty, genius, and the name of Westerly—is it not a magnificent

heritage? Beauty alone, or genius alone, that would be something. The name she could not uphold without the other two. But to have all three—magnificent!

Blenham—(watching the smoke rise) But she must not waste herself. Do you think she will accept the part?

Baron—Accept? And why should she not accept? Does it not call for one with beauty and genius, like herself? And to act opposite you, my friend—that will be not unattractive to Thais, yes?

Blenham—(flicking the ash from his cigarette, and with a faint smile) That remains to be seen. It never does to be sure of such things, you know.

Baron—But you,—you are always a little bit sure, is it not so? It may be that that is the reason why, eh? that the ladies know the lion by his roar?

Blenham—(smiles) But he must not roar too loudly. That would frighten them away.

Baron—But of course, even lions must know a limit. Myself, I can not roar. I can only squeak like a mouse; and they are more afraid of mice, I think than they are of lions. (They laugh. Then there is a pause, during which Blenham puts out his cigarette and the Baron paces up-stage) But I grow impatient. Where is Thais?

Blenham—Probably afraid to leave her mother to this young Bannister. Who is he? Have you ever heard of him?

Baron—No, I have not his acquaintance. But she is here. (Thais has entered and stands in the doorway, right, framed in the portiers. Now she comes toward the Baron with her hand outstretched. She speaks in a subdued voice, and with a sad smile),

Thais—Ah, my good friend. (The Baron kisses her hand. She turns to Blenham) And you, too, Nigel. How good of you both!

Blenham—(standing, takes her hand) Lovely as ever, Thais. (Kisses her hand)

Thais—But come, you must sit down, and tell me what is happening in the world these days. (She sits on the divan, with the light from the floor lamp on her face. The men remain standing, the Baron on her right, Blenham before his chair)

Baron—The whole world sorrows with you, my child. But it is better, is it not, with your dear mother?

Thais—(sadly) She lies very still one can scarcely hear her breathe. But sit down, and talk to me of other things.

Baron—You, Blenham, sit down and be the audience. I shall stand, for I have to divulge to you (to Thais) something which has a great importance. (Blenham sits)

Thais—To me?

Baron—(paces across the stage and back, gesturing oratorically) To you, to your ears. Before you the doors open, and you live again. It is time to end this nun's seclusion, this waste of your youth, of your genius; it is time to present them to the world which is waiting for you.

Blenham—(watching Thais) Come, Baron, cut the prologue and ring up the curtain.

Baron—(stopping left and facing Thais) Yes, yes, My heart runs away with my tongue. This is it. It is that I have a play, a splendid play, which will open in September And the lead, a magnificent part, is to be yours.

Thais—(has watched him tensely; now she relaxes and turns away) Oh!

Baron—(excitedly) Well, and what have you to say?

Blenham—(leaning forward) What's the word, Thais?

Thais—(dully) What is there to say?

Baron—(delighted) See, Blenham? Did I not tell you? There is nothing to say. But of course not. Why should one say anything when there is only one thing that might be said? (To Thais) Shall we read it together to-morrow, or shall I send it to you to read by yourself?

Thais—(gently) You have not understood me. There is no need to read the part.

Baron—Why, it is the custom. Your father always read, and his father and—

Thais—But I can't do it.

Baron—Cannot do the part? Tommyrot! It was made for you! It is the part of a young actress—

Thais—(stops him) No, don't tell me. I don't want to do it.

Baron—Don't want to do it! (He is startled into silence.)

Blenham—Is it because of your mother—in there?
(gestures toward the door right)

Thais—No - - and yes, in a way - -

Blenham—Thais, you've sacrificed enough. More would be madness. You have your own life to live.

Baron—(recovering his assurance) Ah, I forgot an important point. Blenham will play opposite you. (Blenham gestures deprecating)

Thais—Dear Baron, you make it very hard for me.

Baron—What is this, then? I do not understand.

Blenham—Explain yourself, Thais.

Thais—(turns toward Blenham) Yes, I'll explain. You said a moment ago that I have my own life to live. (Blenham nods. She goes on firmly) Well, that is what I mean to do. I mean to live my own life.

Baron—(interrupts hastily) But of course. And here is your opportunity to commence.

Thais—No, it would not be that. It would be the end.

Baron—How, the end?

Thais—Oh, how can I make you understand? (She rises and goes to the door right, looking offstage. The Baron meanwhile sinks into her chair, drawing his handkerchief across his forehead. Thais turns toward the two men, who watch her expectantly) Listen. My mother has been a great actress.

Baron—One of the greatest. (Blenham nods)

Thais—(with suppressed excitement, which gradually rises to the surface) My mother is very ill; she may be dying. Last night she was delirious. All through the night she moaned and wrung her hands, moaned and said, "What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Out damned spot, out I say! Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." O! (Thais wrings her hand and moans. The Baron is spell-bound)

Blenham—(anxiously) Come, Thais, you're upset. It's your nerves.

Thais—No, it's not my nerves. Shall I never make you see? My mother, that dying woman in there—she is not Louise Westerly. She is Lady Macbeth; she is a murderess. She has never been Louise Westerly, not since the first time she stepped out of the wings and the footlights

shone on her. She has been Lady Macbeth, Camille, Athalie; she has been many women, each a creation of some playwright's brain. And now even in the face of death—what more terrible proof could you want? Louise Westerly is not dying; Louise Westerly never lived!

Blenham—(starting up at the wildness in her face) Thais! (Thais sways, then sinks onto the low stool, her head in her hands)

Baron—(starts to go toward her; then hesitates, and turns to Blenham) You go to her. I am distraught; I can do nothing. You stay. I will go home. When you have calmed her, telephone me Riverside 4330. Or, no—come up and have a glass of tea and rum, and we will talk. I will be waiting for you. Au revoir. (They shake hands. The Baron goes to Thais and bends over her) Good-night, my child. I go. Blenham will remain with you. (Exchange glances with Blenham as he goes out.)

Blenham—(goes to Thais, who has not moved, and takes her hands from before her face) Thais.

Thais—(looks up, white, but quite calm) I have behaved badly, haven't I? My performance quite upset my poor old friend.

Blenham—(smiles) Oh, the Baron's emotions are never in equilibrium. Come sit here, where you can rest. (He leads her to the divan; then stands before her) It isn't he I'm thinking of; it's you.

Thais—(with an attempt at gaiety) Which isn't unusual, if I'm to take you seriously. But see, there is no need to worry. I am myself now, and I promise not to do it again.

Blenham—The promise is not valid without proof of your good faith.

Thais—What proof can I give?

Blenham—You can let me leave you my copy of the play. Read it—

Thais—(quietly) But that is exactly what I cannot do.

Blenham—Come, don't let the strain of the moment blind you. It is the opportunity of an artist's lifetime.

Thais—Perhaps, but mine is not going to be an artist's life.

Blenham—My dear, you can't escape it. It is all about

you. It stretches behind you through generations of famous actors and actresses. It flows in your blood.

Thais—Yes, it is all about me. I even think of this room in terms of upstage and downstage. That wall might any moment fade into footlights and an audience, and I might find myself speaking lines—not my own words. It is all about me and it stifles me, and I must escape.

Blenham—But you owe it to Thais Westerly to develop the genius within her.

Thais—There you are wrong. I owe it to Thais Westerly to take her out of this artificial living of other people's lives, and give her her own life to live.

Blenham—You seem very sure.

Thais—All last night I listened to Lady Macbeth, and all day I watched the Louise Westerly who doesn't exist, and I decided that Thais Westerly would not die before her body had died.

Blenham—And how do you propose to save her?

Thais—She shall go away.

Blenham—Alone?

Thais—Perhaps not alone.

Blenham—(losing his composure) And you'll wilfully give up all this luxury and opportunity—for what?

Thais—(rises and walks downstage right, an enigmatic smile on her lips) For a chance to live—what else?

Blenham—(persuasively, coming toward her) Ah, Thais, enough of this. The world is waiting for you, and I am waiting, and the world and I promise you a very full life. (He takes her in his arms) Thais, you are beautiful, and all the world shall adore you as I do.

Thais—(calmly, with faint contempt) And now you will kiss me, and it will be an artistic triumph! No, Nigel, your artistic perfection moves me not at all. (She frees herself) I loath this artificial stimulation of emotion, this pampering of temperament. I want to forget that I have reactions. I want to live normally. You prune your passions, and water them carefully. I want passion that is fresh and unbound, that grows up in its own strength.

Blenham—(following her) Such passion dies young.

Thais—But it will have lived.

Blenham—No one could value your beauty as I value

it. (He comes close and is about to embrace her a second time)

Thais—(draws away) Don't, Nigel. I can't endure being toyed with for my beauty.

Blenham—(repulsed) Very well, then. (He goes into the alcove, puts on his coat. Thais pulls the bell cord. Marthe enters, obeys Thais' gesture, going into the alcove. Thais stands in thought. Blenham appears in the doorway holding his hat and stick.) If you should change your mind about the play, call me at the Baron's.

Thais—Thank you. There's not a chance. Good-night, Nigel. (He bows and goes out. Marthe closes the door, reenters.)

Marthe—Does Mademoiselle wish anything?

Thais—No (uncertainly) Is my mother still resting quietly?

Marthe—Poor Madame doesn't move.

Thais—Then ask Dr. Bannister to come here for a few minutes, if he thinks he can be spared. And will you stay with my mother until he returns.

Marthe—Yes, Mademoiselle. (Goes out right) (Thais goes to the smoking stand, takes up a cigarette, lights a match and watches it burn, drops the match as it burns her fingers. Morgan Bannister has appeared in the doorway, and watches her)

Morgan—Matches burn children's fingers.

Thais—(turns quickly) Morgan! You came quietly! (She walks toward the floor lamp) Come here to me. (He obeys. She takes him by the shoulders and peers into his face) You're very weary.

Morgan—Look at yourself, Thais.

Thais—(sadly) She isn't your mother.

Morgan—But she is yours.

Thais—(smiles; pushes him gently into the chair) You must sit here, and I shall light you a cigarette. (She gets cigarette, match and an ash-tray from the smoking stand) We should both get away from that room for a little, if we can, though this one is hardly more restful. There's something so vibrant and theatric about it. (She shudders) Then coming back to him, she lights his cigarette; takes the stool and sits on it before the divan, so that her face is turned up-

ward toward him, with the light on it) What is the real world like I wonder?

Morgan—(grimly) Not very lovely; not half lovely enough for you. Do you know how beautiful you are?

Thais—(with a low laugh) Some one tried to tell me just now, and I sent him away for his pains.

Morgan—One of your actor friends? I envy him.

Thais—Why? because I sent him away?

Morgan—Hardly.

Thais—Why then?

Morgan—Because he must know so well how to do things.

Thais—What things?

Morgan—Things like—telling you how beautiful you are.

Thais—Why do you suppose I sent him away?

Morgan—I don't know.

Thais—Because he knew so well how to do things.

Morgan—I don't see that.

Thais—There's no need. I like you for not seeing it.

Morgan—(slowly) You are incomprehensible to me, you and all your world. You aren't bound to earth, like the rest of us. You live with things that can't be seen or touched. It's like a dream, being thrown in here.

Thais—You bring reality with you.

Morgan—That's like a person coming in from out-of-doors, who brings the cold in with him.

Thais—Yes, only you don't bring cold; you bring warmth. (She starts up rebelliously) These people about me—they are not real they are instruments. They gesture and they talk, and they think they feel, but all the while they are only acting, and watching themselves act. And I would be just such another. (She comes back, resting one knee on the stool) But you are real. When I touch you (she touches his hand lightly) you are warm and real, and alive—(Morgan rises, drawing her with him into his embrace, and kisses her abandonedly)

Morgan—Thais! you have made me drunk! forgive me, I — — —

Thais—(warmly) No, don't say it! You have made me real! (Breaks away from him happily, stretching out her

arms) I'm not a puppet; I've come to life! Don't you see? You've brought me to life! I'm not wooden any more.

Morgan—(watches her) Wooden! You're a divine creature.

Thais—No, Morgan, not divine; human and warm and part of reality, like you. (She returns, and carresses his face with her fingers) Is the whole world so warm?

Morgan—(holding her) I've found the world rather cold. But you won't ever have to know that. The world beyond the footlights will always be warm to you. (Turns away) Oh, I must be mad, to want anything as unattainable as you.

Thais—Wrong, magician. Didn't you bring the statue to life? And isn't she yours by right?

Morgan—(smiles then sobers) Thais, don't play with me.

Thais—I'm not. But of course, you wouldn't guess. Listen, then. Tonight a producer and an actor come to see me. They had a part to offer me. I refused it.

Morgan—It wasn't good enough for you.

Thais—It was, perhaps, too good. But an actor never refuses a part because it is too good for him. Besides, I made them understand that I would refuse any other part that was offered to me.

Morgan—You mean—you won't act?

Thais—Just that.

Morgan—You'll give up the stage? How can you?

Thais—Very simple. It's already done.

Morgan—But why?

Thais—(triumphantly) To be real, and free, as I am now. Haven't I the right?

Morgan—But your talent, and the family tradition—the world expects you to be a great actress, like the other Westerly's.

Thais—Are those reasons why I should live every life but my own? Morgan, these things are hateful to me; they seize upon my body, my thoughts, even my emotions. They take away my chance to live.

Morgan—But without them you'll be like—everybody else.

Thais—(eagerly) Yes, like all real people! (She peers

into his face, and realization dawns) You—don't want me like that!

Morgan—Thais! You don't understand—

Thais—(drawing away from him) I do, quite perfectly. You won't have me, real. You see the glamour of the stage about me. You don't see me—I don't exist, not even for you! I reach out to you for life, and I don't even exist! (She laughs wildly)

Morgan—Thais!

Thais—(mocking) Thais! Whom are you calling? There is no Thais Westerly; she doesn't exist! She thought she existed, but she is only a name—

Morgan—(going toward her, pleadingly) Thais, you don't see. I love you— But separate from all this, (gestures inclusively) you're not you.

Thais—(barricading her own hurt by hurting him) Oho! I'm not recognizable except in an appropriate stage setting.

Morgan—It needn't sound like that. But it all goes to make you what you are,—the set, as you call it,—the people about you and the things they do,—they all write plays or produce them or act in them. And you yourself—the stage is part of you; it's your life.

Thais—It's a life without meaning.

Morgan—If it hasn't meaning, at least it has beauty. The life I live has neither. Dear, every day I come face to face with life where it's most elemental—when it's contrasted with death. I see poor human things struggling—for what? for something full of pain and disease and suffering. Death is horrible, but life is even more horrible.

Thais—But surely all life isn't that. You judge only from what your work shows you. You aren't being fair.

Morgan—Then neither are you. Don't you judge your life the same way? Oh, Thais, why should you reach out for ugliness? The world as I know it need never be anything to you but an audience beyond the footlights. (Goes to embrace her) You and your world are a divine relief to me. I need beauty and you are the embodiment of it.

Thais—(draws away slowly) How can I give you

beauty when I see none of it in my life, but only emptiness? And what meaning can there be for me in life with you when you see no meaning, but only horror? (She has spoken slowly, thoughtfully, almost to herself. Now she turns with a despairing gesture) Morgan, don't you see? There's no escape, not for either of us!

Morgan—What are you saying, Thais?

Thais—That we can't escape. To you I was a way out an escape from your life, which is only horror and ugliness to you. But the beauty that you see in my life doesn't exist—I have nothing for you. And in the same way you have nothing for me—the warm reality that I want doesn't exist for you. (She pauses, then goes on with repressed bitterness) And so we must each go on, you on your side of the footlights, I on mine.

Morgan—No, Thais, there's no need. (Catches her to him desperately) I can't give you up like this—

Thais—(leaning back in his arms) It isn't any use, Morgan. This physical passion will presently die away, and then what will there be?

Morgan—But we have understanding. We understand each other and ourselves.

Thais—Yes, too well. So well we could not even deceive ourselves for very long.

Morgan—Deceive ourselves, Thais? I haven't deceived myself into loving you.

Thais—Nor I. But to go on would be deceiving yourself. You would be deliberately shutting your eyes to what you know—that the one thing you want of me I can't give you.

Morgan—It isn't the only thing—

Thais—Open your eyes, Morgan. It is the one thing I should be able to give you that no one else could. It's the same for both of us. And it's easy to shut our eyes now. But they won't stay closed long. And then we shall have to face the same needs again. And we shall hate ourselves besides for the deception. We might even come to hate each other. (Morgan releases her and stands motionless. Thais walks toward the alcove, pauses halfway, and speaks without turning, gently) I think you might relieve Marthe now.


Morgan—So I am to go back. (Turns toward Thais)
What are you going to do?

Thais—(With a half-hearted smile) I'm going to telephone. (Morgan straightens and goes out. Thais stands looking after him. Then she goes slowly into the alcove, takes up the telephone from the table, returns and stands just inside the room, leaning against the alcove doorway left, looking toward the door through which Mogan has gone. She raises the receiver to her ear. Pause. Then, in a voice without emotion) Riverside 4330.

Curtain

THE STRANGE CASE OF SALLY TIMKEN

Lucy Barnard

 HIS brief account cannot pretend to be a technical discussion of a truly amazing physiological freak, nor can it attempt to offer any information that will be of assistance to the medical and surgical professions. What notes were taken on the case would probably have been put into proper hands, had not certain authorities, and the relatives of the person chiefly concerned, preferred to sacrifice truth to a desire for her happiness and welfare, which laudable motive would have been scarcely compatible with an exposure of the affair. They believed she had suffered enough at the hands of nature, and chose to spare her from vulgar curiosity. Certainly no criticisms can be made of that, no matter what our own feelings on the subject may be.

Neither is this the account of an eyewitness. The sources of the story, however, are so creditable, and so reliable, that it has not seemed necessary to introduce them, or refer to them, except thus briefly. Should anyone question the facts, which will be soon presented, let him or her but consider their plausibility. No more need be said.

Sally Timken, to get at once to the point, was at the time a junior in a large Massachusetts college for women. Those who knew her thought her attractive and agreeable. She passed her examinations and took a small part in extra-curriculum activities, without being considered by her undergraduate acquaintances as supercilious or snobbish. Ordinarily she lived a normal life, dividing her attention between studying and going to the movies. In a word, she was a nice girl.

The strange event with which this account is concerned, made its first appearance one morning towards the end of April. Sally noticed as she dressed, a rather odd stiffness in the region of her shoulder blades. Perhaps it would be more exact to call her sensation a kind of tenderness. At

least, this was her impression of it as she looked back on it afterwards. A few days later, she discovered two rather pronounced lumps, one on each side of her spine, below the shoulder. Her first sensation was one of horror, and she thought for a moment of going to the Doctor's Office to seek advice. Her second impulse was to wait a day or two. The swellings gave her no discomfort, save in bed, and she thought, probably with some accuracy, that they would be attributed to bad posture.

Some fortunate intuition bade her conceal her condition from her friends. She wore a dress with a short cape which prevented disclosure during the day, and luckily she had no room-mate. These two factors contributed to an actual secrecy, and not even one of her intimate acquaintances suspected any malformation, or ever knew the facts, incredible as such a statement may sound.

Towards the end of the week the truth began to dawn on her, and on the seventh day from her discovery she knew she was growing wings.

Imagine if you can for a moment, her feelings of mingled distress and anticipation. Her strongest emotion was, without doubt, complete confusion, and her first reaction was the question, what on earth should she do? That wings are a kind of limb not adapted for use on earth, did not at once occur to her. She felt only an unconquerable shyness towards her inevitable conspicuousity. By this time her stratagems for concealment were proving barely successful. There was nothing else to do but seek medical advice.

At the Doctor's Office, her story was incredulously received, but she approached the subject in what was probably a tactless fashion, carefully closing the door behind her and saying breathlessly, "I'm growing wings!"

The Doctor whom she addressed was a woman of eminent common sense, who answered quite naturally, "Wings! What in the world do you mean?"

Sally could prove her point only too easily. After an examination, the Doctor, although her brain was reeling, acknowledged to herself that the diagnosis was indeed wings. Hastily she summoned her colleagues, but it was not until all of them had amazedly agreed that these growths

were true wings that she was wholly reassured concerning her own sanity.

The atmosphere of the Doctor's Office became subdued by the very audacity of the affair. There seemed but one definite thing to do, which was to isolate Sally in the Infirmary until the outcome of the matter. A hasty consultation brought them to the conclusion that since Sally had this far maintained secrecy, it would on the whole be valuable to preserve that secrecy. Naturally, they scarcely liked the idea of being responsible for the rumor that a college student was growing wings, and they realized how fast such a rumor would spread. It was allowed to leak out that Sally had a nervous breakdown.

Sally went to the Infirmary obediently, but with a good deal of reluctance. She now regretted that she had told none of her friends about her wings. Never before had she tasted the delights of distinction, and she found to her surprise that instead of being an object of ridicule she was one of awe.

However, during the next five days she became horribly bored. She was in real isolation, and only one nurse, who was pledged to secrecy, ever came near her. Her friends were asked not to call under her window, and she grew petulant for want of exercise. Her resentment naturally settled itself against her wings, especially as they were now so large that she was comfortable in bed only when lying on her stomach. Then, too, it had become necessary to make slits in all her dresses, and soon these had to be snapped together at the shoulder inasmuch as the length of the wings made it impossible to push them through the slits.

One night she discovered it was possible to get from her window to a roof outside. From then on, she would slip out surreptitiously, after dark, and stretch herself. She discovered she could stretch her wings, too, and the exercise, though mild, served to soften her ill-humor.

By the end of the second week, the wings had reached what proved to be almost their final size. Sally realized their proportions one morning when she attempted to stretch them in the room, and found that the cramped quarters prevented this. Their proportions were a tremendous

surprise to her, because they hung very lightly on her shoulders.

As few people have seen wings on the human form except in pictures, I will venture to give some statistics. Sally's wings were at this time about six feet long from the tip to the bony curve over her head. When stretched out, they proved to be about fifteen feet from tip to tip. They were delicately feathered, and in color shaded from a flesh pink at the root, to a pure white at the tip. They were, in truth, very beautiful to look at, but all those who did see them, felt a strong reluctance to comment on this beauty. It seemed to partake of a transcendental sublimity which hardly accorded with its surroundings. To speak of it was like transgressing the reserve necessary in contemplating any magnificent masterpiece of nature. One drifted into lyric meditation over the memory of it, but one knew that according to the ways of sanity, this was not beauty but grotesquerie, and had no place in words passed between men.

Meanwhile the college doctors had decided that the Administrative Board, and Sally's family should be told of the phenomenon. Both disclosures were awkward. A letter was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Timken, presenting the facts in as sensible a way as possible, and signed, for the sake of preserving the reputation of the Doctor's Office with the name of every doctor. The College Doctors then called in a body on the President, and related the story to him. His incredulity was overcome by their indisputable normality, embarrassed as they were. He naturally was curious to see for himself, but more for his own edification, than because he mistrusted their words.

The doctors now felt that a great weight was off their shoulders, and without further ceremony disclaimed all further responsibility. They had found Sally's health to be of the best, and believed the matter was now one of social or ethical classification, rather than medical. The burden was consequently cast on the President, who with all his cares perhaps had never before been in so strange a position.

We will skip over the preliminary announcement of the case delivered to the other administrative officers, and to the trustees at a special meeting called for that purpose. Suffice it to say, for the moment, that the matter occasioned

such a large amount of discussion, that it is a fifty year wonder that the student body never had an inkling of what was going on.

Meanwhile, as stories of romance say, there began for Sally a wild and wonderful time. On the night following the day on which she first became aware of the true appearance of her wings, she tried for the first time to put them to some practical use. As soon as all was quiet around her, she crawled out on the roof, and standing as far from the edge as she could, cautiously made a first attempt at flight. It carried her about a yard into the air, and it was with some difficulty that she regained her feet. A second attempt proved as feeble, but at the same time more terrifying, for in her zeal to keep afloat, she moved her wings with great rapidity, and they flapped loudly. She waited breathlessly for some moments, but no one appeared to have been disturbed by the noise.

A third attempt, done with more care and less haste, swung her up and out, until all at once she realized that the roof was no longer below her, and it was fly or fall. Of course she flew.

Never in her life had she experienced anything as intoxicating as this—a great sweep of her wings, and then a coast. Then another sweep which carried her up, followed by a delicious moment of poised peace before she sank again. A sudden feeling of timidity brought her back to the roof. She sat with her feet dangling over the edge, while before her astounded imagination unrolled the revelation of what she might now do.

Her first night solved most of the practical problems of flight. She learned confidence as quickly as a young bird, and discovered niceties of technique with every trial. For instance, it was extremely difficult at first to fly with feet trailing gracefully behind. The natural tendency, induced by the force of gravitation, was to let them hang down in a manner both awkward and troublesome. She found that arching her back, as in a dive, solved this difficulty, and in a surprisingly short time she was master of every movement. It seemed, indeed, to come naturally to her.

And so, all the nights that followed while she was in the Infirmary, Sally spent in the air. I wish I might des-

cribe them in detail, but that relation belongs rather to the realm of imaginative poetry, than to any such sober prose as this. She grew brave enough to venture far away across the surrounding hills. She trailed her feet in the tops of trees, and was at last able to satisfy a craving to jump off very high places. She learned to do extraordinary things, and tried every stunt she had seen bird or aeroplane attempt.

One night she frightened a flock of wild geese that were going north for the summer. They broke their formation and scattered, honking vigorously, but ever keeping to the north. Another night she found herself surrounded by hundreds of smaller birds, also bound for Canada, but it was too dark to see what they were. Their small, flying bodies terrified her, and she shut her wings as a gull does, and plunged a hundred feet down to escape them in blind, meaningless fear.

Her only discontent came from the fact that she must be back before dawn, and her only unfulfilled desire was to fly through a sunrise. So far she had kept her flights a secret, narrowly escaping the milkman once or twice, but always getting in before she was missed. Through the day she slept, cherishing her confinement, but she longed intensely to feel the sunlight on her wings.

We must return to the attitude taken on the matter of Sally's wings by the officers and faculty of the college. The case had been carried at last into a general faculty meeting held in the utmost secrecy. In this, discussion waxed hot and furious. Each member's opinion was slightly different from that of every other member, but, on the whole, the majority agreed on two particulars. These were that there was no just reason for expelling Sally, but in justice to the college, the inevitable notoriety attendant on her remaining an undergraduate, necessitated a demand for her resignation. It seemed not at all improbable that the reasonableness of this request would be entirely apparent to Sally, and to her parents when the matter was put up to them.

Let us stop to consider just what this notoriety would have become. I repeat a few of the horrifying phrases of some foresighted professors which threw the meeting into great consternation.

First of all newspaper publicity—garbled accounts,

humorous cartoons, gently-jeering editorials (since, of course, the matter would at first be one for jest), and the consequent loss of dignity to the college. Next, the flood of newspaper reporters on the campus, the deluge of photographers, both of the press and the motion pictures, and complete distraction in the college, itself. Then the loss of college morale, what with the hordes of the curious, and the individual curiosity of each girl. Probably by this time, police intervention, to quell the mobs which would appear from all the surrounding towns, and to prevent these people from parking their fords and picnicing in every available open space. (At this point every member of the faculty was won over to the conservatives.) Heaven knows what from then on, but certainly an unbeatable condition of gossip and yellow journalism.

We have no space to present a detailed account of the individual opinions, which, as I have said, differed to a slight degree in each case. I insert, however, a few which proved to be the most influential.

The President, it must be regretfully admitted, considered Sally's wings in the light of a charming satire on the part of nature, and, as such, was prone to admire it, even cherishing a warm, though concealed enthusiasm for it. However, he never forgot the heavy responsibility under which he labored, or the trust which so many hundreds, nay, thousands of parents and alumnae placed in him. He knew that the emancipation of women had not yet reached the point of notoriety for girls, and though he was in every sense a fearless man, he was also uncommonly discreet. Therefore, though it seemed a pity to him to deprive any creature of its natural liberty, he believed that in justice to the college, any unpleasantly conspicuous circumstance, or questionable advertising must be suppressed. Besides, Sally's wings made no kind of intellectual contribution to either herself or her contemporaries.

One member of the faculty suggested gently that the wings might become a source of inspiration in poetry or music, or even art, but it was quickly pointed out that as creative expressions can be encouraged, but not really inspired by outside influences, the inspirational worth of the

wings on a human being at college was doubtful, and scarcely outweighed their unpleasant potentialities.

A suggestion from the Doctor's Office that the wings could probably be removed by an operation, at little inconvenience or risk to Sally. The members of the faculty viewed this as the best solution of all, since Sally might then remain in college, and all that was lacking was the consent of her parents.

Meanwhile a message had come from Mr. and Mrs. Timken. They had been travelling on the Pacific coast, and the letter from the college doctors had been considerably delayed in reaching them. On receiving it they immediately telegraphed that they were coming, and took the next train east.

Their long journey did not tend to calm the natural perturbation of their minds; they longed, yet dreaded to see their daughter. Their decision, aside from any advice, was to take Sally out of college at once, and consult specialists about the removal of the wings. They were people of culture and refinement, and shrank from notoriety. Mrs. Timken was haunted by the thought of being designated as "the woman whose daughter has wings," and Mr. Timken by visions of the side-long smiles of his friends, with the inevitable jocose remark, "Well, old Tim always was a high-flyer." Together they visualized and grieved over Sally's agony of mind in her distressing predicament, and could scarcely wait for the moment when they could assure her that to them she was in no way peculiar, or different from other girls.

Two of the doctors met the Timkens at the station, and they went at once to the Infirmary. On the way Mrs. Timken expressed her anxiety, and declared her intention of seeking a specialist. The doctors were very much relieved at the attitude taken by the Timkens. Not knowing what kind of people Sally's parents might be, they had feared that her affliction might be exploited in vaudeville, or the movies.

Sally was taking her afternoon nap when they arrived. Consequently when her father and mother walked into her room they saw her wings before they saw her. It is not known what they had expected, but what they saw complete-

ly confounded them. It was not until Sally opened her eyes, and seeing them jumped out of bed, that they realized their child was in truth winged.

And such wings! Mrs. Timken did not know whether to laugh or cry. Sally looked so like her idea of an angel. It was too horrible to think of.

Sally, having kissed her mother, and hugged her father, turned around proudly to display her wings. From her perplexity, they elicited no admiring comments. Her parents appeared extremely nervous. Mrs. Timken, with averted eyes, patted Sally's hand. Mr. Timken blew his nose, and chewed on an unlighted cigar.

Their confusion revived in Sally the feelings of distress she had had when she first discovered she was growing wings and she burst into tears.

This brought Mrs. Timken to herself. Seizing her daughter in her arms, she comforted her with the assurance that they would spare no time or money in seeking her cure. Mr. Timken added his word on that score, and for a few minutes, everyone was concerned in calming everyone else. As a result Sally began to pay attention to their words, and realized what they meant. The idea of losing her wings was a new and terrible thought. She didn't want them removed. She loved them. They were darling wings, and she couldn't bear to lose them. She said all this and more to her parents. They could scarcely believe their ears, but being finally convinced she was serious, they began to point out the reasons for their attitude.

It is not necessary to go again into all the objections against wings that had been raised. Sally heard them all. Her mother and father particularly pointed out that it was her happiness above all things that they wanted, and because her wings made her a freak and because the life of a freak is one singularly lonely and unhappy, it was their sacred duty to attempt to give her every advantage of a healthy, normal life. The college doctors added their word for normality. The President came to see her that evening, and explained the decision of the faculty. Personally, he regretted the idea of removing the wings, but while she had them she could not remain in college, for the sake of the college, and for her own good. Everyone pointed out the unbear-

able publicity which would attend her all her life, and the estrangement from normal human relationships that she would suffer.

Poor Sally could not help but agree to advice so universally and altruistically given. The offices of a famous surgeon were engaged for the next week. The night before Sally spent in one last and glorious flight, and stayed out until she saw the sunrise. Then she crawled back through the Infirmary window, and that afternoon, her wings were removed by an operation that proved to be very simple. She recovered quickly, and lived thereafter, an inconspicuous, but very happy life.

RALLY DAY ODE

Olga Leary 1926

What manner of man was he, for whom we make
This holiday? How few there are who know,
Or knowing, care. Distant from us he seems,
Although our country makes him first among
Her demi-gods. When, striving, we recall
All that we know of him,—what have we then?
A childish story or two; a memory
Thrilling, but brief, of this or that campaign;
A vision of his portrait gazing down,
With snowy wig and ruff, tranquil, remote, austere
Shadowy-disapproval lurking there:—
And that is all; nothing more tangible.

Strange is it, then, that he whom we so honour
Should be for us a figure dimly seen,
Half glimpsed and half obscure? Yet how can we
Know him more clearly? All the fine-drawn traits,
That marked the man, grow blurred, or disappear,
And Washington, himself, is blotted out
In the ideal. For recompense, his name
Remains forever, blazoned gloriously,
Crowning the roll of our illustrious men.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE RAIL- ROAD IN AMERICAN POETRY

Frances Dorris



IT has been my privilege to bring to light a long unnoticed and unsuspected literary genre, the school of the railroad. For its discovery, which was purely accidental, I deserve no credit. Further research in this field I resign gladly to those who come after me, content if I have opened their eyes to the existence of this rich mine of treasures, a few of which I have exhumed to glitter in the light of day.

"The Engineer's Murder," part of which is quoted below, is a typical example of this school, dealing as it does with that frequently recurring motif, the wreck. One can almost see the cosy red carpet of the little private bar where the unhappy engineer repeats his story for perhaps the hundredth time to a select group of cronies, as he begins,

"Yes, once I committed a murder
Outside the realms of law
That I s'pose the body of people
Would not heed the worth of a straw;
But I think I should sleep the sounder
Sometimes when the night winds wail
If I never remembered "murder"
Or never told the tale.

In spite of the last statement he goes on with it.

"I was in my caboose just at evening,
Say, between Holden and Fiddler's Run,
Making time to reach Wayman's Siding
For the up-train at five twenty-one;

And here enters the ominous note, like low mutterings in the double bass!

"I had had a hot box at Grossman's
And that put me four minutes behind,
I felt like—that word is ugly,
But the truth!—like "going it blind!"

And so he does. He ought to know better, seasoned man of the road as he is, and it is only a horrified fear, and no pity for him that we feel, when "going round a curve and running forty" he comes upon what seems a "black fiend," a dog that sits in the middle of the rails and howls "with a mixture of bark, yell and wail" that was surely a compound bizarre enough to have balked even the frantic engineer. But wait!

"Did I stop? Not Much! I just opened
The throttle-valve, by a mite,
And over that dog she went flying
And over something else—white!
I stopped her then with a shudder
And ran back: in a mangled heap
Lay the dog, and what had been lately
A baby-girl, laying asleep!

The denouement seems almost replete with moral lessons. Comment on the conduct of the engineer appears superfluous. But a remorse that drives him to such carelessness in the use of his verb tenses seems genuine, and we feel that he has been punished enough. What seems even more reprehensible is the negligence of parents who could put the baby to bed on a railroad track with only the family dog for a guardian. The conclusion speaks for itself.

"Have I ever got over it? No sir!

And I never shall till I die!

Why didn't I heed the warning?

It was only a black dog's cry.

I may have done many more murders

And 'tis likely I have on the whole,

But there's none when the night winds are howling

That lay such a weight on my soul!"

The final statement is not reassuring. We feel that this lackadaisical way of keeping track of lethal events bespeaks an equal carelessness in regard to committing them, and we are glad to turn from this tale of murder and misused participles to something more cheerful in tone.

"Asleep at the Switch," besides containing the traditional wreck, exhibits the swinging metre and virile attack highly characteristic of this school. Like the poem quoted above, it is in the reminiscent manner, but its excited, almost

nervous atmosphere furnishes an interesting contrast to the gloomy tone and ominous sadness of "The Engineer's Murder."

We are thrown immediately into the midst of the story.

"The first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging away
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much
as to say,

'Come master, awake, attend to the switch, lives now de-
pend upon you,
Think of the souls in the coming train, and the graves you
are sending them to!'

But it is too late now. The hero awakes just as doom is
upon him.

"On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face
like a flash;

I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew, and
knew nothing after the crash.

This is a classic example of swooning. As usual, it is fol-
lowed by a painful awakening.

"Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes glaring
madly and wild;

Fathers losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a
child;

Children, searching for parents, I noticed as by me they
sped,

And the lips that could form naught but "Mamma," were
calling for one perhaps dead.

Murder en masse is apparently more overpowering than is
a small private affair. Surrounded by the fatal results of his
negligence, the unhappy man decides to end everything. He
starts for the river. But on the way, with that true cour-
tesy that neither cataclysm nor catastrophe can diminish,
he stops to assist a lady.

" . . . under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed
there lay

A little white hand: she who owned it, was doubtless an
object of love

To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though she
guarded him now from above;

"I tenderly lifted the rafters, and quietly laid them one side,
How little she thought of her journey when she left for
this dark fatal ride!

I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for
some spark of life,

Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—
Maggie, my wife!"

Happily, we are saved from this unbearable ending, after
the manner used from time immemorial.

"Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught
tight hold of a dress,

And I heard, 'What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a
bad nightmare I guess!'

Another type, although minus the human interest, will
appeal to the contemplative nature. This species does for
the railroad school, what the Wordsworthian nature poem
does for English literature. The gloomy grandeur of "The
Midnight Express" is typical.

"Walls of granite, upward towering
Meet and arch the heavens o'er
Crag on crag in somber shadow,
Rise behind and loom before;
While the moon in car of splendor
Rolls along the lofty height
Coldly lighting up the canyon
Through the watches of the night.

But not for long does this midnight grandeur remain un-
disturbed.

"Hark, a rumble deep and heavy
Vibrates on the midnight air,
Distant grumblings, jarring whispers
Wire and rail of iron bear;
See! around yon mighty boulder
Sweeping comes the flashing light
Turning into glare of midday
Every murky shade of night.

The climax is truly impressive. Notice the effective use of
the exclamation point.

“Onward! Onward! brighter! brighter!
 Glows the red pulsating flash!
 Onward! Onward! louder! louder!
 Now the hoofs of metal crash;
 Nearer, nearer clutch the granite
 Farthest from its iron path
 Shrink within the rocky fissure
 From the breathings of its wrath!

But all the pageants of earth must pass. Stillness settles down once more.

“Weave again, O silence, sadly
 Warp and woof of mystic chain
 For a mighty living present
 Rent thy temple’s vail in twain.”

It is almost a relief to turn from “The Midnight Express” to something more warm and human. Few there are who could resist the appeal of “On the Sunset Line, or The Conductor’s Story,” treating as it does a subject that strikes a chord of sympathy in every heart. Here we see the beauty and pathos of childhood, set forth simply and beautifully, as is fitting. The baby in “The Engineer’s Murder” was but a lay figure. Little Alice is a living presence, and as we read the closing lines, our eyes, too, grow dim.

With firm sure touches, the setting is hastily sketched in: “So boys, you want a story, well mine’s not one of mirth; For to me, of all sad stories, it’s the saddest one on earth. Let me see, ’twas the winter of eighty, I’d a run on the Sunset Line,

And a splendid run it was boys—say, Billy, put absinthe in mine.

They were having a rousing good time that night, the bunch—graphically described as “a jovial set of fellows—well, the kind you don’t meet at Mass.”

“But the rear coach held a passenger who didn’t belong to the lot,

A wee bit in calico, not much more’n a baby, just a tot.
 ‘Your ticket, little lady.’ ‘Please sir, I ain’t dot one,’ she said,

“But I’sc doin’ to meet my mamma.” and she raised her golden head.

'Last night in my sleep I saw her, not as she went away,
But all in white with the angels, dest as bright as day,
Soft and sweet she called me, Come to Mamma, Alice my
pet,

And so I'se doin' to meet my Mamma—why mister, your
eyes are wet!

The last touch is the most ingratiating of all. But the story
moves swiftly. Even as we contemplate the tragedy of
little Alice, comes, portentous with doom,

"One of those danger signals which for a moment freeze
the blood

Like when you look from a precipice down at some awful
flood.

And Providence, in the form of "a late special on the down-
ward grade" opportunely intervenes to furnish little Alice
a short cut to Heaven. There are those who will cavil at
this as an instance of poor dramatic economy, and it does
seem hardly necessary to wreck a whole train for the benefit
of one small passenger, but we must remember that we are
dealing with the Great West, where things are done on a
lavish scale and where even Providence may dispense with
a little of her New England parsimony.

There is the usual mess to clean up afterward.

"We found poor Hank at the lever, scalded and crushed to
a pulp;

Boys, the sight was sickening, and made one's heart come
up with a gulp.

But in the midst of that awful wreckage, surrounded by
split infinitives and defective rhyme-schemes, lies little
Alice, with scarcely a golden tress disarranged, a smile on
her baby face.

"At last we found little Alice, like a broken sensitive plant,
Death's hand had struck her so quickly as to hardly leave
its stamp;

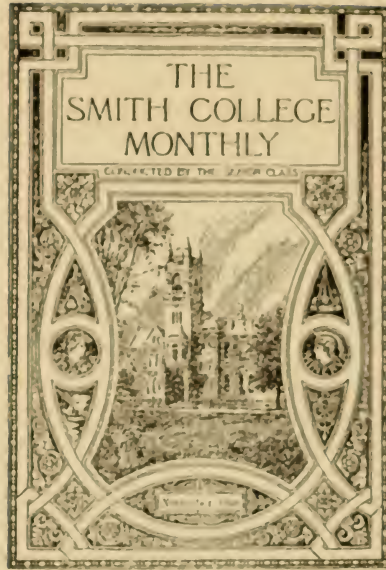
And as we knelt beside her, out there in the bleak night-
time,

We knew Alice had met her mamma—but not on the Sun-
set Line."

They did things in the grand manner in those days.
With the advent of the air-plane, the rapid increase in the
use of the Ford, and the application of efficiency methods

to every phase of American life, the school of the railroad was doomed to go. The engine is no longer a "fiery-eyed monster" ramping unchecked across the plains. Instead trains roll in on schedule time, and wrecks are subjects for investigation, not for poetry, while the engineer has descended from his high role of knight of the road to a mere job that might be held by any mechanic in greasy denim. The romance of the road has gone the way of the prairie schooner, the wild-west cowboy with chaps and two guns, the Indian with a blanket and war paint. It has become an anachronism, relegated to the pale attic of the past, along with other useless lumber. But it filled its place nobly until time for it to go, and we who are heirs of that tradition, can still thrill to the courage, the adventure, the idealism expressed so nobly in the words of the dying engineer:

"Go flag the train boys, flag the train!
Nor waste the time on me:
But leave me by my shattered cab
'Tis better thus to be!
It was an awful leap boys,
But the worst of it is o'er,
I hear the great Conductor's call
Sound from the farther shore."



SINCE eighteen hundred and ninety-three the Monthly has waxed and waned; but the tenacious way it has clung to existence proves at least one thing: college girls can write well enough to interest other college girls. It is our cheerful editorial belief that they can write, if they will, well enough to interest a large percentage of people who have been college girls; and it is also our belief that alumnae will write, since they can, well enough to interest both. Therefore, we are looking forward to the results of a new policy for the coming year in which we hope to represent the work college girls do after they leave college by printing from time to time a variety of alumnae contributions. It is the first step of this policy to put our request for contributions before all the alumnae assembled on this anniversary, and to say we will be grateful for any extension of the cooperation which the Smith alumnae have always shown in the past.

Our cover this month might have represented a flowingly gowned graduate, but the weather it seemed to us, was too hot; and if we selected an alumna or referred to a birth-

day cake the seniors would accuse us of partiality. Therefore, have we impartially chosen a bit of Paradise; (the animal in the tree is a leaf) and as a contrast Monthly's first illustrated cover.

The first and second prizes of our contest go to Josephine Stein '27, for her work on this cover and the covers of the April and May Monthlies.

Whenever there is any argument about the destructive effects of college on the creative spirit we feel distinctly annoyed, and a bit helpless. We have never before had such an opportunity as this of proving our point. When we call to witness the excellent exhibition of the Alumnae at the Hillyer Art Gallery we are incontrovertible. And, just for the sake of crowing, we have made our argument graphic with a photograph of the Medea. Sufficit.

POMEGRANATES FOR PROSERPINA

Sally Linley

Proserpina has gone to hell
Because of six pomegranite seeds
Strange that she chose such bitter fruit
To stake her destiny upon.

Each to his taste, however; mine would be
The chill of white-fleshed melons, the furred warmth
Of Apricots and peaches in the sun;
The bubble melting into purple bubble
Of grapes hung heavily among the leaves.
I have made my choice; she, a long time since,
Made hers and ought to keep to it, I think,
Grant her the pomegranates, but it is hard
To see her pilfering the orchard rows.

I have grown tired of giving up
My nectarines and apricots.
And I am tired of pampering
Capricious, greedy little Greeks.

LONELY AGES

Ethel Ranney

DICK lolled back on the chaise-longue, his book falling aslant his knees. Aw gee, what was the use? What was the use of anything? This book was a bore, school had been a bore, everything was a bore. Take dances. Dances were rotten this hot weather; your collar wilted, you always had to have a clean pair of white pants—and the girls! There wasn't a decent one left in town; except Lida May, and you had to fight to get within even two feet of her. It was too hot to fight with anybody. Then of course Dad would want the car this afternoon. Dick could have gotten Mase to go swimming. That would have been cool anyhow. Now nothing to do at all, just kill time. Kill time. What was the use of killing time? It meant being bored twenty-four hours—no, about eighteen every day; that would be one thousand and eighty minutes every day, three thousand and forty in a month, in a year—Oh God, it was hot!

"Lo, Dickie," his older sister, Sally was leaning against the door post, like a slender stick of orange candy, in her flaming striped dress.

"My gosh, Sis, can't yuh wear somepn that looks hot today—"

Sally considered him deliberately. "I should think, Dickie, at sixteen, you'd feel old enough to get up when a lady comes onto the porch—"

"Well, I might if a lady did." Nevertheless he ungraciously untangled his long legs and sat up. "If you'd like to know you can go to hell for all I care."

"Dick!" Mrs. Foster's tired voice floated toward them from the hall, then she too stepped out on the porch. "Oh here you are. Here are your white pants, dear. I've just finished pressing them. Will you take them up when you go?"

"Yeah. Oh do you want to sit here, Mother?"

"No, never mind, dear, this rocker'll do." She pushed

the damp curls from her forehead, "I just want to get cool a minute before I mend Sally's lace dress."

Dick stood up. "Well I guess I won't go to that dance tonight, Mother," he swung the trousers over his shoulders.

"Oh do be careful, Dick." The rocker swayed gently.

His sister leapt to the doorway, spreading her arms wide to bar his exit. "I should think," she drawled, "when Mother spends her afternoon pressing your trousers over the hot ironing board, the least you could do—"

"Aw mind your own business," he shoved past her into the house, slamming the screen behind him.

Languidly, Sally crossed to the chaise-longue, cupping her chin in two slim hands.

"Mother," she said dreamily, "I wonder you don't lose patience with Dick. He makes me want to scream, but I control my emotions."

"Well, you do irritate him, dear."

"I? Mother dear! Oh, you haven't heard the phone ring, have you? It's just like Jenny not to tell me if I don't answer the first time she calls. Mother, can't you ask her to come and find us when we're wanted. It's so—so bourgeoisie for her to just stand there by the phone and shout!"

"We must be thankful to have her at all, Sally. Maids are scarce these days. No, I should have heard the phone from the sewing-room."

"I thought Dennis might call, or maybe that young Interne Dad brought home to dinner the other night."

Her mother said nothing.

"I do think, Mothah," Sally remembered her new accent, "I do think, deah, Dickie might make up his mind how he's going to spend his evenings before we'd all planned everything. I didn't want to ask Dennis to give him a lift to his old party tonight, I'm sure it's no pleasure to us."

"Oh, don't worry. When it comes right down to it, Dick will go. Why don't you rest awhile, Sally? You didn't get in till after two last night."

"I guess I will," Sally paused to drop a butterfly kiss on her mother's forehead, "And please, dear, please, how often must I tell you not to lie awake for us again?"

* * * * *

Sally was seated at her dressing-table, her yellow hair

falling in gentle ripples over her white negligee. It was her best negligee and it was edged with fluffy white swansdown. Sally was gazing intently at the pensive image in the glass. She half-shut her eyes, so that her long lashes rested on her cheeks, then opened them again. "Yes," she sighed, "beautiful, beautiful. Not really startling or stunning, but soft, sweet, almost ethereal sometimes with a touch of moonlight or lamplight. Did he see me sitting under the lamp. I wonder?" She swept her hair into a low knot, jabbing in the few pins with swift sure strokes. She took her little hand-mirror to examine the effect; back, profile, three quarters. The slanting rays of the sun fell across one corner of the dressing-table. She shifted her chair. That was better; soft, golden, like a halo. "Oh," she laughed self-consciously, "You silly girl!" Her smile was sweet. She hoped the young Intern would be at the theatre tonight. If not, she'd just make Dad bring him again. Perhaps on the porch, in the moonlight—Oh youth, beauty, power—it was divine!

She rose abruptly to pull down the shade. Over the flat roofs and gardens, small dots of color between toy houses, over the green tree patches, the sun was sinking behind the hills into a sea-sky of pale pink and floating gold islands. The little town seemed to slumber; quietly, peacefully. She jerked the shade down. That was it, it was so quiet, peaceful and—tame! The same place, same people year in, year out. She'd have to go to parties and eventually marry Dennis or John or Teddy, and live here till she died—unless some one new, this young Intern, or another could spirit her away.

She sat down upon the bed. "That's true," she thought, "and yet it's only half-truth. Really I'm not very good-looking; I do silly things to have things all my own way, try to manage everybody. Why? Why? I don't want to. I want to be myself, to be worthwhile. Dad is. He spends all day working for other people, keeping them alive, relieving their suffering, listening to all their tiresome complaints. They never realize how tired he gets. And Mother, she drudges about for Dad and us. They're both worthwhile—but they don't have time to understand me. So I try to have a good time, and I kid myself into think-

ing I'm happy. But I'm not. Oh I want to get away from all this, to see new places and new people. I want some one who'll understand me. Oh dear, why am I so miserable?"

* * * * *

On the shady porch, back and forth, back and forth, the rocker droned monotonously. Mrs. Foster's hands lay in her lap idle, while Sally's lace dress, neglected on the table beside her, just brushed her knee with every forward rock. But Sarah Foster was not thinking about Sally's dress. All day she had been thinking about Sally's dress and Dick's trousers and John's patients and Jenny's salad dressing and the heat! Now she was going to think about herself. She was hot and tired. She'd been hot and tired all day; and she'd known it, but she'd just kept on and on and on.

This morning was the first of August and it had brought in a pile of bills. Why should she be remembering those now? She didn't care. She wished though, that other people would pay their doctor's bills. Oh she didn't begrudge the very poor, but most of the townspeople, their own friends; John was called upon for so many little things—Her mind whirled round and round, like a machine which has stopped work, but has not been turned off.

It wasn't fair to the children or the family, she thought. They all needed a vacation. All their nerves were strained with the heat and the same atmosphere. For herself, she would have been content to stay quietly at home, to cease worrying, just to rest; but John and the children needed a change. Fortunately, none of them realized it. John was engrossed in his work, and they had their own friends, and their endless round of "good times." Besides there was no money to spare for a vacation. She was glad they were so happy.

They didn't realize how much of her they had; what an effort she made to soothe their ruffled spirits, to keep their home pleasant and peaceful, and to give them comforts and pretty things. They did not know how they got on her nerves; or how she wanted to scream at Dick's indolent adolescent habits, Sally's preaching and vanity, John's rushings in and out. All she wanted now was peace.

She wanted the peace of being alone, of belonging to herself.

For,

"I am separate still
I am I and not you,
And my mind and my will
As in secret they grew
Still are secret, unreached and untouched,
Not subject to you."

The poet was right, she thought. No matter how much we live for others and with others, we live primarily for ourselves. We make the journey of birth alone and the journey of death. Even love cannot transcend our aloneness.

Back and forth, back and forth, her rocker swayed. Suddenly there were scuffling sounds in the house; a muffled telephone bell.

"Mother, Mo-ther," it was Sally's shrill young voice. "Mother, Jenny said Dad's wanted at Professor Bjornsen's as soon as he comes in. Is my dress ready?"

"Yes, dear, it's all mended. I'll tell Father. You shouldn't wear your best kimono around like that, Sally."

"'Tisn't a kimono, dear. It's a negligee. Thanks. Say Mother, here it is half past five and Dickie's shut up in the bathroom. I can't get him out, and he's only reading a silly old book, he told me so—"

"Aw dry up," came from beyond the bannisters, "Say, Mother, where can I find any studs f'r my shirt?"

SONNET

Caroline Jenkins

Spring has a hurried, indecisive way
Of coming into town. She wears an air
Suggestive of more urgent needs elsewhere,
As though she found the city streets too grey,
And had arrived to visit, not to stay.
Trees with their branches desolately bare
Stir as her footsteps sweep across the square
And watch her swift departure in dismay.
Yet by the time a thread upon the sky
Has turned from silver symbol into moon,
A breath of crocussed hillsides flutters by,
And she is back again, almost as soon
As night grows day;—and people walking, cry,
“This street is like a meadowland in June.”

PROVINCES

Hilda Hulbert



S Dinny hung out dish-towels she concluded that the sky looked like soft-boiled egg (slightly stirred with a spoon, you understand.) Jerking up a pink apron strap on one shoulder, preparatory to a return to the kitchen, she glanced toward the garden, where it stretched in the sun beyond the clothes-poles.

"What a glorious garden day!" she thought; and then, remembering how her father chanted the blessings of the rainy or gray day for growing things, she wondered if it really were.

Oh well! A "garden day" meant to her that the deep green of the grape leaves cut clear against the blue of the sky, that the sun beat resplendently, if parchingly, on corn. But somehow she usually found after all, "There were so that one did not have to avoid small muddy boxes in the path, that the bees hummed busily over the clematis on the wall.

On such days she asked impulsively for something to do in the garden.

"Oh, just anything," she told her father, "to be out under this wonderful sky!" And her father, taking her at her word left her the weeds among the beets to pull, or a corner of the tomato-patch to hoe, or raspberries to pick. But somehow she usually found after all, "There were so many things to be done in the kitchen!" and her father, finding her unusually busied when he came in at noon, never doubted her sincerity. But there was the time that she had found the hoe for herself and had gone at the lettuce bed on her own initiative, only to receive an indignant parental scolding. How was she to know that he wished to transplant all those tiny things in between? And so she had not felt encouraged. She was aware simply that she was not "in it," and yet the shining of the grape leaves, the hum of the bees, the sun on the path, fed the romantic part of her nature.

It was good too, to see father's khaki-shirted back through the corn-stalks, bent busily at work. She wondered how soon he would bring in the beans. Her brow puckered slightly; she hoped he would not suggest canning any more. A minute later, however, she shook herself and ran down the garden path.

"Hello, Father!" she called through the corn-stalks to the bean poles beyond.

The khaki-shirted back straightened itself, and a beady face, hot with the sun, and shining with the relish of congenial labor, appeared through the twisting vines to beam at the pink-aproned figure pirouetting in the path.

"Just in time!" he cried. "Here, want to take this basket 'round to the other side and fill it up?"

The pink figure stopped swinging.

"I'm afraid, Father my dear," Dinny answered slowly, responsibly, "that there are too many things to do indoors. Tell me how soon may I have those beans for dinner? Aren't they splendid!" as he held out a full bushel basket.

"Oh, any time. Say, we'll have a great time canning the rest. Look at all these!" pointing to another basketful hidden in the vines. "And there are just as many more to come. I'll be in in a minute. You get the jars out. I think we'll make it a dozen. The small necked ones, you know,—we'd better save the big necks for the peaches."

Dinny nodded brightly, but her expression was faintly rebellious.

"Mother will be thrilled," she said.

Her father's back had already partly disappeared in the bushes when she turned and walked quite slowly down the path toward the kitchen.

* * * * *

Dinny had been surrendering bit by bit. At first she had managed to sound slightly maternal in telling her father where to set the jars when he brought them up from the cellar she had not been able to find the small-necked ones herself. A little while later, however, it was with considerable meekness that she suggested using a larger bowl for the blanching; she was humbly proud when her suggestion was accepted, briskly if not too gratefully. Now she stood, ill at ease at the back of the stove, watching her father lower

the twelve jars of beans into the huge preserve kettle. Her father and she had exchanged places. Here she stood, a woman in her own kitchen, experiencing all the emotions appropriate to an alien male, while her father worked away, masterful, efficient. A feeling of helpless futility and a sense that it was not quite fair for him to show her up like this flooded Dinny's embarrassed soul.

"Psk! Psk! Pie-Jove! Whrrghh!" as the jars dropped into place in the water-filled kettle.

Dinny for all her discomfort could not restrain a laugh. (Father never did realize what terrific noises he made in the vicinity of boiling water, nor what faces). Dish-towel, clamp, iron-holder in hand, perspiration standing out on his forehead, he looked up at Dinny, and relaxed into a genial smile. Laying down his implements on the table, he mopped his forehead with his khaki sleeve.

"All over!" and his shoulders sagged in relief. "Well, little girl, it's been a hard morning for you. Take the rest of the day easy."


"Where are you going to?" demanded Dinny as he turned toward the back door.

"Oh, I've got a day's work out here. Those lettuces need covering from the su—" the slam of the screen door cut off his sentence.

Dinny stood alone in the kitchen in her dirty apron. The room seemed suddenly small and quiet. The clamp and the iron holder lay on the table where her father had laid them; only the bubbling of the preserve kettle on the stove covered the silence. Slowly she walked to the window; she looked out on the grape-arbor, shining in the sun.

THRENODY

Cecile Phillips

 HE sun spilled through the open window in a shaft of golden coin. A spoon tinkled musically against a glass far down the end of the corridor; the sound drifted back to Irene and lay in yellow sequins about her feet. She lifted her head to listen. The stillness of death came into the room. There her father was, sitting in his deep, blue arm-chair with the familiar haze of smoke curling about his head. His eyes watched her teasingly just where the shadow dappled into purple pansies. Irene trembled.

He gazed at her curiously and mused. It was strange that already she should seem so impersonal. He thought of her as he would of the portrait of a charming child, a once cherished possession, but she did not seem to belong to him now. She could never have been his daughter. He watched the waning sun blaze in tiny stars about her copper hair; a radiance of flame rippled all over her slim body, it lent her black dress a rich quality like tree trunks after rain. Then quite suddenly he saw her face; it was white, pale as starlight. Her lips were tight and resolute. There was a new depth in her eyes; the stillness of understanding.

The look in her eyes recalled a vague, aching sensation. Only a month ago she had been brought home unconscious. With a cold poignancy he had visualized it all; her lithe figure leaping hurdles, racing across the waxed gymnasium floor, rising gracefully to meet the last obstacle, and then falling victorious over the goal. The cheers and clapping had died away into sickening silence. Waiting for the doctor he had paced back and forth, his head pounding:—suppose Irene should die; suppose she were dying! Her eyelids fluttered and she moaned piteously. When she opened her eyes imploringly and called in an agonized voice for her mother he had nearly fainted from the pain of his own helpless anxiety. . . .

Once more he stared at Irene with a searching inten-

sity. He knew he would never see her again. Tomorrow they would take the shell that had been his body and place it decently in the earth; and the tumultuous stirring of his memory would cease. He tried to remember why he had cared so terribly when Irene had been hurt, but everything about her grew blurred. In the purple dusk he could hardly see her, only the gleam of her slender hands reminded him of the way she used to run her fingers through his hair carressingly when she was a very little girl.

As the twilight deepened Irene watched his chair change from lapis lazuli to midnight blue; to thick, black velvet. In that brief, tremulous intimacy Irene understood at once how unutterably remote he had been from everyone always, and at the same time how palpitatingly near. Pervading her childhood there had been a grave gentleman with a voice as mellow as his choice tobacco. Intercourse with him had been formal and distant; she had a feeling that she had never kissed him without first taking a bath and changing all her clothes.

Sometimes for a breathless instant Irene had been allowed to come into the dining room to say good night. The candles guttered softly splashing pools of silver upon the table cloth. White tulips in the center piece shone like enchanted tears. The candle light shimmered in the fluted-glass finger bowls, one green, one rose. The gentleman dipped his long brown fingers into the green bubble, he showered them for an instant over half of his brandied peach, then he pressed them dry in the snowy folds of his napkin and raised an egg shell coffee cup delicately to his lips. Irene never ceased to marvel at the gliding ease of his fingers.

Afterwards she would run shivering with terror through the darkness to bury her head in the cool loneliness of her pillow, with the scent of violets and brandy, and the mild fragrance of tobacco still clinging to her. Then reassuringly there floated to her the sound of his lean fingers wandering back and forth across the ivory piano keys, spreading into a full, strong chord. When he played Beethoven it was as if he were thinking aloud with a wordless clarity. At times in an elemental surging, his fingers flashed up and down with the blinding power of lightning, and Irene knew that he felt his hold on life and was unafraid; but

as suddenly, all his assurance would slide away into a melody futile as waves softly lapping smooth, white pebbles on a moon lit shore. Night after night Irene fell asleep aware that her father had spoken to her perfectly with the freedom of unrestrained weeping. Yet in the morning when he wore as usual a proud, impenetrable reserve, Irene could only smile at him inarticulately with frightened admiration.

Distantly wonderful he had seemed. Recently he had touched the piano keys but rarely, and then only in broken fragments. He had been living in a tense, nervous absorption; occasionally Irene had caught a glimpse of a great chart covered with spidery diagrams, or heard him sending curt telegrams about patents and foreign rights. Then, quietly he had stepped without the pale of life where no one could reach him. The brilliant young doctor had watched all night and gone away in the chill light of morning with defeat in his eyes. Irene's mother had striven in vain to call her father back; he would not listen. Among them all there had been a brave desperation; only, incongruously, the nurse who looked like a thin, white spectre, had broken down utterly. It was pagan, mother had said, to weep. It showed that you were sorry for yourself and liked to wallow lugubriously. After all, death was something intensely beautiful: a burning leaf that fell away from the tree of life and shrivelled into nothingness. It left the tree enriched with more fertile soil; life was intrinsically stronger and finer because of death. That idea of mother's made Irene shiver.

She thought of it like the day she had run the race at school and fallen in the very instant of winning with a heavenly sense of release. The day of the race . . . He had been quite upset. She had a distinct picture of his hands shaking, of his face drawn and harried. She had called,—how curiously vivid it all was; she had called for her mother. That must have hurt him terribly. Irene realized with a bleak feeling of emptiness that she had not really wanted her mother. How stupid it was that she could never have told him.

SONNET

Caroline Jenkins

Ben cleans the streets; his job that lets him choose
Whether to pay the rent that's getting high,
Or buy himself some victuals; hot meat pie
For lunch—that's good—or real old Irish stews
That set a man to walkin' in his shoes
As dapper-like as city chaps, and spry
Like them he sees toggged up, paradin' by
In couples to the movies—twos and twos.
Ben used to go to movies in his prime.
He liked a rattling good detective show,
And used to guess the end before its time.
Sometimes his pal still tries to make him go,
But movies cost a deal more than a dime,
And Ben, he just says, "Wal—now I dunno—"

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

(With apologies to Maurice Maeterlinck)

Frances Dorris

Act I

Scene 1

(The home of little Red Riding Hood. A small cottage with a wood nearby. Little Red Riding Hood is playing before the door.)

Red Riding Hood: I roll my little hoop! I roll my little hoop! Round and round and round! Oh! I have hurt myself! I have hurt my little leg! (Sitting down) I have hurt my little leg. And the rain is coming. I do not like this day.

(Enter mother, from house with basket.)

Mother: Child.

R. R. H.: Yes, little mother.

Mother: It is dark today. It is going to rain. But you must take the basket through the wood. Come, you must go.

R. R. H.: No, little mother, I cannot go.

Mother: Silly child, a storm is coming. You must go. Come. There is nice cabbage soup for your dinner.

R. R. H.: No, little mother. I am afraid! I cannot go! Do not make me go!

Mother: You must go. There is no one else. Take the basket. Grandmother is waiting. Why, silly child, do not cry. No one will hurt you!

R. R. H.: I am afraid! I am afraid! The storm is coming. And I do not like cabbage soup.

(Exit R. R. H.)

Act II

Scene 1

(A dark place in the forest. On the edge of a pool is seated the wolf. He is gaunt and lean.)

Wolf: There is something amiss with me. I no longer know what I know. I no longer know what I do. All night I have lain there in the bushes. The print of my body,

warm in the earth, marks the very spot where I have been lying. And yet, all night, through the forest, I have chased the figures of little pink pigs, plump and warm and delicious, and always, before I overtook them, they vanished. There is something amiss with the land. The peasants have no meat, they feed upon cabbage soup. It makes them light and sprightly. They are blown before the wind like wraiths. I cannot overtake them. One thing remains. Perhaps death would be better. She is very old. I pity her. And very tough. Yes, there are some things worse than death. (He wanders about dispiritedly, then jumps back suddenly in disgust) Ah! A cabbage leaf! It is too terrible! Let me eat!

(Exit hastily, faint scream off stage)

Scene 2

(A room in the cottage of Red Riding Hood's grandmother. The wolf, in cap and bedgown, is in bed. Red Riding Hood stands by the window.

Red Riding Hood: I see a little pig coming up the road, which I had not seen before. He is trotting very fast. He smiles. Ah! He has bitten a cabbage leaf. Now he stops again. How beautiful he is. He is all pink and white. Now he turns. Now he is going into the wood. He is no more to be seen. There are no more little pigs on all the road. There are no more little pigs in all the world. It has grown very dark. Shall I light the candle, grand mother?

Wolf: No. It is light enough.

R. R. H.: Grandmother! You do not smile at me! Grandmother! You do not look at me! Are you unhappy?

Wolf: No I am not unhappy. Why do you say that?

R. R. H.: You are so sad. Today your nose looks long. And you do not smile. Perhaps you would like some supper. Are you hungry, grandmother? I am always sad when I am hungry. It hurts my little stomach.

Wolf: (Sadly) No. I am not hungry. Perhaps I shall be hungry . . . later on.

(Curtain)

Act III

Scene 1

(A dark place in the wood. Three woodchoppers sit resting from their work..

1st Woodchopper: It is very dark today. I think a storm is coming. The wood is very still.

2nd. w. c.: Yes, the wood is very still. And there is a smell of rain.

3rd w. c.: I do not smell rain. I smell the cabbage soup my wife is cooking for dinner. (Bitterly) She has burned it. But a storm is coming.

1st w. c.: How still the wood is! You would say nothing lived today. Not even the wind is moving.

2nd w. c.: Not even the leaves are moving. The very insects upon the leaves are quiet. I doubt if a single flea upon the dog has moved a little limb. It is as if the world waited.

3rd w. c.: But something has moved here. Here is a cabbage leaf some creature has dropped in its passage through the wood.

1st w. c.: Yes, it is a cabbage leaf. But it is shrivelled. It is going to die.

2nd w. c.: How tired I am! Let us go home. The storm is coming fast.

3rd w. c.: Yes. Let us go. Even burnt cabbage soup is better than nothing.

Exit

Scene 2

(Loud screams, growls, and the smashing of furniture, then the shouts of men and the fall of a heavy body. The curtain is withdrawn to disclose the home of Red Riding Hood's grandmother. On the floor lie Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, dead. The woodchoppers stand about, panting, with their axes.

1st woodchopper: How came they here together? This is a strange house. I do not understand it.

2nd w. c.: Hush! There are things it is better not to understand. It is better not to speak of them. We were too late.

3rd w. c.: Yes, we were too late. They lie together as one. Not even my ax could separate them. See, where I have cut a great gash!

1st w. c.: Come away, do not touch them. How terrible it is!

2nd w. c.: Yes, it is terrible. All life is like that. There

they lie together, the eater and the eaten, and neither has any satisfaction of it. Where is the economy in that? Ah, the wastefulness, the extravagance in all we see! You would think the Powers might arrange things better. I could almost run the universe myself, to better ends. But there is nothing to be done about it. Let us go. It would be embarrassing if we were found here. But it is terrible! Terrible.

3rd w. c.: Yes, life is like that. Life is just one meal after another, and here is one, as usual, come to no good end. But there is nothing to be done about it. Let us go. Cold cabbage soup is even less to be endured.

(Exeunt)




BOOK REVIEWS



"THE GREAT GATSBY"

by F. Scott Fitzgerald

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

 HIS is a book after which one should sit down in the white heat of composition to say what, in an emotional crisis, should be said, because emotion is the largest part of the reader's reaction. In the light of Mr. Fitzgerald's evolution, "The Great Gatsby" is more or less a triumph; compared with some of the in-between outbursts which followed "This Side of Paradise," his last novel shows a control and concentration which almost convinces us that he will yet be a clever—if not great—writer. He gets his startling effects with the minimum description; he strikes only the loudest or most characteristic notes and leaves the rest, like syncopation, to the rhythmical imagination of the reader. It is a topical book, the distinct product of one period, but like Paul Whiteman, Mr. Fitzgerald is trying to bring order and symphony out of his chaos of jazz.

Mrs. Wilson and the stupid college man who owns her are convincing characters. Nick Carraway and Daisy and Jordan drift about to keep the antithesis clear in everyone's mind. The Great Gatsby is a myth who supplies atmosphere and the climax to a very well handled plot. The ending is not tragic because by that time, the novel is only a newspaper story—harrowing, but to be taken for granted. The atmosphere also is that of clever reporting from authentic scenes. But something, in retrospect, is the matter with the whole creation as a book. It does not last because

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it has not been analyzed or developed: it has simply been reported with a few photographs by way of proving that it really happened.

Perhaps this feeling that "The Great Gatsby" fades under contemplation, is a warning that order cannot be brought out of jazz, or that incidents cannot be photographed without interpretive correlation. It is a very clever experiment—but the experimenter is still an amateur. He must make his shadows a little less black and white before he can achieve reality.

M. A. B. '26.



"MAYFAIR"

by Michael Arlen

(Doran Company)

THIS other edition of Charming People is the sort of sequel we might expect to a set of sophisticated but spontaneous thumb-nail sketches. Which is to say, that "Mayfair" has lost its charm because its author was not content to let very well enough alone, but must needs go writing hurried little anecdotes with about one clever remark in each (to make it go down easily) for the Red Book. Now, nearly everyone who is anyone knows that no good will ever come of writing for The Red Book; not even Kipling can get away with it. Perhaps there is a jinx or a Jonah or whatever old men call it on that ill-fated magazine and all the contributors thereof, and if such is the case, it bears looking into. But until Scotland Yard or Wm. J. Burns has cleared up the mystery, it is better that the Red Book fulfill its duty in that state of life onto which it has pleased its editor to call it—without trying to give Michael Arlen a leg up into American Literature. Having said which, we will proceed, with a word or two on the contents of "Mayfair."



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"Prologue"—its introduction—is pseudo-burlesque writing which sounds as if Irvin Cobb and Sir Arthur Quiller Couch had corroborated on a fairy story. . . we will hurry on, because after all we have had a fondness for Michael Arlen ever since he accomplished that great gift to women, "The Green Hat."

"A Romance In Old Brandy" is the story of a man who forgot to love his wife because she had a Pekingese. In it, the author deals with fundamentals like birth control as if he had white kid gloves on, and was in too great a hurry to take them off.

"The Ace of Cads" is misplaced heroism after the manner of "The Cavalier of the Streets." It is a tired device now, and droops consistently throughout.

"Where The Pigeons Go To Die" is a title which may mean much or nothing. Really, it is an idyllic pick-up featuring the glorified shop girl who knows she mustn't but who believes in Romance. She comes to no good end pursuing her duty in a taxi-cab, so she is reminiscent of Iris Storm and the Hispano—but not in such a grand manner.

"The Battle of Berkeley Square" is about a man who tells another man to take no notice when his wife is bent on having a child. A great deal happens to him for his disrespect and that is the moral of the tale. There is a lot of gratuitous information about buying pajamas and kissing one's wife against her will, which is thrown in for good measure. We feel that Mr. Arlen did his best under the circumstances.

"The Prince of the Jews" is about another man with a broken nose—at least, broken in its symbolic sense. The Lime house district is featured—also knives, deaths and reincarnations. It will reach the movies in due season and they will accomplish the reincarnations with trick photography and the public will say, "well—there's a lot of action in that, all right. Did you see how he—" and so on, till they have eaten their sundaes and gone home to bed.

And this is as far as we read. We hope every one else reads on, because after all, we've been fond of Mr. Arlen ever since he made his famous remark to Edna Ferber.

M. A. B. '26



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Boston, Mass.

MRS. DALLOWAY

by Virginia Woolf

(Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

HEN one lays down Virginia Woolf's latest novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," a throng of similes immediately crowd forward to supplement the greater simile which is the novel itself. For in the final analysis "Mrs. Dalloway" is a simile, carved out with an artist's skill and minified, to be sure, but still a simile for London, with all the attendant implications which cluster around the word.

Virginia Woolf has, with supernatural intuition, pinned to the leaves of a book the very pulsing throb of London life. Aristocratic society shops, lunches, visits, dines and holds its parties. Forth from the throng of individuals step certain people whom the reader is invited to follow through one day of their lives. Strangely enough these people, though they embody types of London society, lose no whit of their individuality. The feelings which readers usually entertain for their friends in books are of a somewhat blunt nature. One admires Elizabeth Bennett, one beams at Mr. Pickwick, or itches to shake him. With these people of Virginia Woolf's one is left to accept them on not. They have their foibles and their charm. They live their own lives. If one accepts them, one accepts them as they are, together with their potentialities for changing, developing or retrograding.

From one point of view the work of Mrs. Woolf's pen is blasphemous because it has usurped the Creator's role and fashioned flesh and blood creatures. Viewed from another angle, one sees that this act of creation is the end of art: to create life by synthesis which will be indistinguishable from life in reality. As I have tried to show, Mrs. Woolf has not only created Mrs. Dalloway, and her old lover, her husband and her daughter, the "Blakeian lunatic," Septimus Warren Smith and his little Italian wife, but she has also recreated London.

At this juncture it is necessary to remember that London is not merely a metropolis of several million inhabitants.



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London is an attitude of mind. To comprehend this aspect of London Mrs. Woolf has swept from it every vestige of fog. It is as though one comes into London after a shower and finds the sun drinking up the rain drops and kissing the moisture of the air. Every leaf is groomed. The flowers are opening wider after the rain. Sounds of traffic and human voices rise with greater distinctness. The very people seem freshened. The feeling of London is there, too: empire, "this royal throne of kings," the season at its height, bank clerks taking advantage of summer time and planning a visit to the galleries or a saunter through the park.

In this milieu moves Clarissa Dalloway with her air of graciousness, her kindness which she is not above enjoying in herself, and that aloof virginity of mind which one glimpses sometimes in the clear grey eyes of a child. Her old lover, Peter Walsh, who has just returned from India, calls it her streak of hardness. How else, since she turned from him in their young days to marry Richard Dalloway, the safe, unimaginative country squire type of English gentleman. Despite Peter's understanding of her, and the exhilaration which they always enjoyed in each others presence, Clarissa had rejected him, had overlooked completely his love for her. She had gazed ahead with the lovely air of Botticelli's Venus, ardorless yet captivating.

The reader knows Clarissa for only one day. He accompanies her down Bond street to buy flowers for her party in the evening. He witnesses Peter's call on her after an absence of many years. He sees her in her relations to her adoring servants, her devoted husband, and her seventeen-year-old daughter. In the evening he sees her, the perfect hostess, standing at the head of the staircase to greet her guests, guiding the Prime Minister through the crowded rooms, and awakening again in Peter's breast the ecstasy of his youthful love. The reader is permitted to see beyond this external activity.

Mrs. Woolf has utilized with notable results a psychological phenomenon with which we are all familiar. By letting the reader accompany the characters on their frequent reversion to the formative experiences of childhood, she familiarizes them with the sources from which the later habits of mind may be counted upon to spring. Thus the

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reader's knowledge of the characters extends not only from their childhood through the present, but also into the future. Something of Taine's philosophy is involved here. By knowing the past thoroughly, it is possible to predict the future. This is the reason why one may claim that these creatures are flesh and blood. They cannot be conceived of as remaining static. They, in company with humanity outside of book covers, of necessity must continue to develop, to pass their prime, to grow old, and to die.

In his criticism of "Mrs. Dalloway" in the *Saturday Review* of May sixteenth, Mr. Richard Hughes makes an observation which explains, perhaps, the groundswell which one instinctively feels in this London of Mrs. Woolf's evocation. He says, "In contrast to the solidity of her visible world there rises throughout the book a delicate crescendo fear—each of the very different characters, Clarissa Dalloway herself, the slightly more speculative Peter, the Blakeian lunatic, Septimus Warren Smith, each with his more or less formulative hypothesis of the meaning of life, together are an unanswerable illustration of that bottomlessness on which all spiritual values are based. This is what I mean by fear."

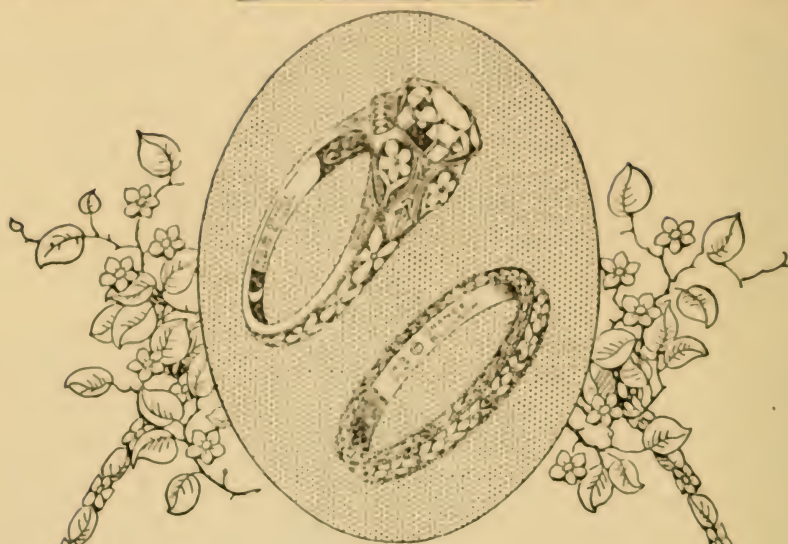
It is this element of uncertainty and suspense that also contributes to the remarkable unity of the book. It is the unity of bas-relief. Although her characters stand out in all the strength and grace which delineate the figures on the sarcophagus of Alexander, they are nevertheless inseparable from the common background. Mrs. Woolf's technique approaches in its plasticity of form much nearer to sculpture than it does to poetry, unless it be the poetry of Heredia. One is not impressed by the sense of music or poetry in the writing of Mrs. Woolf. There is undeniable rhythm, but it is rhythm of line rather than rhythm of sound. Similes, intense and vivid, also abound, but one realizes always that they are subordinate to the model which, with consummate craft, Mrs. Woolf has chiseled, filed and polished, until, like a work of art it stands deftly shaped, harmonious in design, and breathing the animation and color of life.

M. M. G. '26

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